

P. W. GILLETTE



November 23<sup>rd</sup> 1897

When I began to write in this book in 1861, I had no expectation that it would ever be of any special value, and perhaps it is not, but if Preston lives I wish it kept for him. It may be of some interest and value to him. I would like to have ~~that~~ my dear good wife, impress upon him, the importance of keeping it. It will be a sort of family history, and also a partial history of the times and country during the lives of his Father and Grandfather. I regret so much that my father had not kept such a book. I would value <sup>it</sup> so much, it would have given me so much material to make interesting writings of. A book of this sort reaching back 75 or 80 years would be of great value.

I hope that Preston will keep a journal, and be more particular than I was. I was too particular in mentioning the small things and my daily doings. It should have mentioned more, relating to public affairs and history, the growth and progress of the country. In that way I could have made this book far more valuable. You can explain to Preston the advantage to be derived from such a journal. Advise him to begin one when is about 16 years old. Teach him the importance of making a record of all important events, improvements, changes he that happen, within his knowledge. It would be well to paste into his book, about once or twice a year, the current prices of everything as you can cut out of a news paper. They may be useful many years later, for comparison. And it will be a good plan to paste in occasionally important clippings from important news papers. With proper care and good judgment he can make a book that will at the end of his life be of great value, and interest.



6 He can profit by my mistake, in keeping  
my journal. I paid too much attention to the weather,  
events, the signs and doings of the times; the growth,  
progress, prosperity, adversity, and general condition of the  
the country, and its commerce, roads, politics, morals,  
and general conditions, noting all current events, is  
what would make a valuable book. Of course do not neg-  
lect to record a certain amount of his own most impor-  
tant doings, such as would be interesting for future  
reference.



# Diary for 1861

Jan 1 I slept at Parkers in Astoria, when I got up, the sky was clear, but it soon began to rain violently & continued until 2 P.M. - I kept up the time honored custom of New Year, calls to a small extent, making but 3, or 4 - I was sorry to see the town full of drunken men today - When I came here 9 years ago, this ~~was~~ place supported three <sup>Daloon's</sup> ~~Lager's~~, and the most of the people were intemperate & many of them habitual drunkards, this state of things continued about three years <sup>ago</sup> when the "Society of Temperance" <sup>"were"</sup> organized, & by the zeal, & untiring efforts of an individual by name of Wm. H. Gray (& others) was kept up for several years; during which time 2, out of the 3 liquor shops, "dried up" & but little liquor was drunk. But this benevolent institution died out about two years ago, since which, drunkenness, has steadily increased. There is no effort being made to counteract, or check this great and growing evil. At this time there are <sup>two</sup> Daloons here, both doing well. Astoria has no greater population than she had 6 years ago; yet she has improved much in many respects.

Jan 2 Clear and pleasant - I came home this morning. A schooner rigged & crew pulled up this river today after a load of cordwood. Being about the first shipment of steamboat wood from Lewis & Clarke. Great quantities of saw timber have been taken from her, but no wood. After dinner I resumed planting apple trees. I am planting the most of the Yellow & Green Newtown Pippin, Edo-pus, Spitsenburg, Yellow Bulflower, Swaar-R. I, & rearing Rawls Junot, and



January 1861

Georgetown

Weds. 2 White Winter Pearmain. John arrived in the evening - We found the first lamb of the season today.

Thurs. 3 Clear and pleasant. Marrow accented off against this morning. Last fall, as soon as the <sup>(tideland)</sup> high tides made the marsh unfit for calf pasture, we should have driven them all to the woods; where they would have done well; - But instead of so doing, we fed them hay until a short time since; - under which treatment they grew poorer, and became so attached to the feeding place that it is quite difficult to make them remain in the woods where there is an abundance of feed. George McEwan is here this evening - He is taking up the best fruit trees on his place, to remove them to town - So one after another of the settlers of this river have done, until nearly all of improved places have become desolate.

4 Cloudy, without rain until evening - We had another tramp in the woods today, looking after our cattle - I am surprised to see how well the cattle get through the woods, that, but 2 years ago I thought an impossibility. My cattle have passed but two winters in these woods (no others have ever been there) and yet they have already opened passable trails through them in all directions.

I remember to have heard my father say that when he first came to Ohio, that, so thick was the underbrush in the woods, one could see but a few feet through it, & that it was almost impossible to penetrate it. But cattle soon cleared it out, & left nothing but the large trees. Now my wonder is, whether they can ever see again!



St. Mary 1861

cut the underbrush in these roads, & so thickly grown, and so interwoven, that it is extremely difficult to get through it.

Sat 5<sup>th</sup> The weather is today, taking with us a lot of fresh trees. The day was disagreeable and it rained violently during our passage. I spent the night at Col Taylor's.

Sun 6<sup>th</sup> Coal, cloudy, dismal day, just such a day as will beset the mind, and make one feel gloomy and dull. - So, I felt to-day to such an extent, that I almost fancied that I was sick. It is an unpleasant feeling - so stupid, one feels; - with no disposition to smile, or laugh, to speak or sing, to sleep or wake, to walk or remain at ease, and at the same time with a slight dull headache, and a perceptible heavy aching of the bones; and a general sensation of disagreeable uneasiness. On such an occasion, one is displeased with himself, and has but little regard for any one else. - The state of the atmosphere, I think, is the cause of this effect upon the mind & system.

Mon 7<sup>th</sup> The steamer arrived this morning bringing late dates from the Atlantic States. Congress has assembled, & is quickly at work. The President's Message is awaiting, but firm against <sup>secession</sup> ~~secession~~ of states. The country is greatly agitated, particularly the Southern States, in consequence of the election of Lincoln. Several of the Southern States seem determined to secede; South Carolina is said to be already out of the Union. But I think it will all terminate in a return to duty & obedience to the general government. The South is adopting this course, to frighten the North into honorable compromises.



July 1861

Mon 7 We intended to go home this morning, but was detained upon a jury in the county court, to decide a dispute between two quarrelsome neighbors. I was much vexed but could do no better than to remain.

Tues 8 This morning we started home early bringing with us a supply of flour, bought at a better price than I ever had it for before in Astoria; viz \$5 for 100 lbs. — We found everything doing well at home. The weather is remarkably <sup>mild</sup> & pleasant. I saw today many fresh rose buds, & one full blown — Rose all growing out in the open air. The bees are out, and at work.

Wed 9 + Warm & as pleasant. I drove over my horses from Rogers' to Jewell's place, where grass is more plenty. Another verification of the old adage — "No great loss without some small gain" — If I loose my neighbors, I gain the use of their farms. We spent the evening at Rogers' for some country, <sup>two</sup> miles, would seem a great distance, in a row boat to spend the evening with a neighbor, & return the same night.

Thurs 10 Warm as summer, and very pleasant. Grass growing finely, & even the buds are expanding. In the last eight years, I have not seen so much warm, and so little cold weather as we have had so far this winter. We commenced cutting cordwood today. The first I ever cut — I went at <sup>it</sup> quite reluctantly too; preferring much to spend my whole time at my farm work. — clearing, tending my nurseries, planting fruit trees &c.

But the horses are hard, and money scarce, and my farming operations do not bring the needed in fast enough at present to do.



By Ancestry 1861.

my immediate wants. So woodcutting is the resort. It is doubtless an honest and perhaps honorable occupation, but extremely inconvenient, owing to the many bad lots, required to make it pay. Wood is worth \$3.00 per cord delivered in Astoria, but we expect to sell ours here at \$1.50 -

Gre 11 The weather still continues fine. I broke my own helve, and had to quit my work to make another. We use Pine Helves, which make better helves, than Beech as are for sale here. After doing a good days work, I also done a pretty good washing in the evening. No great amount of exercise seems to have a soothing effect on me, as I fell asleep, while John was reading a long story about the trouble in Kansas from the New York Tribune.

The Kansas difficulties are scarcely getting settled, while troubles of a more serious nature is coming upon us - the Secession movement. I have ever been a sincere lover of my country, and an enthusiastic admirer of our Three Institutions, and Union of States. And until quite recently, nothing was more shocking than the idea of disunion & secession. But such threats, as "we will dissolve the Union, if you do not do so, &c, &c," have become so common, and the insolence, and continual disparagement shown by the South, her constant aggressive nature, and bullying manner, have become insupportable. As a true American, I feel indifferent as to whether the South returns peaceably into the Union. Partition has ceased to be a virtue any longer. As a Northerner, I feel like bearing their taunts and insults no longer. Let them be forced back, or can and will preserve the Union



May 1860

The rainy and stormy character of  
 Sat. 12 of the day kept us confined to the house.  
 So we made a sort of wash day, or job  
 day of it; mending old pants sewing up  
 rents, and on buttons. A very unpleasant  
 occupation, yet sometimes necessary to a  
 bachelor. I generally go to town on Satur-  
 -days, and did intend to go today, - more, I sup-  
 -pose from force of habit, than from propo-  
 -sition. But the rain prevented it. On ac-  
 -count thereof, I feel a little disappointed. But why  
 should I? I have plenty to eat, a drink and to  
 wear, and a comfortable house, and John is  
 a tolerable companion. I attribute it, to a  
 craving of the natural wants of man, the want  
 of society - Society of the opposite sex too.

Sun 13 We took a tramp into the woods again to-  
 -day, to see if we could find our cattle, all  
 of which have gone, whence we know not.  
 Back <sup>each</sup> one of us took a different direction. I went  
 out to the "big creek" to look after the calves, I  
 found all but two, John went farther south  
 onto the heads of the same creek, in quest of  
 the oxen and other cattle, he found the Ox  
 & 3 of my cattle. It is strange, how listlessly  
 they roam about, seeming to be contented and  
 at home anywhere in the woods. They sleep  
 wherever night finds them, and in feeding,  
 they seek food any place, indifferent whether they  
 go towards or from home. The common  
 reading here is, "Mystic's hours of Spirit-  
 -ual experiences" This curious and interesting sub-  
 -ject (Spiritualism) still attracts much attention  
 and has many believers. There are many news-  
 papers & journals now devoted to its cause. And  
 many new works are being published  
 upon the subject. Time will



July 1860

Mon 14

This has been a steady, unpleasant day, more than half of which we were compelled to remain in the house.

We sat ~~at~~ <sup>lecturing</sup> some of the Baldwins, that grew on the large tree in back of the house, the thought occurred to me that it would be well enough for future reference, to make down a short history of my operations, from my first settlement on the place.

I first visited Clatsop County in Nov 1852, shortly after my arrival in Oregon. I remained about two weeks in the County, where I left, satisfied, that I could not find a place to settle on.

After traveling over the greater part of the Willamette <sup>valley</sup> in quest of a "claim", - not being able to buy suitable property, and finding none vacant that I would have, I again returned to Clatsop in Oct 1853, and bought the south part of what is my present farm. For which I paid \$187.50. There was about the 6th part of an acre cleared on it, just at the landing. Where stood a log cabin, in which myself & Thom Scott lived & held our claims (land claims) fairly, the line running through the middle of the house enabled us to ~~fulfill~~ <sup>fulfill</sup> the requirements of the homestead law, "that each claimant should reside upon his own land." This small cleared spot at the landing, was done principally by the Indians. It seems to have been a village, or camping place, occupied by them from time immemorial\*. The falls and affalls of the camp had made the ground exceedingly rich. They buried their dead in the back part of what is now the "Hills" (my

\* I burned up a wagon load of human skulls and bones of which I cleared the land, where the north part of the orchard stands.

\* The Indian name for my place is Kato-lah-nee, (old Swede's home). I have heard the name there, I believe it was in old times, ~~that~~ <sup>was</sup> his "black" home, that he was born there, I believe it was an old man. (and remember it) I was told when they were born.







hearing of the Oregon Territory from the meeting, however

July 11th 1861

We have been profusely together some days by our horse-drawn sleds, all the afternoon by day. - In the evening we have a large party of us.

Beef cattle & milk cows have come in with in the last year, bourn a fine price. The former ranging from 70¢ per lb. to 12¢ per lb, on foot; the latter - from \$35 to \$75, each. But at present, the prices are much lower. Beef 4 to 5¢ per lb. Cows \$20. to \$30 each. In the fall of 1852, I bought 160 acres of land of J. P. Mills; which land forms mine on the north. I had lived so long with my neighbors, that I was sorry to part with this family. But his health was so poor, that he sought a change of place and climate for relief: But alas, he is dead. So I was alone again until about a year ago, I sold the north half of the Mills place to J. M. Georkel, who has ever since lived with me.

\* In the summer of 1856, during the epidemic of the general Indian war, there was a panic taken up in this country, that frightened all of the people away from this river. I was, for several months the only person, living on Lewis & Clark. The remainder of the citizens having moved to Astoria for safety. Since that time there has never been more than 6 or 8 permanent residents here. In the year 1852, Lewis & Clark had a population of 70 to 80 persons. On the river, half of the population, depended for business & support upon the 2 saw mills, that were then in operation at that time, but suspended business in 1855, owing to the great decline in the price of lumber. (Continued on next page)

Red  
What few settlers there were there, took refuge, an account of the prevailing war, and fled to Astoria, the same day, having me here quite alone. I was so much disgusted, that I remained alone, the only inhabitant on the little river for a long time - More than a year of loneliness would pass by without affording me a sight of human beings except Red Switch & the "Eck" hunter; He generally visited the Lewis and Clark river in winter, and



Portland, 1861

\* By "up country", I meant up to Portland, and the Willamette valley. I had the money to expend in traveling. It cost at that date (1861) for fare alone to Portland and back \$13.00. Now, 1899, the round trip from Portland to Astoria is \$2.00.

June 14. This has been a black day with violent squalls of wind, showers & snow. We spent the day in cooling and basing firewood.

When the Milling business was suspended, all but the few who depended upon farming, left the <sup>plain</sup> ~~area~~, so full of activity and enterprise, & sank into a lonely and deserted wilderness. Roaming bands of Elk, may often be seen feeding upon spots where, once the heavy area & saw of the log, "hoarse" go long, of the ox driver, made the woods resound. But notwithstanding all these changes, I have remained "in statu quo."

My visits to Astoria & the "place" have been frequent, but I have been up country but three times since my departure here.

But in spite of my lonely part of life, I have seen and enjoyed many of the pleasures, and much of the happiness of social life. It is not a little interesting to me to trace my wandering footsteps back to the time when I left my quiet native home, on the banks of the beautiful Ohio. Almost nine years have wasted since I bade adieu to the loved ones. I have not taken <sup>last</sup> my final ~~last~~ view of my dear old home. Crossing the long and weary plains, I bought the Pacific Ocean, where I have made myself a home. It is not yet, but little adorned by artificial beauty, or thronged by many of the luxuries of life. But time and industry will add to it, both. My cattle, horses & sheep are growing & increasing around me. My orchards are enlarging and promising abundance; and my bees, are gathering honey for me from every flower. In this book, I expect, keep a note of the weather, of my own observations, and of the important events that come under my observation.



JANUARY, 1861

- Apr 18. There has been frequent squalls of snow and rain. Some of the ground is white with snow - the first of the season. We cut up, and by the aid of the Ocean, pulled off down the creek bank, one of those marvellous relics of antiquity - An enormous Oak tree, much of which is in a tolerable state of preservation, notwithstanding it has been down long enough, for a thousand years, to sprout & grow to the dimensions of 3 1/2 feet in diameter, upon its trunk, 200 feet high.
- Apr 19. The ground was covered (to the depth of 1/2 inch) with snow. It was a clear beautiful morning, but rather cool for comfort. We went to town - arriving there about noon. The Steam-er Santa Cruz, had just come up from Baker's Bay, where she and other ocean steamers, had been laying 3 or 4 days, unable to go out, on account of the roughness of the bar. They had all been short of provisions, & had sent the Santa Cruz up for stores (as she was the smallest.) I met in Astoria a Col in the U. S. A. (I forgot his name) on his way back to South Carolina, (where he belonged to go out of the Union with that State - I go with him.)
- Apr 20. I spent the night at Col Taylor's, (my best friend) whose home is my home, whenever I am in town. For himself and family, I have a high and sincere regard, & I can never cease to remember them with gratefulness, for their attention and kindness to me. Without any exception, I think this the most disagreeable morning that I ever saw. It blew a chilling gale from the N.E. mingled with rain and snow, in the evening. This was rather common.

There are old fir trees, some of which I have seen many of. That have lived on the ground for 100 years. Many of them have grown to large trees in their youth, & are now 200 years old.



January 1861

Mon 21 Sharp frost, the morning followed by a fine day. I went to town, accompanied by Mr Jeffers. I saw <sup>a</sup> gentleman who came from Orleans today, and <sup>he</sup> reported snow at that place in other depth. While crossing the bay he grounded upon the <sup>and</sup> flats, and was compelled to take off our boots and get out and waded. Toward the boat 300 or 400 fathoms, freezing quite fast at the time, that it was a painful operation, need not be mentioned.

Tues 22 Astoria. When I went to bed last night it was clear and calm. When I arose it was snowing very fast, but before noon it was raining. I was kept in town all day, greatly to my annoyance, by the delay of Mr J. — Nothing is more unpleasant, than to wait, when one is ready to go. Knowing this, it seems strange that persons are <sup>not</sup> more punctual. I sent out the Capt. J. D. Rhinerson at Col Gayles, we spent the evening in discussing spiritualism. I received a letter from my Father, the only one that I have had from him in the last ten months.

Wed 23 I came home with ~~a~~ great haste, this morning, having stayed away a day longer than I had intended. John found nearly all of our cattle, which we put upon the tide land, but this he found dead, a cow she had been thrown down by some of the others <sup>such</sup> in a position that she could not get up. We were amazed to find that the sheep had wandered a half mile into the thick woods. We are not a little perplexed as to know how to keep them at home, as we have no enclosed pastures. They are wild.



Albany 1861.

Thurs 24 This has been almost a full day of rain which gave us an excellent opportunity to read up our late supply of News papers. We have turned our cattle upon the moor again, to keep them from going astray in woods. They have done well in the woods, perhaps, better than they will do on the moor in the winter. I have been writing some political letters today, in regard to the appointment of Collector at Astoria.

Fri 25 Warm and pleasant, with gentle rain. We were sawing logs the greater part of the day. And rolling them down onto the moor, where we may float them out at high tide. I wrote a very long letter to my father this evening, and it has called back, fresh as a morning dream, all the scenes of joy and sorrow of my childhood. I think I gain an instructive lesson, by comparing my early history, training, and treatment, with what I have seen elsewhere. I shall desert the good and reject the bad wherever I find the disrespect of friends or strangers.

Sat 26 A storm, at the full moon. It is a disputed question, whether the moon has any influence upon the weather. But this day many claim, that at the Spring tides, or at the changes of the moon; at New, and full - That we are more liable to have stormy weather, rain and wind, than at other periods.

My observation corroborates the same fact. Of course, it is not always the case. But the whole year round, the storms, may be looked for at those periods. I will try to keep a record of this matter in this



January, 1861

Storm of the fortnite, occurs within two or three days of the change, that it shall add to the strength of the general tide.

We have been sawing, and rolling in logs today. But the tides were not high enough to suit our purpose.

Jan 27. Have some letters to mail, I sent to town today. They were political letters, urging the appointment of some of my friends to office. How much influence they may have remains to be seen. I claim that the voice of the people should be heeded, and their wishes regarded, upon <sup>this</sup> subject. As Republicans, we claim the right to say who shall fill the offices among us.

Mon 28. About the time that I was ready to start home, Mr. Bryant to town, and could not go. I was compelled to remain in town. I spent the greater part of the day in reading. Astoria, is always dull, but duller yet on Monday, Monday is general wash day throughout the town, so, of course, amusements cannot be had to any of the thair. I am a poor hand at loafing on the corner, or lounge about the ~~general~~ saloons, or sit in the stores & talk politics. On wash day, therefore, there is no place for me.

Tues 29. Received a letter from U. S. Senator E. S. Baker - On reaching home, I found John in rather a gloomy mood; he had found that more than half of our calves were dead, eight out of 15, or missing. We could not expect much better luck, from the way they had been managed. So much milk was taken from them, in the first place, and they had to depend upon short pastures during the latter part of summer and fall. Y.



# January 1861

feed them hay, long enough to get them attached to the hay rack, and then drove them into the woods, where they starved to death. Experience, is said to be a clear school, - we have found it so in the treatment of our calves. I think we can do better next year.

Wed 30. Having driven our cattle onto the Moore, we went this morning and bridged a small creek, so as to give them access to a greater range. They seem to be doing very well.

Finished clearing a small addition to my old orchard. So little by little, ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> enlarge my improvements. But it seems to require an immense amount of labor, of the roughest, and hardest kind to accomplish it. The man who makes a farm in these forests, must have some perseverance, and industry. My hands feel this evening as though they were nearly worn out. I frequently regret that I had not adopted some other mode of earning a living.

Thurs 31. We awoke ourselves of the rainy morning, for a wash day. After dinner, planted apple trees until night. By working hard, I set out 13.

In recapitulating the operations of the past month; and reviewing all that I have done, it does <sup>not</sup> seem to have made me much richer, wiser or better. I find that in nearly every case we do not come up to our calculations and expectations. We either make extravagant calculations, or else we lack energy to execute them.

The month seems to have been marvellously short.



February 1. 1861.

The month opens <sup>well</sup> as a beautiful Spring day. The fruit-buds are swelling with increasing rapidity. The bees, are out in quest of honey and pollen. Grasses are blooming in the garden, in short, everything indicates an early spring. But who can tell what change may take place within a few days. Before dinner, I sat out & apple trees, and worked hard to accomplish it. In the evening (or afternoon) I packed a box of Shreeberg for Wallavalla. We occupy our leisure moments with our French, and Mr. Cawley's English history.

This is one of the most beautiful morn-  
ings that I have seen. We loaded our boat  
with fruit trees &c, and went to town.  
Two ocean Steamships came in to-  
day, bringing important news from  
the Atlantic States. The South Carolin-  
ians, had fired into a U. S. Steamer, and  
would not allow her to come to help to  
reinforce Fort Sumpter. The President  
has at last resolved to suppress the re-  
bellion. The feeling in the North is  
decidedly in favor of preserving the Union  
at all hazards.\*

I was much alarmed this morning when I awoke, to find my shoulder and neck so much disabled by Rheumatism. I soon set, however, in dressing my self, and after eating a light breakfast, I underwent a friction, which gave me a great relief. I have much confidence in the treatment of the cases of a nervous nature. The weather, is most charming. We came on our way home as far as Jeffery, where we stayed all night. Spent a pleasant time.



February 1861

Mon 4 A bright frosty morning greeted us, followed by as fine a day, as yesterday. We came home early, and got up the corn, and laid our first plowing of the season. The ground is in fine order and plows well. The fresh dark furrows, bring many pleasant recollections of my boyish days. The approach of spring always yields an inexpressible delight.

I love the Spring - kiplite with the joy  
Now, as it were in days of old,  
When I, a happy thoughtless boy,  
Basked beneath her rays of gold.  
Her gentle winds her clouds and showers,  
Her birds that sing so cheerily;  
Her bright-green fields, her buds and flowers -  
I love them all so dearly.  
I love her fresh sweet mornings too,  
With countless dew drops gleaming,  
When laughing daisies' golden hue  
Over all the land is streaming.

Tues 5 The weather is still delightful. Mr. Huffer called today for plows and shovels. It is common at this season for men to get out among their neighbors bigging flower roots, when the first spring like days appear. They seem to have a desire for flowers, and they buy and sell them, and let them die, and so, every spring, they have to get more. This evening Mr. McEwan, came here to stop over night, having been on an Elk hunting expedition. He is now about 80 years of age. Yet he can tramp through almost impenetrable woods all day. A parent that I cannot take myself, without feeling weary at night. John has been plowing, and I, digging up apple trees.

When corn is sown in the spring, it is a good thing to have a good plow, and a good horse, and a good driver.



Sept 11th 1861

Weds 6 I finished today a good load of Apples. Some of them to town this evening. They are for Mr. Shady who is bringing a large number of long keeping apples. I have no doubt that such an orchard will pay well, as but a small proportion of the trees now planted in Oregon are of long keeping. Spent the evening very pleasantly among the ladies.

Thurs 7 I intended to have started home early this morning but it was raining when I awoke and never ceased until after dark. The day passed off sluggishly for it was a dreary one. I was glad when night came to see it disperse the mist and diminishing rain.

Fri 8 This has been a pleasant day. According to promise, I pruned Mr. Baillings fruit tree today. He does not understand the art of pruning as I am regarded as an expert that he called upon me. I came home in the evening, accompanied by Geo. McEwan. He is on a deer hunting expedition. They are very plentiful on the coast and are easily taken at high water, ~~at~~ spring tides. They resort to the banks of the creeks, where the land is the highest to get dry footing during the high water. Hunters then paddle cautiously along the creeks, and shoot the unsuspecting innocent creatures.

Sat 9 No snow while this morning, but the rain soon compelled us to stop. Mr. Ewan found no deer. After dinner we all concluded to go to the plains. We reached Livingston at 4 P.M. Mr. Hitchman is building a ship of 25 tons, at this place. I found Mr. Hottel's people all, and I spent the afternoon with them.



Sept 11th 1861.

- 10 The Plains look beautiful, with the snow crowned, with the first tint of ~~spring~~ green. I was charmed by songs of the Red winged <sup>black</sup> birds, and meadow Larks. They seemed delighted at the approach of Spring.

Several men are working for the farmers here, for their board. In evidence, not only of hard times, but of worthless men. The times are hard, and business dead, and money scarce. Yet a man of any enterprise, may do better than to give his whole time for his board. We came home tired enough, having had a slight pull to get home. Here is a Valentine that I got up this evening for my own amusement.

O, what a loss! And your ship —

The damages must pay;

Not with your smiles and winning wiles.

You've stole my heart away.

I will not blame the pretty damsel,

For acting thus so strange, —

Provided she will give to me,

Her own heart in exchange.

O day, sweet maid, is this a trade?

Am I to have such bliss?

If you consent, we'll just cement

The Bargain with a Kiss.

- 11 This has been a very disagreeable day — hot and cold. I have been curing my grafts and I fear that I am late about it, as the cherry & pear buds seem much swollen. I am again perplexed to know what to graft. There is no more stability in the public, than in individuals. I try to anticipate the wants of buyers, but who can do it. One year the Pippins are all the go, — Next the Winesap, the Rambo, the Spitzenberg, & so it



February 1861.

Gais. The public mind as a waving  
as a highly charged magnetic needle, &  
is much longer in "settling". But time  
must be allowed to determine. Hot spots  
are best adapted to our peculiar climate  
and soil.

Ques 12 A desperate day of bitter storms inco-  
sant rain, made pelted by the driving wind  
We improved our confinement to the house by  
reading, Burns's history England  
For pastimes, this evening, and the amuse-  
ment of myself and others, I composed of the  
following. *Nature's Law*.

O hear the birds! how sweet they sing  
At early dawn and late,  
They welcome in the coming Spring.  
When each must choose his mate.  
His Nature's law, that does reveal  
The ~~dictate~~ <sup>dict</sup> wise and great,  
That makes each feathered warbler feel  
That he must choose a mate.  
No birds alone; but every race  
From man's exalting state  
To lowest tribe on Earth's wide face  
Are all impelled to mate.  
The same wise law is binding you  
To this ~~great~~ decree of fate.  
How dare you then that law eschew,  
That urges you to mate  
No longer thwart great Nature's plan,  
No longer doubting stand wait,  
But hie thee now, and if you can  
Select yourself a mate.  
The morn of life is waxing high  
With you its growing hate.  
Then haste away - O fly! O fly!  
And choose yourself a mate



Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> 1861.

A few more years will frost your hair

And slack your youthful gate

There old and feeble - where! O where!

Can you obtain a mate.

13 The ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> day of the month is yet but  
and day, and ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~un~~ <sup>un</sup> ~~der~~ <sup>der</sup> ~~stand~~ <sup>stand</sup> ~~ing~~ <sup>ing</sup> ~~whether~~ <sup>whether</sup> it is best  
to rain on, or clear off. I took a load of this  
to town this evening I found nothing new  
or interesting in town.

14 Valentine's day. I came home this morning  
with a fine N. E. breeze. A more lovely day  
I never beheld. The sky wore its <sup>most</sup> lovely ~~not~~ blue.  
Here and there might be seen, a snow white  
cloud, like a thing of beauty floating in the  
laughing sunshine. The two McEwans came  
here to stop all night with us. They were on a  
hunting excursion.

15 The continuation of the fine weather, in-  
-duced us to resume our plowing. We plowed  
the back orchard, which, but 5 or 6 years ago, was  
thickly studded with Hemlock Spruce and Al-  
der trees. It is now pretty well subdued, -  
more than half of the stumps have decayed,  
or have been removed; and it will be but a  
few years, until there will not be one left  
as a monument, for the memory of the  
mighty forest that had ~~existed~~ <sup>existed</sup> there.  
through unnumbered years. When I look  
around me, and see the acres of this mighty  
timber that I have destroyed with my own  
puny arms, I am quite surprised. The man  
who clears an acre of this land, builds himself  
a monument that will exist as long as the  
country is in the hands of a civilized race.  
Many of <sup>us</sup> build such monuments, but, alas! how  
few of us will leave our names inscribed upon



April 1861

Sat 16. The sky is covered all day with dull heavy looking clouds that indicate rain. We went to town this morning with a load of trees - Spent the evening with Mrs. C. - whose vivacity & cheerfulness always makes one feel like a new man, when he goes into her society.

Sun 17. The rain has come, but more it has rained quite briskly and constantly all day, an immense quantity of water has fallen - The day wore off heavily, I could neither feel happy or make myself interesting. Throughout the day I felt dull and languid.

A private wedding came off this evening, and it was supposed by the parties to be a profound secret but it was pretty generally known all over town. The parties were Mrs. Badollet, and Miss Jane Nolan.

Mon 18. Owing to the continuation of the rain, we had to remain in town.

The Steamer Oregon, arrived from San Francisco, having on board the distinguished Lady Jane M. Rankin, whose great efforts to find the remains of her husband among the Arctic snows has given her a world wide reputation. She is about 60 years of age, small in stature, of rather dark and swarthy complexion, with but few marks of present or past beauty.

I sold a town lot today, the only one that I owned in Astoria, for \$100, If Astoria makes a city soon, I shall regret it, if not, I have done well.



February, 1861.

19. After two days of almost constant raining, it has at last ceased, and given us an opportunity to go home. We get no important news from the Atlantic. The secession movement is progressing with less vigor, and meets with more opposition at home, than it did at first.

20. It has rained hard and unceasingly all day. We got are getting the rain that we should have had in the earlier part of winter. I sowed a small lot of grass seed, and with that exception, remained in the house all day. I have found another of his calves dead, and it would be difficult to describe his face as the picture of sadness. This is the sixth one that he has lost this winter.

21. We cleared off the last remaining logs brush &c from the Pear & Plum Orchard South of the house, and commenced plowing it. It is quite an improvement to the appearance of the place. There has been one of these indescribably bright beautiful days that we frequently have after those terrible rain storms. The fairest, brightest days oft lie concealed behind the darkest sky - And so, behind our ugly face lies sweetest temper oft finds place.



February 1861

Jan 22 I have found that his cows died today, making the third cow, that he has lost this winter. He bore the misfortune with seeming disregard. Yet I am sure he felt it severely. I regretted his loss, very much. I could not have felt worse, had they been my own.

He who cries; though fortune turns  
Against his dearest plan  
Shows weakness; And does not deserve

The title of a man.

Why ~~should~~ <sup>earnestly</sup> to misfortune yield  
In sorrow, pain and grief?

I will not the loss repair, nor give  
His sufferings relief.

Were nobler, wiser far, that he  
His hand should doubly move,  
And make misfortunes fall to blow  
His own best good subserve,  
Is but the puerile whimsies.

The craven, coward and clown  
Whose feeble spirit, broken fall  
Beneath misfortune's frown

Although yesterday was such a  
lovely day, it is succeeded by a cold dry-  
-ly day, with a little snow. We did  
a little plowing.

Lat 23 The morning was rather pleasant, but  
a drizzling rain soon set in and  
reached the ultimatum in the evening.  
A regular pouring down. I sat out  
a few more apple and pear trees in  
my orchard, and took up a lot  
for sale. Apple trees are dull sale  
at \$25 per 100. And cash, cannot  
be had, even at that price.



February 1861.

on 24. The moon is full today; and with it comes a terrible storm, accompanied by heavy rain. It may be ranked as one of our rarest storms. During the heaviest blows, the crash of falling trees might be heard almost constantly. It is a grand spectacle to behold the wonderful element in such fierce commotion. The tide rose to a great height; and Sunday<sup>as</sup>, at 10, we took advantage of it, to float some logs off the moore, which requires the highest tides.

on 25 We have had today, a singular mixture of sunshine, rain, hail & wind. The tide ran very high, and we were very busy all day in floating out & rafting our logs. John fell, very awkwardly from a log into the creek. It was rather amusing to see his hobble attempt at swimming. We observe a smoke, & and hear some one at work at the house on the opposite side of the river. It looks something like havinging neighbors.

26 After almost an unintermittent shower of showers and sunshines, the day has closed with a fair promise for good weather. The wind has shifted from S. W. to N. W. At sun down a beautiful rainbow was exhibited. And ~~the~~ the stars are all out together each bearing a gem of light; As a token of better weather. We greet them cheerly tonight.



Sept 24th 1861.

Wed 27 Clear and pleasant. I took up trees this morning until I was quite tired. I have followed this business a long time but does not seem to grow any easier. Nor have I learned to like it. We finished rafting a small raft of logs & started to the Mill with them. We stopped at Mr. Jeffers, & got our supper. John went on with the raft & I spent the night at J's. The evening passed off very pleasantly. I was in just the humor for conversing ~~freely~~ fluently, and we all seemed pleased with each other.

Thurs 28. An Oregon mist prevails this morning. Elijah brought me home in his boat. John came home home, bringing me a letter from Sister Bob, & one from my old friend, W. B. Moore. He also brought news of an intense excitement in Astoria, owing to the recent discovery of Silver mines of fabulous wealth and within 25 or 20 miles of Astoria. They are on Gray's River in Washington Territory.

They were found last fall by some adventurers, but the value of the ore was not until recently ascertained. It is said to yield from \$600, to \$1800, per ton, and none but the croppings has yet been tested. The people are wild with excitement. Astoria was almost depopulated in a day. I am almost afraid to credit the news it seems to be too much of a good <sup>thing</sup>. But I hope it is all true. John seems much inclined to go. So the prospect of living alone again starts me in the face.



# March 1861

1 The month opens with a characteristic day - variable & blustery, strong & rather hail. I spent the day in digging up Apple trees, and in planting a Currant and Gooseberry bushes. I intend to have a fine pretty garden where the nursery now is situated. Mr. McEwan arrived late this evening. He comes for trees - The Silver excitement & tall prospects in town.

2 Pleasant day, we loaded the boat with trees, 350 in all, and took her in tow by the skiff & went to town. The town Proprietors of Astoria, have at last abandoned the idea of building a City, and are at the late day beginning to rear orchards on this land. Such management needs no comment. I found Astoria like the sea in a calm, - all quiet: the storm of excitement having gone off to the mines.

3 Breeze in, light west wind. On our way home we called at Mr. Jeffers. I received today from Hon E. D. Baker, 2 volumes of the Congressional Globe, a valuable present.

4 Warm and pleasant - This morning early we got the sheep up and examined their feet, & found that they nearly all were affected with the "rot" The disease is in the foot, and eats in around the hoof, and will, if not arrested soon destroy the foot. We took a sharp knife & cut away all of the diseased part. After which, we dipped in a strong solution of Camphor and Blue Vitriol. This malady is created by the sheep running upon wet land.



March 1861.

John packed up his Knapsack and  
and started for the Grays River Silver mine.  
Accustomed as I am to living alone,  
I have to admit that a feeling of sad-  
ness crept over me. Today the Chief  
Magistrate of our Government is changed.  
May it be a change for the better. The most  
reckless and corrupt of all Administra-  
tions has just closed. Its baneful influ-  
ence has spread its contagion through-  
out the land. Its wasteful extravagance  
has exhausted the treasury, and lowered  
the public credit. And it leaves the Country  
in the midst of distension, and on the verge  
of Civil War. It is an eventful day—  
the inauguration of **the first Repub-**  
**lican President**. He has an arduous  
task before him. But he has the warm  
heart and the strong arm of the Great  
North to aid and protect him. Long may  
he live, and successful in his efforts.

I spent the night at Mr. Jeffers, where  
I was agreeably entertained by himself and his  
family.

Leach 5 I came home this morning and went  
to plowing. At about noon, to my great  
surprise John came home. The party  
with whom he expected to go, gave up  
the trip, so I have company again.

Just as we got dinner fairly under  
way, we <sup>were</sup> surprised by a call, from  
Luits Myrman & Asher of the  
Riv Center. I just had put off  
some of my ragged clothes, got on  
better ones before they came in. They  
found the house in a "mess"  
and everything in general dis-  
order.



March 1861

Feb 6 Toad, with frequent shower, and  
squall of wind. This has been a fair  
specimen of March weather. We spent  
the day in plowing, and preparing  
for planting. Grass upon the moor  
is, in places six inches in height. Bees  
are expanding rapidly. But today smells  
frost, and vegetation may feel that  
it has been too fast.

(Malicious March, with her sunshine & rain  
Comes merrily in, to greet us again (wile,  
the moment she roars, with stormy piece and  
then turns into calmness, gentle and mild.  
Today, glows with sunbeams, tonight glows with frost  
And both on the morrow in snow clouds are  
thus ever changing, like a magical thing.  
She lingers in doubt, 'twixt the winter and spring

Feb 7 Notwithstanding the cold rain that  
prevailed the greater part of the day, we  
planted a patch of potatoes. We planted  
the Kidney, for our own use. This variety is  
regarded as the best eating potato, grown  
in Oregon. I also enlarged my straw-  
berry bed. I have many visitors delecting  
ripening of this fruit. Nearly all persons  
are fond of this most delicious fruit, yet  
there are but few, who take the trouble  
to cultivate them, though, there <sup>is no</sup> ~~for~~ ~~but~~  
~~for~~ luxuries <sup>more</sup> as easily grown.

Feb 8 With the exception of a little rain this  
morning, we have had a very fine day.  
We have been plowing. I drive and  
John plows, it is quite a difficult thing  
to drive oxen to plow the ground well,  
among small fruit trees without, in  
felling some of the. I remember, well that  
I learned the same thing when a boy —



March, 1861.

- Dec. 9 She has been one of those lucky, inspiring days, that spring along can produce the finest crop from the Mill or hard. It is now in the finest order, having been well plowed & crossplowed. We also planted a few potatoes. In the back or about the grass upon the moor is now a from 4 to 6 inches in height, and I must make an effort soon to get the cows in from the wood to enjoy it.
- Dec. 10 As I am very anxious to get the cows in before the calves, we concluded to take a hunt for them. The morning was fine. We sat out together, and went as far as the ford on the big creek in company, where we separated, I turned to the L. & John went on. I left them an hour. I found Old Luck, an old cow, that I had given up as dead two months ago. By the time I got her home it had begun to rain, and the wind was blowing furiously. The sudden appearance of this old woman John in before he had found any of them. March played one of her high pranks today. In the evening we visited the cattle on the moor & found them doing well.
- Mon. 11. During a violent exhalation, we got ready for town - (having a load of trees to take) We pulled all the way there against a strong tide. Found many of the Gray River miners, back again. Some of them are sanguine of the great value of the new mines. But the more skeptical ones seem to regard them as a failure. After remaining in town a short time



March. 1861

have to pull nearly all of the way  
back against the tide as well as a strong  
wind. It is bad policy to fight against  
Nature. We have up hill and counter  
currents enough to baffle with, without  
seeking them. We went today under the  
unfavorable circumstances, nearly to gratify  
John's curiosity; to learn from the minor.  
But, "the most unkindest cut of all," - was  
to come home at dark, tired and hungry,  
and have to get our own supper.

Nov 12. Favored by a good day we sat out after breakfast to renew our hunt for the cows. We made our course about East & after a journey of an hour and a half we reached George's River, having found cattle signs all the way. After ranging over the extensive meadows of that river for two hours, we again took to the woods. We soon came upon two wild cattle, concluding that we had been following them all day. We again crossed the dividing ridge to examine more minutely the branches of the big Creek. In exploration I taking my way among the heads of the Northern, & John among those of the Southern branches of that Creek. But we found no fresh traces of them.

Much of the country through which we passed is good, & in some places the scenery is beautiful, particularly the highlands bordering the Lac Seul River. About 7/8<sup>th</sup> of the timber is Hemlock & the remainder of Spruce, with the exception of a few fir trees, whose great size, renders the common forest trees <sup>to</sup> as mere dwarfs.



March 1861.

Remained to these nobles of the forest. Many of them are as much as 10 feet in diameter, & 200 in height.

Mar 13 We sat out again this morning early for another hunt for our strays. But I was compelled to turn back on account of one of my boots slipping on my foot. John went on alone, & he is still out. He will doubtless have to camp alone in the dark & dreary woods. I have busied myself today planting potatoes &c.

Mar 14. The weather still remains excellent. John came home at noon with all of the lost cattle. He stayed all night with Cook, who informed him of the whereabouts of the cattle. He (Cook) having seen them the day before. The cattle that John & I have been trailing, are a band of wild ones, belonging to Cook. Our cattle were on Cook's place. It seems strange that they would leave their old range, & go into one, not so good. I have been planting potatoes. Also planted a small lot of peas.

Mar 15 Clear & pleasant. We had a light frost but the day has been warm & pleasant. We sowed a lot of red Clover seed in the hill arched, to raise seed from. <sup>also</sup> We opened a trail through <sup>the</sup> point, next south of the Bushman house, to the moore, & turned the cattle upon it. It is the first time that they have ever been upon it. They now have access to two thirds of the moore south of the <sup>house</sup>. Spent the remainder of the day carding.



March 1861.

Sat 16 The fine spring weather has set us to work in the garden. After dinner we embarked with the last of my apple crop & went to town having to pull all of the way against tide. I sold my apples at 8cts per lb.

Sun 17. The Steamship Panama arrived this morning from San Francisco. She stopped 3 hours at the dock & took in wood. The news from the Atlantic States indicate that disunion, or civil war is inevitable. The Southern Congress is now in session at Montgomery. Al. Hon Jeff Davis of Miss. is President of the Southern Confederacy. During the night my boat dragged her anchor & went ashore damaging her so much that I had to leave her to be repaired, & we were compelled to borrow a boat to come home.

Mon 18. Fair weather yet. We planted Peas, late Parsneps & Carrots today. According to the Dutch Signs. However we planted the root crops in the wrong stage of the moon. But we reserved one half of the Parsneps to be planted in the "dark" of the Moon.

Tues 19. I stayed at Mr Jaffer last night, & early this morning we went to town. After our return I went to work to help them clear & plow some land. I am exchanging work with him to get him to do some plastering for me. "Poor people have poor ways," so we have to help each other to help ourselves.







March 1861.

Mar 26 In a brisk breeze I started for town. I left my boat at the foundry mill & walked across the hill. I found the town quiet & dull as usual. News had been received of the quiet inauguration of the President. The Silver mine excitement still still keeps up.

Mar 27 The weather is somewhat better than it has been for a few days, after transacting my business I started home, and had the unpleasant task of pulling all of the way against a head wind. I commenced my grafting today - Thought late, - better than never. The season is much advanced, and has been a remarkable mild and pleasant one.

Mar 28 After taking a stroll upon the moor to look after some cattle, I came back by the boat landing, when I found to my surprise that my boat was gone. As soon as I thought of this fact I remembered that I left her yesterday at high water, without making her fast. I took the skiff & immediately sought in quest of her when I got as far as Mr. Jaffer's called upon Elyah to assist me. He readily assented. We went as far as the bay & beheld nothing of her, and as it was raining & blowing violently we gave up the search & returned. I reached home exhausted with fatigue, as wet as I could be & almost chilled. So much for neglecting to what would not have taken me one moment to do.

Mar 29 The storm of yesterday, continues with increased violence. It rains and blows with exceeding violence, and is unusually cold. It seems to be more winter weather for



March 1866.

Spring. But why should I complain of that, of which I have not the least control. It is right to remove traiting & unjust laws or oppressive laws of our country, & to demand their repeal. But is it right to demonstrate against the great & honorable laws of Nature when they do not seem to be adapted to our best interests. And would it be of any avail if we did so. To what Court would we apply for redress or amendment?

Sat 30 Showers and Sunshine alternately all day. John started to the Plains this morning and left me all alone. I have been grafting pear trees today.

After I had finished my supper I made myself a good fire & seating myself, I was musing upon passing events & had nearly fallen asleep in my chair. When a rap at the door aroused me. I found old Mr. Ewan, in a state of almost exhausted from fatigue & exposure. He had been, within the week & traveled a great distance through the wet brush, - he had waded sloughs & creeks until he was thoroughly saturated with water & mud, or at least his clothes were. The fellow was enough to outdo a young man much less a man of 80 years.

Sund 31. The storm still continued, and the rain still poured down almost unceasingly. I found old Lick, with a young calf this morning. George & McEwan just came from the plains, & informs me that my boat is in the river.



April 1861

- 1 Warm & pleasant with very light showers. I have been busy planting all day. When I came home this evening from the plains, I heard that he found the people much alarmed for my safety, having found my boat adrift, they were afraid that I had been lost. The people in town having heard of my boat being found, dispatched two men to inquire into the facts of the case.

- 4 Pleasant A. M., Showy P. M. I am still grafting and John is gardening. We are planting quite an extensive vegetable garden. The products of the garden are good and of the most ready sale, and the most profitable. I headed over a tree of the Fall bough, in my orchard today, with a small red apple that Mr. Shively gave me, and which, he says will keep well a whole year. He procured it under the



April 1861

Ch. 5 Rather pleasant. A hot-very stormy P.M. The wind blew very hard & accompanied by considerable rain. I spaded up the flower beds, and made some little alterations in the box edging near the house. I am at quite a loss for a plan, of my lawn and flower garden. I set out today a small cluster of Vine Maples in the lawn, which will serve as a sort of summer retreat.



April 1861

At 6 We have had but little rain today, yet the sky has been overcast with heavy clouds nearly all day. Being desirous of getting our potatoes planted in "the dark" of the Moon - we have been busy all day in planting, although the ground is too wet. We planted about 2/3 of the Hills over in good order.

At 7. The morning was bleak and stormy, variable Sunshine and rain. I spent the greater part of the day in reading. I spent some little time in the afternoon in adjusting the cattle on the moor.

Gorge McCandless called on us; he is now determined to make his home on his farm. I have just finished reading Coopers Naval History of the United States.

The work has the appearance of being, rather one-sided. Like most of American authors, he gives too high a coloring.

8 In obedience to a summons to appear at Astoria on 9th, I started after dinner, calling on my <sup>way</sup> for Mr Jeffers & wife, who accompanied me. We encountered a severe squall in our passage across the bay, but received no damage. On reaching town, I found President Lincoln's inaugural address. Everybody seems to be pleased with this ~~new~~ document. It seems perfectly adapted to the spirit of the times.

9 Court commenced this morning pursuant to notice. Judge Wait on the bench. I was drawn upon the Grand Jury. which body sat near two days, when it adjourned without any bills. There were but 3 or four cases before the Court & yet it was in session 3 days. My old friend D. Meally was divorced from his wife.



April 1861.

A novel excitement exists in town on the question of prayer or no prayer in schools. A question arose, whether school should be opened by prayer, a few favored it, but a large majority opposed it. No little fanaticism & angry spirit was manifested.

One of the cases that occupied the attention of this court, originated upon a difference of \$1/2, but a small sum for either party to lose. But by the time it was decided it cost the Plaintiff \$500. So much for "law-ing".

Th. 10 I came as far as Jeffers. Yesterday Elijah, killed one of their wild catfish & as bears are numerous in the woods here I set a gun upon the spot where the bear was killed, with a hope of killing a bear.

3. 11. We have had excellent weather all the week until today, we have a little rain.

Sat 13. Beautiful day. The warm atmosphere the bright sunshine and the gentle breeze puts songs in the mouth of every bird, & fills our hearts with pleasure & delight.

Many of the plum trees & some of the earliest blooming pears, are now in full bloom. I grafted all day.

Sun 14. At an early hour, I started for town and on my way, called at Mr. Jeffers. Where I found Elijah, & the girls ready to accompany me. The morning was delightful, & the Bay as smooth as a mirror. We had a pleasant passage. On reaching town, I prepared myself for church, & accompanied by Mr. Taylor & Annie. The fine day brought out a large number of people.



April, 1861.

After dinner we returned. I spent the evening very pleasantly at J's, and arrived at home at 9 o'clock.

15 I have vainly sought for words, with which to describe this most beautiful Spring day. But Language is inadequate. It cannot be described. It can only be seen and felt. I have finished my writing, or, rather quit, yet I did not get much done as I wished to do. The Plum & Cherry trees & a few of Pears are white with flowers.

16 According to promise, I went down to Mr Jeffers to help Elijah plow a piece of new ground. The time passed by no means unpleasantly that I spent with this agreeable family. The girls, though young, are amiable and lovely, & the moments that I spent with them, are truly bright spots in my life's journey.

17 We finished the plowing today at noon & I came home bringing the plow & harrow with me. We have to borrow and lend in new countries. The weather ~~was~~ is still most beautiful & just such weather as we ought to have in Spring.

18 We have had the harrow going nearly all day & it has done fine execution. The weather has been so dry and warm, (it still is so,) that all grass & weeds die as soon as torn loose by the harrow. We were surprised by the arrival of Elijah Jeffers & a party of young ladies. We were not in the best plight for receiving Lady visitors, yet we did the best we could to please & entertain them. They remained but a hour, when they departed & left us alone ~~in our~~ our home.



April 1861

- Thurs 19. The fine weather still continues -  
Early this morning we took the oxen  
& the horse with all of the appurtenances  
for plowing & harrowing into the snow &  
crossed over to Johnson's place to do  
some plowing. The ground was in  
bad condition, the most of it never  
having been plowed, and it was com-  
pletely matted together by roots. John  
plowed with the oxen ~~while~~  
with the horse did the harrowing.  
We have worked 14 hours today. I need not  
say that am fatigued.
- Sat. 20. Showy with very little ~~hail~~<sup>snow</sup>. After  
finishing our plowing at Johnson's, we  
spent the remainder of the day in  
improving the road to the ~~place~~  
The two Harrells worked with us. This  
is not, but a poor horse trail, but it is  
susceptible of being made a good road  
with a moderate cost.
- Sun 21. This has been a disastrous day, with frequent  
showers of hail and sleet, & violent squalls  
of wind. The air is sharp & cool. I consider  
it one of the most disagreeable days of the  
month. The warm beautiful weather of the  
last two weeks has urged vegetation to a  
great state of forwardness, and made fine  
promises of an early spring. Now it is  
checked & partially killed by chilling winds  
& driving hail. There seems to be an imper-  
fection in Great Nature's laws. She who  
her right hand does, her left hand destroys  
as it were. The fine weather that we  
have just had seems proper enough. But  
this chilling withering breath of Winter  
seems out of place.



April 1861

22 I planted a lot of peas this morning. Having determined to raise enough of that article to last us through the winter. We find them, when dried, as good or better than beans. I determined upon a visit to the "Plains" and accordingly set out through the weed trail, & arrived at Mr Thompsons a dinner. Having dined there I called at Davidsons & in the evening went to Hobsons where I spent the night. I was delighted <sup>with</sup> the scenery. The fresh sea air was cool and refreshing. The bright sunshine, mellowed by the verdant hues of the luxuriant plain, was beautiful and pleasing; the fields, dotted with cattle and sheep gave to the eye a pleasant view; the deep dark groves of Spruce and pine were mostly with the song of happy birds, while the never ceasing roar of the restless ocean, completed the harmonious grandeur & sublimity of all around. The blue eyed violet gleamed in every turf, and the strawberry flower, the buttercup & yellow daisy in the <sup>clover</sup> broad green plain.

22 Frost! frost! — The verdant plain of yesterday was a sea of ~~very~~ frost this morning. Ice was frozen upon the limbs of the trees, and a slight crust was upon the fresh worked fields. After dinner I took my weary way home through the lonely woods. I made an effort to explore a more gradual descent from the dividing ridge into the Brannan creek, but was unsuccessful. I arrived at home in the evening where I found the plan line for



April 1861

W. 24 As the weather was so cold and raining, I made up my mind to go to town, and spend a few days in visiting, and transacting a little business. We had this morning one of the most violent storms of the season, many persons say that it ~~is~~ was the hardest blow that they ever saw. It drove in the highest tide that we have had this season. The wind ~~blew~~ blew so hard that it ~~stop~~ and stay all night at Mr. Jeffers.

Sat 27 I have spent the last three days very pleasantly among my friends. News has just been received, that the Haven Cutter of Lane has been ordered home, her orders are to proceed to Washington without delay. The people of Astoria are much opposed to the move, and have sent one to head quarters a remonstrance.

Sun 28 Accompanied by Mr. Gearhart, I started home at an early hour, we called a few moments at Mr. Jeffers, and ~~and~~ reached home at noon. We found John well, but he had been quite sick for a day or two. After dinner, I went to the plains with Mr. Gearhart. We took the woods road. I spent the night at my old friend's J. Hobson.

Mon 29, Having finished my business on Clatsop, and having to return to Clatsop Astoria, I started ~~the~~ <sup>into</sup> the woods soon after breakfast, and arrived at the Breman place where I had left my boat at 10 A.M. As it was so near the last of ebb, I did not go home, but made my way directly for town. On my way I met Mr. ...



April 1861

man, who informed me that news had just been received that our Scriptor had been taken by the Carthagenians. I was much excited and felt desperately, had to get to town to hear the particulars. News was also received at the same time that Mr. L. Adams had been appointed Collector of Astoria. This was by no means unwelcome information, as I had been working hard for that object for 4 months. I spent the evening at Col 3.

Apr 30 This morning I had a town lot of Mr. Jas. Welch, one of his best, for \$105. As soon as the proper papers were drawn, I started home, calling at the Cutter Lane, now at Moore's Mill making preparations for her passage round the horn. I reached home in the evening having been gone from home about a week.

The old adage, it is said, "if a month comes in like a lamb, it will go out like a lion", has proved true with April. The first of the month was very pleasant but the latter part has been exceedingly disagreeable. We have had two of the hardest storms that I have seen for years.

I took a short ramble in the woods to hunt for my cows - hence the following effusion

I love the wildwood, Nature's bowers  
Where crystal streams are flowing -  
Where lofty trees and tiny ~~plants~~ flowers  
Harmoniously are growing.



May 1861

~~May 1~~ "Sweet-May" has come again; but alas! it is better enough. It has rained ~~xxx~~ and hailed alternately all day. This morning we separated a lot of the cattle, driving a part of them onto the upper moor. While doing it, we discovered that the old mare & colt had had left the pasture. ~~Max~~ soon found the colt on the other side of the river, but we could find no traces of the mare. We have come to the conclusion that she attempted to go to the plain, & that in swimming the river she either got stuck in the mud or foul of the brush, & cannot get out, and so was drowned. It will be quite a serious loss to me, as I have no other horse to plow with.

We cut out a boat sail this evening —  
 May 2 Rained hard nearly all day. We made the sail today. Our first effort of that sort.

As we were driving the cows down to the Northern Moore, we discovered in an old Elk trail in the woods, a pit in the ground about 3 ft in diameter & about 6 ft deep, which we suppose to have been dug by the Indians for the purpose of catching Elk & Bear. They frequently constructed their pits to catch game.

3 Cold & Showery — We made a good log bridge across the first creek North of the house. Also planted the corn, & John made a box for honey.

I went down to the Mill & stayed all night with Mr. Maryman<sup>+</sup> on the Rev. Carter 4. When I came home, we drove the sheep off the moor, on account of the high tides. John went to town, and I spent the remainder of the day in cutting brush. It is very cool & disagreeable, high winds, with

the Norwegian Cattle, for some illness, and his father, was an —  
 the first time, from Springfield  
 Astoria, by the President Lincoln  
 friend of the President Lincoln  
 friend of the President Lincoln



May 1861

May 5 Cold & Snowy - I took a stroll up on the moor among my cattle and found them feasting upon tender, delicious grass in which the moor now abounded. After dinner I went down to "the Catter," soon after my arrival there, John came along from town on his way home. Having business in town, I departed for that place, where I arrived at 4 P.M.

May 6 In the evening rain prevailed nearly all day - The day passed off without giving me much pleasure or profit. I went to the upper town in the evening, expecting to return on the steamer, but as it did not come down, I accepted the hospitality of Mr. Vandusen.

May 7 The news from the Atlantic States this morning was of a painful and startling character. It indicates that the older States are soon to be in a blaze of civil war! Federal troops were attacking in the city of Baltimore on their way to Washington. Southern ports are to be blockaded in O. my Country, where now is your boasted permanency and durability? Where is the cherished boon of our fathers, that has been our proudest boast for near a century? - the Federal Constitution - Broken, and trampled upon - What now is that once brilliant constellation of stars and the waving stripes? - Are they dissolved and scattered? May it not be so -

Accompanied by Col. Baylor, I pulled down to Clatsop. - Took tea at Davidsons, where I met a party of young ladies. As I had to go farther down I requested them to accompany me for a pleasure walk, which they did for near a mile when they returned. The beautiful scenery and the pleasant company delighted me. Bidding them good night, I pursued my way as far as Hobson



May 1861

8 Frost! last night, pretty hard but not sufficient to injure much of the fruit. I brought Eliza home with me. Saml Russell accompanied me as far as Jeffers, where I called a few moments. Also called at the "Butter" & got the sack that Capt Shattock has just made for me. I reached home in the evening much fatigued, having had to pull part of the way up against both wind and tide.

9 This morning we rigged up our new sail. Having never found the old mare, and being compelled to have a horse with which to plow the nursery; we went up to Mr Kallib's & got one of theirs. He has never been plowed any, but he has been worked in harness frequently. The day has been fine.

10 Frost! and the hardest that we have had for two months; and yet, I believe but little damage was done to the fruit.

About 1/4th of the strawberries were killed and some of the pears plumed & shorn. The drying wind on yesterday, fanned every leaf and flower perfectly dry, which was a very favorable circumstance. We planted Squash & turnip seed today. Having been up upon the moor, we were fortunate to find a young calf just on the brink of a slough, nearly killed to death. The warm sunshine & warm milk soon restored it.

Lat 11. I am happy again to have to record fine days. John went to the Plains this morning & left me alone again. It seems more lonely now, when I am left alone, than when I was alone altogether. This morning the McEwans came down, bringing with them our old cat, Shylock.

54  
Cutter, is a very  
and did me much  
Guthrie, Johnathan, on his return from  
the Revenue  
Kind at to me  
the dyer  
Broom  
Hampden  
\* Captain Shattock is Captain of  
Pleasant man and has rendered many  
substantial services; He was lost on the  
Hampden



May 1861

She has found her way up there alone through the wood. She was almost starved. They also informed me that old Grant was on their march, doing well this was not come news. So I supposed she was drowned. She must have swam all of the way, there or swam the river twice I saw at Doughty.

11 The good weather still continues. After I had milked and done up the house work, "I went down to Mrs Jeffers & spent a few hours very pleasantly. On my return I called at the Carter where I found piles of late papers giving additional evidence of the inevitability of a bloody civil war.

Nothing could I more regret, than to <sup>see</sup> my country men spilling their own blood, and destroying their own best government. But I am a Republican; What have we done to incite this rebellion? Nothing. We have right, justice and the law on our side, and the South have been the aggressor. There are facts, and backed by them, I say that if war is the word, let it come.

I found John at home

12 Frost 1. A light frost, followed by one of the most lovely days that I ever saw. John went to town this morning. I worked in the nursery part of the day. At high water I went up after my lost horse. She is very fat & looks beautiful.

13 The summer days still come, though there was frost yesterday, yet - the day was warm, as is today also. I plowed part of the nursery. John came home from town and announced his intention of teaching school on the plain. He is to begin on Monday next. So I am to be left alone again. I received a letter from my friend Miss B. of Oregon City, containing flower seed, I am afflicted



May 1861.

Wed 15 The morning was warm with a light <sup>wind</sup> breeze.  
Finished plowing the nursery - a job that should  
have been done long ago. The Apple trees are  
just in full bloom. Some of the later sorts  
are not out yet. I planted a lot of flower seed  
and I think is rather late too, but "better late  
than never", some body has said, but - I do not  
think it true in all cases -

Thurs 16 John left here this morning at 5 for the  
plains, taking with him his clothes bag &c.  
At 9 A.M. I went to town; - Spent the  
evening making calls with Miss Anne & George.  
Col Taylor came home in the evening from  
the Plains, where he had been attending a sale  
of a lot of flour saved from the wreck of  
an Eng. ship vessel that was foundered on the  
bar not long since. The wreckers claimed & received  
one half of the value, and the remaining half was  
sold for the benefit of the underwriters. But not  
satisfied with one half; they (the salvors) entered  
into an agreement, not to bid against each other, &  
to get the other half for a trifle. It brought but  
four, to 19cts per sack.

Fri 17 Rain & high wind. I remained in town  
until the sale, of a lot of the wrecked flour &  
bacon came off. The flour sold at 25<sup>cts</sup> to 65<sup>cts</sup>  
per sack, & the bacon 12 to 14<sup>cts</sup> per lb. I bought  
14 sacks. The flour seems to be but little dam-  
aged, not more than one 1/8. The wind blew  
so hard that I left my boat and came over in  
the "Cutters" boat. There are two or three military  
officers in Astoria on their way to the Ab-  
le States, I think they are "secessionists."

Sat 18 Frost! Frost! And a pretty sharp  
one too - I observe the tender leaves on the  
of the Cherry limbs are scorched a little. What?



May 1861

I went to town this morning in the "Cutter" boat. I brought my own horse, I have 11 horse 300 lbs of the damaged flour. All of it that has not been wet is good.

19 Showy this morning. After I had done up my house work, I went down & spent the remainder of the day with the officers of the "Cutter." Came home in time to milk before dark.

20 Frost & day light. About sunrise, while it was yet cool, I thought I would take a look into the bee hive, & see what progress they were making towards filling the hive. While I was looking them, one of the spiteful little wretches stung me on the bridge of the nose. In less than an hour my right eye was closed & remained so all day, and my left was badly swollen. This had no chance, but a stop to my going to town as I had intended. I finished sifting and re-sacking, my wrecked flour.

21. After breakfast I went to town, principally to hear the news. While there the California Steamer arrived, bringing late news. Preparations for war still goes on rapidly. The President seems fully determined to maintain the authority of the Government. He has ordered out 80,000 more troops. The N. W. wind blew very hard today. Ship Onie Gaylord & Ship Clara McLean came over with me, on a visit to Mrs Jeffers.

22. I spent the morning at my garden work. After dinner, I went down to the "Cutter", and Mr Berryman and myself in the "first Cutter" went down to Mrs Jeffers & brought all of the young ladies up to the



May 1861

pleasantly we all took tea with the officers. When I came home at dark I found John here

Thurs 23 After dinner I started down the river to take the ladies home. I found at the cutter a party of town ladies & gents; 10 in number. I took my party home. Miss Josephine Jeffor accompanied us. I spent the evening at Gen Adairs and stayed all night at Col G's.

Mr Gray came down from the Oceanic County. he has been absent 3 years.

Fri 24. I brought Miss Josie home, & took dinner with them. I reached home at 2 P.M. John came home in the evening he had been working on the road between here and Chatsape.

Sat 25. I plowed my potatoes & nurseries, or rather, harrowed them. John, by my assistance took his oxen and cattle across the river & tomorrow is going to drive them to the plains. I knew nothing of his intentions until today. He seems to use much secrecy in all of his movements. I suppose he is leaving here forever. Let him go I have done without him & I suppose I can still do so.

Sun 26. I helped John drive his oxen & heifers through to the plains this morning. The loss of his effects on this place & of his interest in the sheep. I am alone again & must depend upon my own resources.

I went down & took tea with Mrs Jeffor's and returned at dark in quite a rain, or rather a mist. It is warm, and will be very beneficial. I am very glad to see it, & yet it seems disagreeable to see rain. Because



May 1861

May 27. The rain of yesterday continued all night, & until noon today. It has been a warm, refreshing rain and I think will be very beneficial. I have pottered part of the day. Also churned. I commenced the third volume of Hume's history of England.

May 28. The clock just strikes 9, my usual bed time, & it is raining yet; as it has been ever since I awoke this morning. The ground is flooded with water. The wind is hauling round to the West, and I think that the storm will soon abate. I had intended to go to the Plains today with the Messrs Jeffers - but will have to delay the trip until more pleasant weather. This rain will be beneficial, yet I believe a smaller quantity would have been better.

May 29. The clouds that have covered the sky nearly all day seem ominous of more rain. A light sprinkle was felt this evening.

I was exceedingly lonely today, & so, went down to the culter while, & had my hair trimmed.

May 30 I started for Astoria this morning, but the wind blew so hard against me that I could not get across the bay. So I returned & spent the day with the officers of the "Coatue". In the evening I went down to Mrs. J. B. & stayed all night.

May 31. Eliza & myself went to town this morning, & when we returned, I took the two Miss Jeffers & started for the Plains on a pleasure excursion. We met the N. W. wind so strong that we could go no farther down the bay than Coffenberry's creek. So we went up to his house, & left the boat & walked through the wood. John Garhart met us on the way.



June 1, 1861

Sat 1 After an early breakfast we started in the carriage for the Cape, or "Bill Lattie". The road now is very bad, but we arrived there safely at 10 A.M. Lattie is a half-breed Indian, who keeps a public house, and many resort thither, some for the ride, some to behold the scenery, and others to feast upon the fish, game &c that is always found upon his table. His house is within  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile of the ocean at the south end of Clatsop Plains.

We took a walk upon the beach, & gathered some shells. The beach around the Cape is covered with large boulders. I climbed to the summit of the hill that hangs over the Ocean, and had a fine view. After eating a good dinner we returned & spent the night at Mr. Giacchetti.

Sun 2 As soon as I arose I walked over to the beach. It was a pleasant walk. Soon after breakfast the carriage was ready, and we set out in rather low spirits. But why we should be so, I know not. We were light hearted and merry when we came, and we have met with no misfortunes since our arrival. But those with whom we have associated for the last day or two, are so cold & cheerless; so devoid of affability; so barren of affection, and to us so incongenial, that their presence seems to have dispelled our cheerfulness, and chilled our hearts. They were as kind to us as they knew how to be.

We drove up to Hobson's & Spoford. Here we met another large party going to Lattie. Our party then drove out to the beach. Ship owners joined them. The carriage being quite full enough, I declined going, so I went & took dinner with Mrs Davidson. I joined the party again in the evening, in a drive, after which we







June 1861

Fri 7 No rain, yet it was cloudy nearly all day with considerable mist. Went to town accompanied by Elzale Jeffers. Astoria is dull.

Many are going to the gold mines. I called at Mrs. Jeffers on my return & spent an hour very pleasantly with several young girls there. Sweet creatures! they are the dense home-of life. The bright and beautiful spots interspersed among the clouds & storms of life's journey.

Sat 8 Clear and pleasant. I spent the day in hoeing and pulling up weeds. In the evening I went down & stayed all night with "Capt. Shaddock" & "Lieut. Merryman". We had a social time. They are both good company.

Sun. 9 All alone — And I felt it too. But there seems to be no help for it. It rained again today. I am almost discouraged. We have so much rain that I cannot work in the ground, and the weeds & grapes overrunning everything.

Mon 10 More rain — Went to town in the evening. Met Mr. Adams, the newly appointed collector at Astoria. He came down with the expectation of receiving his official papers at this place but was disappointed & so returned. The steamer came in loaded with coal miners, bound for Nez Perce gold mines.

Tues 11 Rain this morning. Came home & conveyed Mrs. Jeffers from Astoria to her place. Brought my sow up from Powers — I found the old mare & Colt on the other side of the river. My dog Swan over — She was doubtless trying to get to the top.

Wed 12 It has been raining & misting nearly all day and yet I plowed potatoes nearly all day. Elzale came up through the woods. It is



U.M.C., 1861-

Nov 13 I have had an ill temper today - everything seems to have went wrong - I went out & milked in the rain & mud, amid my birds of Lamage gnats and on my <sup>way</sup> ~~to~~ to the house, I slipped & fell into the mud, & spelt the bucket of milk all over me. Getting over so angry did not repair the damages - I worked in the mud two or three hours on the mud fixing bridges & I plowed potatoes about 2 1/2 hours & set out a lot of cabbage plants. The storm is now raging with the violence of a Winter storm.

Nov 14. A very little rain today. Some animal kills a dozen chickens for me last night. I started down to Mr. Jeffers, & Met-Capt Shaddock, with a message from town, & a request that I should come over immediately, so I went directly over. I then met Mr Adams the Collector of the port of Astoria, who accompanied me back as far as the "Cutler". Reached home at 10 a.m.

Nov 15 I went to the plains with Mr Adams. We walked over to the beach, & took a bath in the Ocean. My friend was delighted with the scenery, & well pleased with the people. We spent the night at Hobsons.

Nov 16. Beautiful morning, after breakfast we started for Astoria. At Wington they were trying to launch a small vessel, of about 45 tons that they have been building there. I left Mr Adams at Astoria & came home.

Nov 17. Rain - I plowed potatoes a short time but being quite unwell I had to quit work. It is a dreadful thing to be sick all alone. I think that being alone on such an occasion is worse than the sickness -



WMC 1861

Dec 18. The weather is more pleasant. I done but little today, as I did not feel well. I went down to the River bottom & there found the Steamship Shubrick, a Government Vessel & the first Steamship that has ever been in the Louis & Clarke

Wed 19. Fine day - I did a good days work, & it is the first full day for some time. I plowed all of the meadows, besides many other smaller jobs - When I went to milk this evening, I found that I had left the bars down this morning, & the calves had gone off with the cows - so much for neglect.

Mon 24. It has rained almost incessantly ever since last Wednesday. I never was so thoroughly disgusted with the weather in my life.

I went to town last Friday, & stayed all night & have been at Mrs Jeffers the most of the time since. Elejah came up with me today to stay over night. The old mare & colt have gone again, & I cannot find anything of them. They have had to swim away.

Tues 25. Fine summer day. I spent the day hewing palatovs. While I was absent, a few days ago the sheep got in & nearly destroyed my garden. I found my fifth calf a few days since. I gave all of my chickens to Elejah. They are so mischievous that I will not keep any.

Wed 26. Pleasant - I have had potatoes & worked in the garden all day. I am expecting the bees to swarm, & so am on the lookout.

Thu 28. I spent the morning in the garden. The weather now seems settled, I think that summer has begun. I had six ladies and one gentleman here at tea. I was able to give them a fine treat on the



July

on 30 Yesterday I came from the plains. but could  
find nothing of my ~~old~~ Mare, I found the colt, however,  
after I returned. It had swam upon a small  
island, containing no more than a head of land.  
It would soon have starved. John Gearhart  
came here last night & stayed all night; he is  
assisting to get up a Celebration on Flat top.  
Today I went down and took tea with Mr  
Jeffers.

The following lines are an extract  
from a letter to a friend; where in I describe <sup>upon</sup> ~~the~~  
the pleasures of single blessedness.

.....  
I still enjoy my own free home  
And all the sweets of life alone,  
Free from care turmoil and strife  
That always go with wedded life.  
O! who'd exchange this blissful state  
For married man's uncertain fate?  
For a wife to scold, storn an roar  
Enough one's life to take -  
And worst of all, at night ~~the~~ snore.  
And keeps you wide awake  
For crying, whining, snarling brats  
To tease you with vexation  
And then to have a thousand spot  
With all your wife's relation.  
And she, perchance is "woman's rights"  
(A thing too vile to mention),  
And often stays out late at nights  
To be at some Convention;  
Then in the papers for one year  
You'll see her published speeches,  
And more than likely too, you'll hear  
"That woman wears the breeches!"



July 1861

Mon 1 I took another hunt for the all-male but was unsuccessful. In the afternoon Eliza & I went to town. The news from the States is unimportant.

Tues 2 Came home this morning and spent the greater part of the day in preparing a speech for the fourth of July.

Wed 3 At 2 o'clock P. M. I started for Clatsop expecting to be on the ground expecting to assist to erect a flag staff on the morning of the Fourth. But when got down as far as Jeffers I found the wind blowing so hard that it was impossible to go. So I remained there all night.

Thurs 4 At 4 o'clock I was awakened by the boom of the independence gun at Astoria. The morning was beautiful, ~~and~~ after a very early breakfast Mrs J., Miss Jagg, and myself started for the Celebration on Clatsop Plains. We reached the appointed place in due time, where we found the American flag proudly waving over the assembling multitude. The Citizens in the neighborhood brought in an abundance of provision which was spread upon a table already prepared in a beautiful grove upon Col Gaylors farm. After the reading of the Declaration, by Mr Seardoff, Rev Mr Thompson & Mr Callender made some very appropriate remarks. I was then called upon, and am proud to say that my little speech created considerable sensation. The few sessionists that were there looked black as thunder clouds. Mr Seardoff then made an excellent speech, and then came the peace.

After dinner an hour or two was spent for



July 1861.

present, seemed well pleased with the  
proceeding of the day. The crowd then dis-  
persed. I took a very pleasant horse back ride  
in company with Miss Annie Taylor & Miss  
Clara McKean, and, Mr. Dearclaff. I spent  
the night at Mr. Thompson's.

5. Miss Josephine & myself came home this  
morning, Mrs. J. remained to make a visit.  
I found everything all right at home. The  
house I found in fine order. I made arrange-  
ments to have Elizabeth Jeffers come out  
& remain here yesterday deciding the part of  
the day that the bees would be likely to swarm.  
He brought his sister (Miss Carrie) and Miss  
Blossom, with him. When I left home the  
house was shamefully dirty, & disordered, but  
the girls cleaned it up very nicely. It seemed  
to wear a smile of cheerfulness, when I  
came home.

6. Each day, for some days past we have  
had a little mist in the morning or evening.

Strawberries are abundant yet. They are  
later than I ever knew them. The bees acted  
much as if they were going to swarm,  
but they did not. The price of bees, is growing  
up very fast. Three years ago, a good one  
of bees was worth \$125.00 in ready cash. Now  
they can be had at \$20. to \$25. Honey, until  
last summer was worth \$1. per lb. It is prob-  
ably now worth 100c. I had potatoes all day.

7. At home alone, as usual. Elizabeth J.  
came up to bring my boat home, and spent a  
part of the day with me. I went home with  
him, and remained with him a few moments  
and returned to do my milking. A Comet is  
now visible in the Constellation of Ursa Major, I saw



July 1861

Mon 8. I worked until after dinner, and then went to town, when the steamer arrived every body was on the wharf anxious to hear the news from the seat of war. A little skirmishing had occurred since our previous dates, but nothing decisive had yet occurred.

Tues 9. This has been the warmest day of the season, I came home and spent the greater part of the day reading newspapers. I am anxiously expecting the bees to swarm, and always am about during the middle of the day, when they are most likely to swarm. Eljah came up this evening; He is going to assist me a few days with my work.

Wed 10. Cool and pleasant. Made a pretty hard days work, I dislike very much to work constantly all day at the same kind of work. I do not mind working all day, if I can have a variety of occupations.

Thurs 11. Tired am I, tonight, having wielded a hoe all day. I am pretty well satisfied that it is no use to try to grow a good crop on this land with manure. Grain I have never tried, but vegetables, potatoes &c will not do, the ground is either too poor, or lacks some ingredient necessary to them, trees of all kinds do well, but fruit trees need cultivation. Eljah went home this evening.

Fri 12. In the evening Eljah & myself went to town. The steamer had come but brought no news of any importance.

A good deal is yet said about my 4<sup>th</sup> of July speech. The secessionists are angry enough to hang me, and the Union men are as well pleased, as they as they, are displeased. Spent the



July 1861

July 13 Having got ready to start home, I came down to the wharf, where I met Elijah who informed me that he would not go home as he had made arrangement to go and work for a man about 20 miles up the river. His mother & sisters were much surprised & disappointed and chagrined, when they learned his intention. I came home & remained 4 or 5 fine hours, then went down to Mrs J's & stayed all night. I had a pleasant time with the girls.

July 14. I came home at 11 a.m. and stayed until 2 P.M. and started to the plains through the wood. I took a sythe with me to get it ground, as I have no one to help me. I spent the night at Mrs Hobson's.

July 15. Came home soon after breakfast. I came upon two Indians fast asleep in the road. They had been hunting elk. I had stopped to rest. The remainder of the day I worked in the garden —

July 16. The Harrells went to town this morning and brought my mail as they came back. A letter from Miss B., and a lot of papers. But no news of much moment. I see by my home (Ohio) paper, that the Resurrection of Guyanette Va, and the Home Guards on the Ohio side came near having a battle at Proctor'sville. The Home Guards turned out so strong that the Chevalier Virginians backed out.

July 17 I have been weeding the hoe much to my displeasure all day; with the exception of two or three hours devoted to newspaper reading. At dark this evening there was a sprinkle of rain, and it has somewhat the appearance of rain. I hope it will. Over "turn is turned" now. The rain was so



July 1861

Thur 18 I called at Mrs Jeffers on my way to town to get Miss Blossom, who wished to go over. I took her to Mr Powers. Then I met Miss Mary Adair, and accompanied her home where I spent the evening very pleasantly. Miss Mary sympathizes very much with the South in the present war.

19 I waited in Astoria until 2, A. M., for the mail, but the boat did not come down. It is supposed that she met with some accident. I stopped at Mrs Jeffers, & as it was late, and I felt rather lonely, and dull, I concluded to stop all night. The girls were in fine spirits and I enjoyed the evening much.

Sat 20 I came home after breakfast, and finding my ~~big~~ cattle "up" again, I undertook to drive them upon the upper shore, & they were determined not to go, so I had a desperate run after them; but succeeded in the end. In the evening the cows & calves were so uneasy, that I again ran myself down again, trying to get them separated.

Sun 21 It has been very warm today. I have been alone all day; A boat passed, but I did not speak to it. I have not been idle, I cannot endure idleness, when I am alone; I have read a little, written a letter, worked some & took a half hour, after dinner nap.

Mon 22 The warm weather still continues - Nothing of any interest occurred today. I worked all day, as usual. What is the use of living if one can do nothing <sup>but</sup> labor, dig, dig, out a life time. What pleasure is there in such a life? What benefit is one to himself, if he has to lead a life of constant weary toil. But so is. Who makes our fate and controls it?



July 1861

23 I started to town at 5, A. M. & reached there at half past 7. I remained an hour & returned. Called & took Mrs Jeffers & the two girls in my boat & brought them home with me, to gather berries. The Blackberries are now ripe. I remained until evening, when I took them home. I got back at 9 P. M.

24. I commenced mowing today. I believe it is earlier than I usually begin. I have just looked at my diary for 1860 & find that I began at just this time last year.

26 Nothing has transpired worthy of notice since my last writing, - that I know of. Yet the most important events might have occurred within a short distance, & I, have been none the wiser for thereof. Here I am cut off from all the world. What I see around me is the world to me at present. And yet if I did not have so much hard work to do I should enjoy life pretty well - I am still hay making.

Lat 27 I started for Astoria expecting to be gone a day or two, but <sup>met</sup> a party of my friends from the Pt.



July. 1861.

Mon<sup>29</sup> I came home this morning and milked the cows, & then went to town. Elipate Jeffers went with me. The wind blew so hard that we could not come home. I spent the evening at Gen Adairs. The hospitality and cheerfulness of Miss Mary make the time pass very agreeably. There are no finer looking girls in the County than she.

Tues I started home at 1/2 past 3 o'clock this morning, and reached home at 6. The mail did not come last night so I got no news. There was a light shower of rain this morning & as my hay was spread out upon the ground, it received no gain at last.

Wed. 31 The beautiful summer weather continues. There has not been rain enough during the month to lay the dust. And there has been a great deal of very warm weather for this place. During almost the whole month the N. W. wind has blown unusually hard. The hot sun the drying wind, and the want of rain, has dried up the earth very rapidly. It is already dryer than it was at any time last summer.



August 1861

Aug 1 Mr Jeffers and her family came up to gather blackberries. Elipah helped me in with some hay. The girls assisted me to get dinner and supper. I went home with them and stayed all night.

Aug 2 We started to town at 5 A. M. I had no business, except to get the news. Everybody seems eager for news from the seat of war. About the time we were looking for the result of the last Presidential election, we awaited the arrival of the Eastern mails with great impatience, but, I think the interest now is still greater. Eager as I was however, I got no news of any importance. The armies move slow and accomplish but little. They have a few skirmishes, in nearly all of which the Federal forces are the winners.

Aug 3. I sat out some fire today and it burnt very well indeed. If I could spend all of my time for the next two months in setting out fire, it would be of immense benefit. Two months spent in this way every summer would soon clear a large farm.

Aug 4. The Wind blew very hard from the S. W. all day, and I never saw fire do better execution, I had to fight it to protect my fences.

Aug 5 When I got up this morning it was raining quite hard, and it remained cloudy the most of the day, with occasional showers.

Rain was very much needed, and what little has already fallen has done much good. Vegetation seems much refreshed.

It is a wash day of this. At Astoria the ladies all wash on Monday, why should not I follow the same rule? My rule is to



August 1861

- Tues 6. It was rather cloudy and misting the greater part of the forenoon. I packed a nice lot of Gooseberries to take to some of my friends in town, and in the evening Elijah and myself went over. We found two Ocean steamers there, the Sierra Nevada, and the Pacific. The Pacific had been stove and sunk at Coffin rock on the Columbia; but has just been raised by means of Steam power pumps. She runs here down here, & grounded her at high tides on the flat, & now have her almost ready for sea. I took a ride on horse back to the upper town; and when I came back I went to Coal Is where I met Miss P. Thompson of Oregon City.
- Wed 7 After spending a part of the day around town I came over to Mrs Jeffers. Here I met Mr Powers & family who have just moved on to their farm. I felt ~~so~~ indignant or at least, ~~so~~ little like going home that I stayed all night.
- Thurs 8 At 6:30 a.m. Elijah & I, started for Clatsop. We went through the woods taking our guns along with us, hoping to see a band of Elk. But we saw none. I got a horse at Mr Thompsons, and rode down as far as Mr Condit. I made an unsuccessful effort to collect money. I have never seen money so scarce here before. I met several Portland Gentlemen in Carriages. They come here for pleasure. We took dinner at Robinsons, & returned. We reached home at 5 P.M. tired enough. I sent a nice dish of Raspberry home to his Mother, Mrs Jeffers.



August 1861

- 9 It was my wish to go to mowing this morning, but it looked so much like rain, that I gave it up. A strong South wind prevailed all day. Mr Powers called.
- 10 Although it still looked like rain I went to mowing, But the tide came up so high as to drive me off the Mure. I took my Sythe down to Jeffers and got Elijah to help me grind I stayed all night with them.
- 11 I stayed at J's, until after dinner. The morning passed very pleasantly. The young ladies entertained us with music &c. - Soon after my arrival home, a gang of berry hunters came from Ganey Point. I was so much disgusted to see men and women, ransacking the country on Sunday (as well as all other days) for berries, that I left the house, and did not return until they had gone. I do, and always have, made a practice of giving away all of the small-fruit that I have, and yet I am abused by many, and am called mean and stingy because I have not more to give away. So goes the greedy world? They will rob you & then curse you because you had no more -
- 12 I was ready to go to mowing after breakfast, when it commenced raining. But after a gentle shower of two or three hours, the wind came round onto the N.W. and it cleared off and made a beautiful day. I mowed a nice lot of grass, but the tide was very high in the evening.
- 13 Fair & pleasant Elijah & I went to town this morning. We received the melancholy news of the total defeat of our army near Manassas Gap Va. - I was much grieved to hear of it. The news is very uncertain. Mrs Gayler & Miss Sompkins came over to make Mrs Jeffers a visit. I did not



August 1861

- Wed 14. WIND!! I found a very little white frost this morning, being the first time that I ever saw frost here in the summer. This has been an excellent "hay day," & I have made good use of it. But, <sup>it</sup> looks the evening as if it would rain soon. The wind and clouds are coming from the South.
- Thurs 15. There was a very light mist this morning and it remained cloudy the greater part of the day. I went down to assist Elejah in loading in his hay, but it looked so much like rain that I came back to look after my own, all of which was down yet. A man came up to him on the place opposite to mine, on the West Side of the River. He is a single man and does not impress on very favorably.
- Fri 16. Went down & helped Elejah put his hay into the barn & in the evening we brought the open up here to haul <sup>in</sup> my hay. He worked very hard all day.
- Sat. 17. The wind blew unusually hard in the afternoon, but it was very warm in the morning. We filled the Mills house with fine hay. I think I shall make some share, as I anticipate a hard winter. No only reason for expecting it is, that we have had three mild winters in succession.
- Sun 18. I took Elejah home this morning but did not remain but an hour or two, with the ladies, as I felt in no humor for company. So I came home & read the papers, and spent the day as uncomfortably as possible. There are times that we even regret for company, or even of enjoying



August 1861

Aug 19 The weather continues very dry & warm. I have spent the whole day in clearing, and setting out fire. Fire is the great engine, & motive power with which we can best & easiest do our clearing. Where fire has run through and killed the timber, it is but a few years until the land is easily cleared.

Aug 20 I went to Astoria today for no other purpose than to get the news. But there was none of any importance. I spent the principal part of the day in town.

On my return I called at Jeffers & spent the evening. They gave a piece of fresh Elk, that Elijah had killed.

Aug 21 I spent the day in burning brush & setting fire. The wind blew strong from the S.W. all day, and in the evening it began to rain gently.

Aug 22 There has been several very light showers & some mist during the day, but only enough to lay the dust. I worked on the road, between here and Jeffers, until dinner. Elijah & myself, are trying to open a road between us. After despatching of my dinner, I took my ax, & set the down to it to get them ground.

Miss L & the J. girls accompanied me up to the mill on a "wild goose" chase to get the cones, or buds from a Cedar tree, to be used in ornamental fixtures.

23 The weather is again clear & fine. I worked my cabbage today. Mrs. Jeffers & family and Miss Gompkins took tea with me. I wrote a letter to Harry this evening - I mean my brother Henry who is in the army.



Sept September 1861

Sept 1 Since my last writing, I have been at home but little. There has been much rain during the week - raining more or less almost every day. I have spent 4 or 5 days in town, & have been quite unwell with the influenza. I met with quite a number of ladies & gentlemen from abroad, among whom were the Miss Grays. I met, & heard <sup>of</sup> a "Lecturer on a Trans-Medical" with whom I was much interested. She said and done many wonderful and interesting things. On Saturday I took a number of ladies to the plains, & left them there to rusticate a while.

Ab. 2 I have done but little today, and have but little to write. My cold is getting some better, but I do not feel entirely well. I worked part of the day at clearing. The weather is good.

Qu. 3 After dinner, (having done but little before) I went down to Jeffers to get the mail, expecting Eliza to bring it over; - but he did not, & so I was disappointed, as well as losing the greater part of the day. How easy it is to lose a day, and how impossible to gain it back again.

Th. 4 I have but little to write. - indeed, I write more to keep the time, than for the value of what I write. Before I kept a diary, I frequently lost the day of the week. I worked one half of the day upon the Jeffers road. There was a fine shower this evening -

Th. 5 The Red June, is now about in its prime. Early Harvest is nearly gone. The Lawton Blackberry is just getting ripe, and they promise well. I worked half the day on the road. I have completed as far <sup>as</sup> I had it done 8 years ago. It is about as hard to open now as it was at first. I will try



September 1861

- Sept 6. Started early for the plain, accompanied by Eljah. We went by town but got no news of importance. We reached Glatsop after dinner, and found the ladies whose wine we had for supper here of - L. Mrs. Thompson.
- Sept 7. We brought the girls home, & I remained over night at Mrs. Jeffers. The trip was attended with too much labor, to give me much pleasure. The ladies were pleasant enough, but fatigue will destroy pleasure.
- Sept 8. I went up to Rogers' place this morning and mowed some hay. I intend to winter my colts there, and I want some hay, should we have a snow, which I anticipate.
- Sept 10. I started from home early and called at Jeffers, for Miss Thompson and the Miss Jeffers - all of whom I took to town. I spent the day quite agreeably. We had a nice time in the evening at Col. G's, playing "blind man's bluff" and other like dignified games.
- Sept 11. I came home alone, they having all concluded to remain. They tried hard to persuade me to stay one day longer, but I was obliged to refuse their request, much against my own desire.
- Sept 12. I was fearful that I had not hay enough, so I took my horse this morning & worked until noon, but as the morning mist still continued I did not mow any more after dinner; but went to work on the Stepper road. I made excellent progress, on account of a very good elk trail laying just where I wished to construct my road. Towards evening, the gentle mist increased until it became quite a rain. I have now got my part of the road done half way. Eljah has not more than half as



September 1861

Thurs 13 It seems late in the season to be making hay; yet I am trying to do so. The grass is in fine condition for good hay. It was put in a month or two in the spring, hence it is not too ripe, like that which did not receive like treatment.

I worked half the day on the road, I am anxious to get it done, so as to have access to a neighbor's house without the aid of a boat.

Sat 14 It was exceedingly dry and warm today. My fires ~~done exceedingly~~ done well. I set fire into some stumps in the orchard and killed two of my apple trees. I hauled in the last of my hay this evening.

Sun 15 I went to town with a fine S. wind today. I met with several very interesting ladies, so of course the day passed pleasantly.

Mon 16 When I awoke this morning it was raining and it has continued nearly all day. More rain has fallen today than we have had in the last two months.

Astoria seems to be looking up. There is no longer any untenanted houses in the place. Mechanics are busy & business is brisk. This advance movement is owing to the return of the Post Office & Custom House.

Tues 17 I came from town this morning, and brought Misses Carried & Mary Jeffers with me. They have been from home a week.

I dug potatoes all the afternoon. My crop is quite light, owing to the want of plowing. The old mare ran away just at the time I was most needed.

Wed 18 Clear & pleasant again - I have done but little work to on account of a lame neck.



September 1861

us 24. The weather has been delightful during the last week. I went to town on Saturday morning, & ~~remained~~ until Sunday. I spent the night at Mr Adams. On Sunday I came over to Jeffers & stayed all night. In the morning Elijah & myself commenced gathering grass seed (Red top) which I continued until today. I came home I think Red top grass will be more profitable than any other.

25. I went down to J's to continue harvesting grass seed. Elijah had been gone to town since Monday, & his mother was so fearful that some accident had happened to him that I went over to see. Found him all right.

27 I worked all day yesterday & today on the road. I think that tomorrow we will finish it. It is costing us considerable labor, but it will well repay us. It rained a little last night and today.

Pat 28 I worked all day upon the road. When I quit work Elijah & I were within speaking distance. Having done more than half of the road I quit work a little before night. I suppose he finished his part, so we now have a pretty good road between here and Jeffers. Just what we should have had, years ago.

29. Clear & pleasant. The air feels cool and the rustle of the breeze, and the falling of the leaves, imparts a sort of pleasant melancholy peculiar to Autumn. Flocks of birds are seen daily courting Southwards; The sky is frequently overhung with dark broken clouds, hollowed by dazzling sunshine;



September 1861

Southerly; and Summer like breeze from the North West is felt but seldom, & then it quickly dies away - There are messengers of the approaching Winter.

Mon 30<sup>th</sup> went to town to day & pressly to hear the "News" from the seat of war. I felt the most intense interest in the events of the war. It seems to progress very slowly; it would seem that time enough had elapsed since the beginning of hostilities to have done or accomplished more, than has been done. But governments move slowly, and especially do Republican governments. Kings move faster because the power is in fewer hands - No news of any importance came.

Yours To a lady upon presenting her a few ornamental Shrubbs

My dearest, kindest & truest friend.

Accept these little Shrubbs I send.

Take them now as friendships tokens

Warmer felt than can be spoken.

A lasting emblem, May they be

Of friendship 'twixt myself and thee.

But you must go, adieu, adieu,

We part - perhaps forever;

But something binds myself to you

That distance cannot sever.



October 1861

1. I came across the bay with a fierce N  
W wind, called at J's & took dinner. I left my  
boat here and walked through the new road.

2 This evening a thing in the form of a  
man called <sup>here</sup> on his way home from an Elk  
hunt. "Will" said he, "have you never found  
your mare yet?" No. "Will, that is strange  
very strange! She must be lost for ever"  
said he. I told him that I thought she  
was yet alive and not far away. But he  
tried to convey the idea that she must be  
lost or ~~dead~~ dead. At length he said, "How  
many bushels of apples will you give to  
know where she is?" Not many, said I.  
"Well how much will you take for the  
chance of her" asked he eagerly. Thinking  
that I would take the mearest trifle for  
her. \$35, said I. He seemed greatly sur-  
prised, and then asked, "Well, will you  
take two bushels of apples to know where she  
is?" Yes, said I. And he told me where he  
had seen her. This was mighty -  
The ~~thing~~ woman was kind.

3 I was honored with a visit from Miss C. & J.  
Jeffers, they assisted me to get dinner. Eleph came  
in time to get dinner. He had been at work on  
our road. The girls walked home on the new  
road. This has been, with me, an idle day.

4 Eleph brought the deer home this morning, &  
he and I went in quest of old Han, We soon found  
her about a half mile from the river, on the  
Clatsop road. It seems that she has roamed about  
there in a small piece of wood, and has subsis-  
ted on haws & haws for 8 months. She  
must have been bewildered, or she would have  
went to the plains. She was much reduced in



October 1861.

Sun 6 It commenced raining yesterday about noon, and has kept constantly at it until this evening. It has been the most violent storm of the season.

The little ground squirrels are making sad havoc among my apples; and the Jay birds are destroying my potatoes with great speed. Read 70 pages in 3<sup>rd</sup> vol of Barnes history of Eng.

Thurs 8 Yesterday I came to town as a juror for the present term of the Circuit Court. I brought over with me a load of the products of the farm. The day was windy & showery & the night stormy, attended by the most violent lightning and thunder that I have ever seen in Oregon.

Court was called at 11 A.M., and 6 jurors empaneled; and the petit jury immediately dismissed, for want of business. I was appointed foreman of the grand jury. After about <sup>two</sup> hours deliberation we were discharged. Our case seems to be very favorable.

Thurs 10. Yesterday we came home, Eliza and I, ground up our axes, with the expectation of cordwood cutting. So this morning we went at it. Although it is a new business to us, yet we find it not so hard work to cut a cord each per day.

Sun 12 Yesterday I went to town, accompanied by Miss Carrie Jeffers. She is going to remain there to go to school. The news is unimportant. I came back as far as



October 1861

Nov 4. I came home this morning, accompanied by Eleph Jeffers. We spent a part of the day hunting the cattle in the woods. I was very unpleasant, owing to the rain. The cows and calves were together, and I wish to get them up and separate them & wean the calves. We found all but one cow & calf.

Nov 13. Rain, nearly all day. We commenced cutting wood, but it rained too hard. I persisted in picking the apples. I had about 25 bushels in all this season. Many of my trees are now large enough to bear 100 bushels. Should the frost spare them next spring I will have a great many.

Nov 21. The weather has been beautiful ever since my last writing. On last Saturday I started to town, but on approaching the mouth of the river I found the wind too strong & the water too rough to proceed, so I stopped at J's & stayed all night. Next morning I started as soon as I arose, and had a nice trip across. I spent the Sabbath in town & this morning I came home. Eleph & myself have our wood chopping got on hand.

I must not omit mentioning the name of "Twilch" the old Indian elk hunter. He is a very old Indian and knew, and saw Lewis & Clarke when they wintered here in 1805 & 1806. He says that my home was at one time his home or "illehee", and that of his people for ages back. That it was an old Indian village, and had been for ages. Twilch, visits this river about once in every 8 or 10 days to hunt. He always stops at my place, and asks me for powder, shot, or something to eat. I never refuse him. Often bring elk meat or deer from him. He was so old when the white people came here, that he did not learn to



November 1861

Nov 1 We have just received the news of the death of Col Baker, our U.S. Senator. He was killed in a skirmish, while crossing the Potomac.

\* The Telegraph is completed, now connecting the Atlantic & Pacific. We now get news in a few days, from the Atlantic States.

Nov 2 I spent several days of last week in town. I was indeed storm stayed, by the most violent storm of the season. I made the acquaintance of Miss Frank's Adams of Oregon City, a lady of some accomplishment, particularly in music. I came home on Tuesday, and the weather has been so bad ever since that I have did but very little. Last night I went down and stayed all night at the depot - I have never been so lonely during my whole solitary sojourn in this place as I now am.

Nov 14. I came home this morning, having not spent a night at home for 5 days. And I have been absent the most of the time for eight days past. The weather is now beautiful and has been for three days. On Tuesday I took a trap to town, which brought me \$24. I caught the animal two & a half years ago for \$20. So I did not make common interest on my investment.

Nov 26. Since my last writing I have been the most of the time at Mrs. Jeffers, where I expect to spend the most of the winter. My sheep have died poorly this fall. They lost the bell, ~~and~~ and got scattered in the woods, and I had great trouble in finding them. One, I found dead, & one, I found not at all, and another had died since.

from the Pacific coast

\* Telegraph completed from Atlantic to the Pacific coast



December 1861

15. I came home this morning, having been from home over a week. Since my last writing, and indeed for a month past the weather has been uncommonly bad. Every one agrees in saying that we have had more rain, than there has been for years past in the same length of time.

Within the last 10 days the Willamette river has been several feet higher than it has ever before been known. The damage done by the flood is immense.

One Million of dollars will not replace the loss. Mills, dwelling, barns, fences & indeed whole towns were swept away by the irresistible flood. Several large houses & wharves have been taken up, opposite Astoria. But Oregon is not the only sufferer by flood. The last news from California, informs us that the Sacramento & other rivers, are higher than ever before known, and are doing immense damage.

I have never before seen the Columbia so muddy. It now resembles the Mississippi, its water being nearly red.

25. This looks something like an old fashioned Christmas. The ground is 4 inches deep in snow, which has been falling ever since Sunday last. But the weather is quite mild, it freezes a little during the night and thaws during the day.

My cattle are on the prairie & in the woods, shivering for themselves. I fed the horses today, for the first time this winter. I am criticized for spending my Christmas at home, though it may look somewhat selfish. I spent last night at Mrs. Jeffers. News has reached us, of the burning of Charleston S.C. and the burning



DECEMBER 1861.

Dec 27. The snow was 6 inches deep this morning, but it has been thawing all day, and is now raining. So the present appearance, indicates that the cold weather is about over. If so, the Winter will be a mild one after all.

I spent last night and yesterday at Mr. J. W. I had a very pleasant time, there were 3 persons from Astoria, there, also, spending the holidays.

Written for an Album

When years and years have rolled away  
And youthful joys are past—  
When time has turned your hair all gray,  
And life is waning fast—  
When age has furrowed over your face  
And dimmed your bright blue eyes—  
When tired of life you seek a place  
With Angels in the sky—  
When youthful joys you feel no more  
And pleasures charm you not—  
When early friends and scenes of youth  
Forever are forgot—  
This Album, your porcelain map of life  
All covered over with moccasins;  
Its pages then may bring to mind  
The ones you loved of old.  
You read the names you knew before  
"With many a sigh and kiss,  
"And as you turn these pages over  
"You'll wonder who wrote this.



Willacy. 1862.

at 15 Yesterday it got snowing and turned cold. The snow is now about 14 inches deep, and the ground has been covered longer than I ever before. Knew it to be in Oregon.

The California Steamer came in last week but was obliged to leave her passengers at Astoria, and put to sea on account of the ice in the Columbia. Our mails have not reached us for six weeks on account of the floods and ice. I have never seen so much ice in the Columbia as at present.

The Lewis & Clarke has not been frozen over yet, although it has been quite full of ice much of the time during last two weeks.

at 16 Clear, and very cold. The river is frozen over, but not hard enough to bear my weight. I went into the woods this morning and brought up my cattle, I will feed them during the continuance of the snow. It is almost impossible to get through the wood. Every bush & twig is loaded with snow, & as soon as they are touched, the snow falls upon who ever may be under.

at 17 The weather is yet very cold. There has been a violent East wind all <sup>day</sup>, which rendered the cold more piercing. I stayed last night at J's, and this morning, Elijah & myself took the girls ~~down~~ upon the ice in the creek, and enjoyed the usual fun of sliding, & skating, <sup>and</sup> sled riding.

at 18 I went down to to J's this morning, and Elijah & myself came up here on the ice in the river. We fired upon a flock of Swans, and wounded one, but did not get it. There are two large holes in the ice near my house, in which the Dan

## January 1862

Sun 19 The weather has changed. This morning it began to rain at daylight. and rain very little the most of the day. Wind from the S.E. and rather cold. I am heartily tired of cold weather, in fact I never liked it. In many respects this climate pleases me but there is too much cold weather.

O give to me a sunny clime

Free from snow and bitter frost;

O let a Southern home be mine

Whatever doom it may cast.

O give to me a sunny clime

Where the winter winds never blow,

Where instead of the Fir and the Pine

There <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>fig</sup> and the Orange grow.

There where the flowers forever bloom

And the birds never cease to sing;

Where winter never spreads a gloom

O'er a land of constant Spring;

Where the cane and the Cotton grow

And the lofty Palm and Date,

Where soft winds ever ~~blow~~ gently blow.

Let me seek my home and fate.

Mon 20 The snow melts off slowly; and the air becomes cool. I have did so little today that I may almost as well say that I have did nothing. It seems hard to go to work with the ground all covered with snow. I have been hunting part of the day - hunting geese and ducks. But hope in a few weeks to be hunting gold in the Salmon River mountains.

All of us are hunters, Ayes!

All ranks and every grade

Are forever hunting something.

All hunting, as a trade



January 1862

The sportsman seeks the woodland wilds  
To hunt the tamed game;  
While others far more ambitious  
Are always hunting fame.  
Some are hunting work, and others  
Are seeking for leisure—  
While a few are hunting trouble.  
Millions hunt for pleasure.  
Many hunters hunt for beauty  
Others hunt for grace  
And some are hunting model farms,  
Some, for pretty faces.  
There are thousands hunting knowledge  
Each in his chosen way;  
And thousands more are hunting ways  
Their wisdom to display.  
Some are hunting warmer climates,  
And some are hunting cold,  
But all the hunters in <sup>the</sup> world  
Are hunting after gold.  
The Botanist is hunting flowers,  
As well as shrubs and trees—  
The Naturalist hunts insects  
And all of us hunt flies.  
Adventurers are hunting land  
Among the Arctic snows—  
And young ladies too, are hunting,  
But they are hunting beaux.  
Many are hunting contentment  
And seek it all their lives—  
Many unsuccessful hunters,  
Are ever hunting wives.  
The news hunter, with watchful eye  
Hunts news by night and day  
While the greedy office hunter,  
Hunts office for the pay.

## JANUARY 1862

Gossipers are always hunting  
 For something new to blow,  
 Hunting other people's business  
 When, their own, they do not know.  
 The dandy is ever hunting  
 Some way to "cut a dash";  
 While the never idle sharper  
 Hunts every body's cash.  
 The Devine is hunting sinners  
 The warrior hunts for foes;  
 The creditor hunts his debtor  
 To get the sum he owes.  
 So all of us are hunters, and,  
 We all are hunted too.  
 And if the Devil gets his own  
 He'll find at least a few.

+ The doctor is hunting patients  
 With potent drugs, and nuree;  
 While the lawgiver, like King Carter,  
 Hunts for his clients' purses.

And the Devil, he is the devil  
 Who is the Devil's ghost  
 And of all the hunters is the best  
 For he always finds the most  
 This verse was written by, C. L. Applegate.

Wed 22 This morning the South wind came up  
 warm and strong. In the afternoon  
 it was blowing a violent gale, which con-  
 tinued all day and part of the night,  
 taking off the greater part of the snow.

Thurs 23 This morning it began to snow again &  
 was soon <sup>an</sup> inch  $\frac{1}{2}$  deep. The ice having a  
 gone out of the river, I took the sleigh and  
 went up to Rogers' place & brought my  
 horse home, so as to feed them.

Fri 24 It snowed now, and again all day,  
 but melted nearly as fast as it fell. I was in  
 the woods at work on the Beltsap road.

Sat 25 This is a clear, cool sunshiny day. It froze  
 quite hard last night, making quite a  
 crust of ice on the river.

Eleazar Jeffers took his sheep back to the  
 Plains today; having learned, as I did that  
 sheep will not do well here. I am to do  
 and take care of the family until he returns.

It has been two weeks since I was in



January 1862

26 The weather is still clear and cold. It is  
very near as cold as ~~it~~ has been this winter.

I came home this morning through the road  
to feed my cattle, and I find that the last  
storm blew down an unusual number of  
trees in the woods. No less than 12, have fallen  
in the road.

on 27 Yesterday while I was at home, Elijah, re-  
turned from the traps by way of Cape Henry,  
having had to leave the sea on account of  
ice. He came to the river opposite J. B. and  
halloed for me to come after him. But  
as I was away, the girls undertook the difficult  
and hazardous trip. Both boats were anchored at  
some distance from the shore, and the only  
way by which they could reach them, was to  
tie the end of a long cord to a heavy stick,  
which they threw into the boat; and then by the  
cord, dragged the boat through the ice to  
the shore. The boat was nearly a foot thick  
of water and ice, but they did not stop  
to bail it out, but they sat out, breaking  
their way through the ice a distance of a quar-  
ter of a mile. When they reached the river they  
had but little ice to contend with, and soon  
reached the other shore, where they found their  
brother awaiting their arrival. Notwithstanding  
the intense cold, their wet feet, and ungloved  
hands they came back with cheerful faces  
and happy hearts.

I attempted to go to town today but the ice  
was so strong that I could not break through  
it.

28. It began to snow this morning at daylight, and  
continued all day. At dark the snow was four  
inches deep.

# January 1862

Wed 29 This has been a bright and <sup>most</sup> beautiful day; very cold this morning, but moderating as the day advanced; so that in the sun it thawed some. I just finished reading Hemis history of England today, I have had in on hand for nearly a year, but in the mean time I have read several other books. Besides the newspapers.

Thurs 30 A bitter cold, - but clear fine morning. Elijah & I, made a fruitless effort to get the boat out of the creek to go to town or Clatsop, to get some articles of provisions that we are now in need of; but failed on account of the ice. Towards evening it clouded up and began to snow. Since last night it has snowed about 8 inches, and is snowing yet (at dark)

I just took the hide off a calf that has died. I have lost 3 calves and one cow this winter. The calves I turned onto the woods but the snow starved them out so I drove them home & have fed ever since, but they had got to poor; to <sup>be</sup> resuscitate.

Upon the whole, this has been the coldest month that I have seen in Oregon. The ground has <sup>been</sup> constantly covered with snow, and the greater part of the time it has been freezing cold.

The Ocean Steamers have not been able to go to Portland, nor the Portland Steamers, to get home, except one boat came down in the ice but could not get back.

We have had no mail during the whole month, on account of the ice, and it has been obstructed the greater part of the previous month by the floods.



Written in an Album.

O how well do I remember,  
Nor can I ever forget  
The many, many happy hours  
I've spent with you Jeanette.  
I knew you in your girlish days -  
O what a little pet!  
When every body loved you so  
And called you "Sweet Jeanette".  
Then, like a rosebud in the Spring  
With pearly dew drops wet -  
But now a full blown rose your core  
And quite as sweet Jeanette.  
I loved to hear your merry laugh -  
I love to hear it yet -  
You seemed to be so free from care  
You seem so still Jeanette.  
So may you ever be, nor care  
Your pathway ere be set,  
But may your life as happy be  
As it has been Jeanette.  
Be ever good as you have been  
Until life's sun shall set,  
That you may find a better home,  
I return of bliss Jeanette.  
Soon you must go, and we must part,  
A thing I much regret -  
Perhaps we never may again  
Each other meet - Jeanette.  
With best of wishes now good by  
My dearest friend Jeanette -  
Do not forget, when far away  
Your absent friend Gillette.

Many of the scraps of verse that I recard  
here are hardly worth the room. It is quite a  
difficult thing for one to judge - properly of his own

# February 1862

Sat 1. It was snowing this morning at daylight. But the clouds soon dispersed and the sun came out warm and pleasant. The snow began to melt quite rapidly. The clouds are, and have been for several days from the N. W. I drove my cattle all home this morning and began to feed them. The snow is so deep that they could get nothing to eat on the moor.

I caught a Molard duck in the woods this morning. How it came there is more than I can tell.

Sun 2. The night was cold, but it moderated during the day and thawed considerably. A flock of Swan were in the river just above the house & presented such a fine chance for a shot that (Sunday as it was) took my gun & slipped slightly upon them, but failed to kill any. The shot were too small.

Mon 3. It was clear this morning but rained & snowed before night. I killed a fine large Swan this morning and took it down to Mrs Jeffers. In the evening, <sup>Eljak</sup> came up with me, and we saw some wild Cattle in the woods. There are quite a number of them roaming among these hills.

Tues 4. We shot a wild goose at my gate this evening. We spent the whole day hunting, but had no success. The Moors were almost impassible on account of the depth of snow and ice upon them. In attempting to cross the creeks we broke the ice and got wet several times during the day. We had no boat, and had to cross the river on a board.

We wounded one Swan but could not get it. It rained and snowed about half of the day. I went down home with Eljak, for



February 1862.

5 Clear frosty morning, but it snowed a little about noon. It thawed slowly the greater part of the day Wind N. W. The snow is almost a foot deep yet.

6 It froze 4 inch thick last night. It has been a clear beautiful day. It thaws & snows in the latter part of the day. But it will a month or so's week, to take the snow off at the rate that it has been going for the last few days.

I have to feed my cattle yet. The snow is still deep in the woods.

Here is a prairie that is not probably worth preserving. Yet I give it room for pasture. I write these little snatches of verse for my own amusement.

I love to see the dark green wood,

And view the wide spread plain,  
And watch the rivers restless flood

Move onward to the main.

Midst mountain scenes, I love to roam  
Where Nature's wildest works are shown,

Where the impetuous babbling stream

Dashes along its banks of green;

Where birds on ever sportive wing

Their wildest, sweetest carols sing -

Where wildflowers bloom so sweetly there

And with their fragrance fill the air -

In such wild place of solitude

Where human footsteps were infrequent,

I love to spend an hour of time

Engaged in thought so sweet, so solemn.

I love to see that twinkling one

That brightens in the West,

As fades away the setting sun

And leaves the world to rest

I love to see <sup>the</sup> early dawn

April 1862

And there behold the rosy morn-  
 just hursting into day.

I love to ~~see~~ see that Surf beat Shore  
 And watch its angry motion;  
 And hear its never ceasing roar.  
 The music of the Ocean.

The noble ship I love to ride  
 Upon the briny deep,  
 And see its mighty swelling tide  
 An on its bosom sleep.

Fri 7 Clear beautiful day cold in morning<sup>the</sup> but milder  
 towards evening. The river is still blocked up with  
 ice rendering it impossible to get out, and I  
 am getting quite impatient. I am now with-  
 out Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, and other  
 articles that I much need. I could cross the  
 river on the ice, and go to Clatsop, but it is no  
 laborious walking through the unbroken snow  
 in the woods. Besides I would not probably be  
 able to get what I desired there. Nor can I be  
 away long at a time on account of my  
 cattle.

Sat 8. Cool frosty morning, but a warm pleas-  
 ant day. The bees were out quite numerous, but  
 of course obtained no honey or Pollen. The Snow  
 melts slowly. I chopped a part of the day, and pruned  
 apple trees the remainder.

I have spent this evening in perusing old letters  
 from home. They have awakened many pleasant  
 and some painful recollections.

Sun 9 Cold this morning, but become a warm pleasant  
 day before night. Went down to J. in the eve-  
 ning to look out, not much expecting to find any  
 means of getting out of the river) and found that C.  
 had been to town. Mr P. & W. had come there to  
 see the men in want of any thing, and C. went with them.



February 1862.

Here is a Valentine that I have just written,  
and as it is some what extravagant, I got a plan - here -  
To A - B -

One year today  
Has rolled away  
Upon the wheels of time,  
Since young and old  
To names untold  
Sent each a valentine.

Then let me see,  
Who shall it be  
That gets my note today, -  
I'll write by Gove  
To one I love -

I'll write to Sophie Bray.  
For it is she

Whose smiles I see  
By fancy night and day;  
Whose voice I hear  
When none is near  
Not even Sophie Bray.

She rays that down  
At rose morn  
Cannot such light display,  
As that which flies  
From those bright eyes  
Of charming Sophie Bray.  
The dearest theme

Of thought or dream,  
Of prose or song's display  
Of hopeful cheer  
You feature bear  
Is charming Sophie Bray.  
I'll set my cap  
Then, to entrap

This object fair and gay -

February 1862

I'll build a snare  
 And linger there  
 To catch sweet-Sophie Bray.  
 I'll off in time  
 For Salmon's mine.  
 With swiftest speed away  
 And there I'll dig  
 A "pile" as big  
 As ten of Sophie Bray.  
 The snare I'll set  
 And in it get  
 Bedecked in gold array—  
 A bait so nice  
 Will sure entice  
 And gain Miss Sophie Bray.  
 But if I find  
 She's not inclined  
 To yield for gold away  
 Such beauty fair  
 Such grace so rare  
 As that of Sophie Bray,  
 Then I'll devise  
 A plan more wise  
 To lead her heart astray  
 I'll make my name  
 Resound with fame  
 To give to Sophie Bray.

"Salmon river gold mines" Thousands went there in 1862.

Mon 10 I spent the night at J. In the morning I walked down to the mouth of the creek on the ice to where the little skiff was moored, and started for town. I had some difficulty in breaking my way to the mouth of the river through the ice that had frozen during the night, but soon crossed the bay and reached town at noon. I had not been here before for over a month. I found 100 people there who had been left by the steamer three weeks ago. The Portland boat was at the



Oct 7 11 11 11 11 1862

Nov 11 The California Steamer arrived this morning at 8. With 500 passengers on board. All bound for the mines. A jolly and wild looking lot of fellows too the men. She brought news from the Atlantic States up to the 7. but 4 days old. She went on up the river, but I have not the least expectation that she will get more than 40 or 50 miles. The river is doubtless frozen over within that distance.

Nov 12. No frost this morning, and mild all day. Went with Elsie to the mouth of Skiffhouse to bring my deer home. When he had left it during the freeze up. When we returned, I was tired enough to spend the night at J's.

Nov 13 Sharp frost this morning. I got my boat out of J's creek, the ice having become so rotten that I broke through it without much trouble. Came home and spent the remainder of the day in pruning apple trees.

Nov 14. The wind came up from the South with a little rain, which continued until 2 A.M. when it came round into the N. W. and turned cold. I went to town in the morning and got a large amount of mail matter, among which was a letter from brother\* Henry, in which he informs me that he has enlisted for three years in the 2nd Ohio Cavalry Company.

Nov 18 Saturday, Sunday & Monday, I spent in town. All pleasant days, with frosty nights.

This morning the snow fell two inches in depth. I have almost concluded to rent a farm on Clatsop and not go to the mines. Somebody must stay and produce something for the miners to eat. I came as far as J's on my way home. There is still considerable ice in the Columbia. It turned warm enough to thaw some in

for 3 years. I wish in the morning

February 1862

Wed 19 It froze quit-hard last-night, but the sun came out warm and it thawed some today.

Elejoh came up and assisted me calling some lay off a piece of ground that I wish to plant a fruit trees. When we came home this morning we found <sup>all</sup> of the cattle in the orchard. But they had done but little damage.

Thurs 20. This was a very cold morning. About 9. ~~thats~~ A. it snowed a little. As the day advanced it became warmer. About 4 P.M. it snowed again, but soon turned to a heavy rain.

Sun 22 I went to town on Thursday & returned today. The weather has been cold, stormy & disagreeable nearly the whole time. And has snowed some every day. In the woods and on all North hill sides the ground is still covered with snow.

The news from the West of <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ important and cheering. Roanoke island in the Pamlico Sound is taken, a fleet of rebel gunboats destroyed and 3000 rebels taken.

Genls King & Donelson, in some time have been captured & 15,000 rebel prisoners & three Genls taken.

The Cal steamer came crowded with men on their way to the new gold fields.

~~Wed~~ 28 I have been in town since Monday. The weather has been stormy, giving us rain, snow hail & wind with sunshin and clouds. Winter seems determined to keep her full time. The ground at Astoria is yet covered with snow, but it is going off quite fast. The Columbia is still frozen over above the mouth of the Willamette.

I have <sup>been</sup> attending a very interesting course of lectures upon Phrenology & kindred subjects. Some of our most pious and devout Christians will not hear them, because they think Phrenology



March 1862

6 I came home from town yesterday, having ~~been~~ ~~there~~ some ~~to~~ days. Having some business on Clatsop, I started through the woods about 4 P.M. notwithstanding the frequent showers of snow and rain, and reached there before dark. I had a nice supper at Mrs H's, where I also spent the night.

7 A cheerful morning, although there were a few light showers of rain mixed with bright sunshine. I am always delighted with this Clatsop scenery, which ever seems new to me, however often I may visit here.

The contrast is so great, between my wild wood home, and these singularly beautiful plains, that an occasional change, gives me great pleasure. On my way home, I found quite an abundance of snow upon the ground in the woods which has been there near 2 1/2 months. Spring is indeed come, and I cannot refrain from, expressing my feelings in verse.

Come let us raise

Our songs of praise,

To Him who rules above;

To Him who brings

The pleasant Spring

That fills our hearts with love.

From hills and glades

The dismal shades

Of winter pass away;

As dawns the Spring

On Zephyr's wing

With warm congenial ray.

In bud and flower

In cloud and shower

Returning Spring we view;

March 1862

New robes she brings  
 On lawn and mead  
~~Her carpets spread~~  
~~Of verdant tinge~~  
 To dress the fields anew.  
 On hill and lea,  
 On shrub and tree  
 Her mantle may be seen;  
 On lawn and mead  
 Her carpets spread,  
 With hues of brightest green.  
 She comes, O yes,  
 She comes to bless,  
 And sweetest joys impart;  
 She comes replete  
 With music sweet  
 Enrapturing every heart.  
 The feathered tribe,  
 Each to his bride  
 Their sweetest carols sing,  
 And with their song  
 That happy throng  
 Proclaim the joyous Spring,  
 Spring's sunny days,  
 And genial rays  
 Give now as rapturous joys,  
 As in our youth  
 When love and truth  
 Made happy girls and boys;  
 When in the grove  
 We used to rove  
 In quest of willow-wood flowers  
 And linger there  
 Without a care  
 To mark our blissful hours.  
 Though childhood's days  
 And boyish plays  
 Have swiftly glided over,



109  
March 1862

Each Spring we greet  
Givers joys as sweet  
As that which passed before.  
Then let us all

Both great and small  
Our heartfelt offerings bring  
And ask that we

May happy be  
To see another Spring.

on 10 The weather for the last few days has been variable with rain, hail or snow almost every day. I took a boatload of fruit trees to town this morning, and owing to the East <sup>wind</sup>, had a most desperate pull from Smith's point to town. I was quite unwell all day from the effects of such violent exertion.

on 11 The wind blew so hard from the West, that I could not go home. So I spent the day in town without profit or pleasure.

on 13 I spent half of the day yesterday & all of today in hunting up my cows. I was assisted by Elifah Jeffers. We found all but ~~four~~ one. We suppose that ~~she~~ has a young calf in the woods. We got upon the track of a cow with a young calf, and followed her half of the day without getting to see her. Although we were close upon her all the time, got it seemed impossible to overtake her. She is no doubt a wild cow, and either heard or scented us.

Heavy rain and South wind tonight—

on 14 Rain, hail and wind, pretty much all day. We separated the cattle, turning the steers down upon the meads, & the cows we drove to Jeffers.

at 15 I loaded my boat and went to town; the wind was very strong and the bay rough, but I passed safely over. The weather is cold and

March 1862

Wed 19 I have been in town since Saturday.  
The weather has been very disagreeable. Cold  
bleak winds, with rain and hail & snow  
have <sup>prevailed</sup> almost continuous. - Worse weather  
is seldom seen. Yet I spent the time  
quite pleasantly.

I came home today and found my young  
cattle in the orchard. This evening I wrote this

To Josie

Has Nature decked your form with grace -

With beauty rare adorned your face;

Made your eyes so clear and bright

Sparkling so with mental light -

Your cheeks so rosy

And so fair

With dimples cozy

Nestled there;

Your lips so cherry

And so sweet

With laugh so merry

All to greet;

Your voice so thrilling

And so ~~so~~ clear

With rapture filling

All who hear;

Your heart so gentle kind and true

By all beloved where ever known -

Your mind so pure chaste and mild.

Made you Nature's noblest child.

But O, how cheating

Beauty seems,

So swiftly fleeting

Like our dreams -

There be not vain

For beauties wane

As youth slides into decay

This was written for young Josie of fifteen. She seemed just as pretty,  
pure and good, as I have described her.



112  
March 1862

Like Autumn fades  
Nath' Winters' Shades  
Of Clouds, and tempests rage.

Then be inclined,

Give heart and mind  
With Wistaria's store to fill;  
For it will last

When beauty's post

And make you charming still.

Mar 21 Yesterday was a stormy day; but this has  
been a charming one, and the first real spring  
day that we have had.

Elipah and I, hunted cattle the most of  
the day & <sup>were</sup> successful. We still find  
snow in the woods!! which is now over  
three months old.

This evening Twilch the old indian  
hunter came <sup>he</sup> along & camped here for the night.  
He says that this place once belonged to  
him - long ago, before the "Boston's" came.

Poor old fellow, I let him sleep in the  
barn, after giving him his supper.

Mar 25 I went to town on Saturday, and returned  
today. Yesterday was a remarkable stormy day.  
The wind does not often blow harder than  
it did nearly all day. I had rather a singular  
dream last night. I dreamed that I was com-  
-posing poetry, which seemed to flow as fast  
as thought. I remember enough about it to know  
that it was elegant and beautiful. I could see, also,  
the subject of the poem illustrated in a  
most singular and beautiful manner, that I  
cannot describe.

Mar 28 At a Union Convention held in  
town today I was nominated, as a candidate for  
the Legislature. I was nominated without request.





April 1862

made over camp I <sup>was</sup> much surprised to find such warm dry weather. At Astoria, up to the time I left, the weather was cold and raining; the contrast is so great, that I can with difficulty appreciate it. Dalles is a windy place, & the dust in the street is quite intolerable.

22 We remain at 6 mile creek to let our horses get a good feed of grass; which, though short, is much better ~~than~~ than near the city.

I am now writing up on the rolling hills overlooking the Dalles of the river - the city, and the rock banded Columbia; when it plunges through the great Chasm of the Cascade Mountains.

24. We drove today from 10 mile creek to our camp on the Columbia, 4 miles East of the Des Chutes <sup>river</sup>. The country between Des Chutes & Dalles is a high rolling table land, teeming with luxuriant grass and beautiful flowers. Snow yet lingers upon the hill tops, and even down to the foot hills in the ravines despite the clear warm days that we are enjoying.

25 We left the <sup>\*</sup>wagon road to our right, and kept up the "pack trail", which in places meanders along the rocky hill sides - ~~but generally~~ <sup>in</sup> overlooking the river, but it <sup>is</sup> generally <sup>in</sup> the river bottom, ~~which would~~ would be a pleasant road, were it not for dust driven up by the wind, which blows here almost every day. We camped 2 miles below John Day's river.

26 We were up this morning at 4, & turned our horses out to graze. It was cool, but a clear, bright & pleasant morning, ~~made cheerful~~ <sup>made cheerful</sup> by the song of many birds. The road today was generally good, but in places, very bad; - leading along steep mountain sides over innumerable fragments of broken rocks. Our company consists of 17 persons, all from Clatsop Co. Each one has a horse. We have no established rule; hence, there is but little system in our mode

where I had the first view of the lovely Cataract river.

April 1862

Along the rocky road or trail beyond the form day river, we saw hundreds of rattle snakes  
among the rock forming the ridges. We had no time to make war with them. It was more  
terrible to see the great number of cattle that had starved, during the winter. In some places they were  
seen. I counted 150, dead cattle, once space no longer than an acre. They come there for water, and then

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April 1862

29 I was the first one up, and drove the horses off to graze one & a half miles. The river is bordered by a sandy waste, from one to two miles in width, producing nothing but Saged & Greasewood. This slopes up gently to the level of the table lands, which extend as far as the eye can reach. This great table, or plain seems to be only tolerably fertile, producing bunch grass in fair abundance. At this point I could see Mt Hood (the great land mark for hundreds of miles) piercing the Western sky, and the summit of the Blue Mountains just emerging from the Eastern horizon.

The last 5 or 6 miles of the road today ~~was~~ was heavy sand, and by the time we reached our camping place, men and horses were almost exhausted. My hands and face were burned into a blister by the sun's heat.

We camped at the Grand Round Landing where we found a small store kept in a tent. This will become an important point where the Umatilla Grand Round & Powder River settle up. There is another tent, restaurant, with "Pies & cakes" & "meats at all hours". Common Apples (dried) sell at 75 cts, & meats of bacon & beans, without the above named meats, are 81-30.

30 The Steamer. Came up this morning but only touched at this point, so we receive no news by her.

Here our party divided. Eight of us turned off to the East, and the remainder kept on up the Columbia. After traveling about 7 miles through a barren sand and sage plain, we struck the Umatilla River. About 10 miles above ~~the~~ <sup>its</sup> mouth, from which point it meanders its way, through dreary lands to the Columbia. As we moved up the stream, we found narrow fertile bottoms on either side. And the banks of

## A journey to the Mines

May 1862

the beautiful river were fringed with trees of refreshing greenness. We heard heavy thunder, & saw dark clouds hovering over the Eastern horizon. We camped in sight of a house; and at dusk I went up to see, & converse with the inmates. I found him to be an old resident of the Willamot, who had come up into this new & wild country to find a place where he could raise cattle without cost or labor. He was quite willing to deprive his family of schools, society, conveniences, and comforts, to promote his own ease.

+ But the unprincipled Miller killed off nearly all of his cattle, & made him poorer than ever. He looks forlorn, discouraged and heartbroken, but I could not pity him.

1st Our road ran along the Umatilla 5 or 6 miles, when <sup>it</sup> intersected the Dalles & Walla Walla road at right angles, at the point where the "Old Emigrant" trail crossed the Umatilla. We kept on up the river, & crossed a high rolling prairie and struck Buller Creek near its source. I was delighted with the wide, moist, rich bottoms of the Umatilla. They are quite low, & the river is rising so rapidly on account of the melting snow on the mountains, that we had to move our tent & goods at daylight this morning to keep them from being swept away by the increasing water. During the night it had filled a low sand bar back of us, & we were upon an island; and in fording it some of our horses slipped down & we had to wade in & compact them in the water. We had to cook supper by a fire of small green sage. At dusk a violent

& the east was the place, and  
 in stock, over horses in Oregon and  
 many thousands perished.  
 May



May, 1862

Storm

thunder ~~storm~~ came up, & as we had no tent poles we could only partially spread the tent. So we had necessarily to take a shower bath. I was very sorry to leave the Umatilla. It is indeed an oasis in the desert.

2 From Buller Creek, we drove to Birch Creek, <sup>through a country</sup> entirely destitute of timber, but abounding in luxuriant grass. As we neared Birch Creek, the country becomes more level, and stretches away to the foot of the mountains, like a plain carpeted with velvet, of deepest green. The water of the creek was deep & swift, & we had to unpack, & carry the goods across a foot bridge made of the trunks of trees, we forded the horses & camped on the opposite bank of the stream.

3 We remained in camp all day to let the horses rest & prepare for the trip through the mountains. There are about 100 men encamped here waiting for the snow to melt off so as to allow them to pass the mountains. There is quite a lively little town of cotton, a moving town, composed of men of every age and condition, all intent upon the same object - Gold hunting.

4 This morning we saw five men direct from Powder river, without money or provisions, & nearly naked, making their way back as fast as possible. They are perfectly disgusted with Powder river, and declare that there are no paying diggings there. At the Big creek we met others, who confirmed the same reports, and said that 300 others were in the Grande Rond waiting for the roads to improve, that they might get back.

In <sup>recognition</sup> of all we saw and

## A journey to the Mines

May 1862

As we were determined to change our course, & start for Salmon mines. Mr. N. Peterson & myself communicated our views to the rest of our party, but none of them seemed inclined to go with us, so we sat out alone. We drove to the Umatilla Indian Agency, which is located at the very place where I crossed this river 10 years ago. Wm Bornhart is the present Agent & resides here. There are several buildings & a small store and a pretty good farm (which is worked by the Indians) connected with this Reserve. I was delighted with the broad beautiful prairies that skirt the foot hills & swell volupestuous up the Mountain sides. They are covered with luxuriant grass & striped by Mountain streams. Six miles below the Agency we crossed the river. We payed an Indian <sup>head</sup> per to 3 men our horses & payed 50.cts each to a white man to take us & our goods across in his boat. At this point we left the Umatilla.

A dice beautiful river! The snowy mountains cool thy dashing waters; The fragrant Balm tree perfumes thy atmosphere; and the velvet turfed prairie, decked with flowers & thronged with merry larks, complete thy beauty & add to thy charms. From Umatilla we drove 18 miles over a high rolling prairie of great fertility & beauty, & camped on Wild Horse Creek, all alone. It seemed strange to camp on the broad prairie alone, after travelling in a large party for so many days.

- 5 The country from Wild Horse, to Walla Walla, resembles very much, that through which we traveled on yesterday. The Walla Walla river, is much divided forming many islands, & spreads over quite a large district of low country.

\* All of the balance of our party seem to have changed their minds and fallen out as, but we did not see them again. I would they were in the same boat.



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The bottom lands are gravelly and stony, but rather fertile. We met parties on their way to the Powder river mines, the bad news does not discourage them.

We sold 150 lbs of our flour the other day, & that lightened our loads so much that I can now ride part of the time; and it is well for me - for my feet are exceedingly sore.

We expected to reach W. W. - but had to go so far around a stream, that I should be bridged, that we could not make it.

Farmers <sup>are</sup> forced, in the country where timber is so scarce by digging ~~ditch~~ <sup>a</sup> ditch, & piling the sod and dirt upon one side of the same; - upon the top of which embankment is constructed a post-fence with two rails, thereby using but very little timber.

7 We reached Tonalá this morning, found that we had lost 2 days in our time; Hence, my Journal is two days behind.

Talla Talla is a flourishing town and much larger than one would expect to see in this new & sparsely settled country. The Government buildings & barrack make quite an addition to the town. The valley in which it is situated is pleasant & handsome, but not so beautiful or fertile as some parts of Umatilla.

I saw two real live young ladies, elegantly dressed & beautiful; taking a drive out of town in a nice light buggy. We drove 7 miles and camped on "Dry Creek". All of the timber & lumber to supply the town & country around, is hauled from the mountains, 15 miles distant.

8 A lot of footmen spread their blankets under the lee of our tent, as a protection from the chilling wind; and kept up such a <sup>swearing</sup> ~~howling~~.

# A Journey to the Mines

## May 1862

and growling about the distribution of the blankets; that I only got half a night's sleep. There were eight of these fellows, packing their provisions clothe and bedding upon their backs; all penniless. But bound for the mines. From our camp we drove thro' a hilly, or rolling hilly country to the Touchet (pronounced Tusha) & traveled 6 miles up the beautiful stream and camped 3 miles beyond on a small brook, making 22 miles today. The land over which we traveled is good producing an abundance of grass. The Touchet is perfectly charming. Its valley is from one fourth, a half mile in breadth & the best land that I have seen on this coast. The banks of the stream are bordered or fringed with Balsam, Birch Willow & other shrubbery of dazzling green, and thinly scattered here and there ~~the~~ up & down the valley stand magnificent Sugar Pines.

We saw a number of good farms upon this creek. The houses are generally small and poor. I stopped at a house for a drink of water. There was a woman & several children. The man was in the field plowing. The lady seemed kind, & seemed pleased to give me a drink of good spring water. She said they had lived there 3 years, but like most of the people we find upon this road, she was illiterate & had, no doubt been brought up on some frontier.

We saw, on a sign board, "Fresh beef for sale". upon enquiry we found that their fresh beef had been 3 days in brine. price 25<sup>cts</sup> per lb. It has been very warm lately, notwithstanding that on every North hillside there is a snow bank. The nights are cool.

9<sup>th</sup>

The country seems to be getting higher as we go North. Yet it abounds in good grass. We crossed several streams "way down in deep canons, making tremendous hills to ascend & descend. We find people living on all of these creeks. Some of them are located in very favorable places to start to death. We first about reached the beautiful



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the Nez Perce reservation today.

After ascending the high table lands this morning, we saw away to the North & N.E. high burnt hills or mountains; they seem to have been subjected to heat so intense that the soil has been burned red like brick. After traveling 3 miles over a high plain we began to descend a very long steep hill, down into a creek where we found Indians plowing & planting. One rides the horse & another holds the plow. We saw several little patches fenced in with poles along the little creek. As we approached the mouth of the Creek we beheld Snake River, in the distance. There was quite a farm. A cornfield of 8 or 10 acres, & corn up so as to be seen across the field. There are several large apple trees in full bloom, O, what a beautiful sight to behold in this wild & desolate country.

I believe they were planted by Rev Mr Spall -  
dying 25 or 30 years ago. He is a Missionary & still  
lives on the Snake. +

I took a good look at Snake river. I have not seen it for 10 years. It is walled in by high & rocky hills. Its valley is very narrow, & rather sterile, or sandy at least. We found a man living here name of Sam Smith. He has a store, & a ferry 4 miles above. The road forked here, a finger board said "Keep up Snake river, it is the nearest way to Lewiston". I suspected it was a catch; but Mr. W. wished to go that way. So <sup>we</sup> went. In about 5 miles, we found the ferry, but it was so crooked that we could not get across for a day or two so we turned back, to go by the other way. I was <sup>so</sup> angry that I tore down the finger board that had misguided us, and <sup>threw</sup> it away.

1<sup>st</sup> We reached the river opposite Liveston at 10 A.M. where we found many waiting to get over. The river is high & the current very strong. The ferry boats are prop-

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by oars, and the current is so strong that in crossing either way, the boat is swept down  $1/4$  to  $3/8$  of a mile. She is then towed up to the starting place again by a horse, kept ready for that purpose. One of the first boats capsized soon after we arrived. The laden, a large loaded wagon, & a horse of Oxen. The wagon & its cargo was lost, the Oxen swam ashore. We found Capt. Osterbrook of Shovel Water bay camped here on the beach. He has lost his horses, and here he is with a loaded wagon & his wife, & no team to draw them. So they go to the Mines. Lewiston as seen from this side, has the appearance of a city of Canvas. It is situated in <sup>the</sup> forks of the Snake & Clearwater rivers. Hundreds of men's tents stretch for a mile away from town up either river. The Snake river comes in from the South, & turns short to the West by a right angle carrying with <sup>it</sup> the crystal tide of the bright Clearwater, which is soon lost in the turbid flood of the Snake. At the North of the rivers are high red conical hills; back of the town & between the two rivers is a broad plain stretching away to the East until it swells into mountain-tains. I went across to see the town today, and was much surprised to see so large a place. There are stores and shops of every kind; Law, Dr, Dentist & every office in real city style. The town is built of Canvas, logs, poles, and split boards. Wood is worth \$10. per cord, split boards (3 feet long) are worth \$3. per "M." Shingles \$25. per M. There is a little steam mill making lumber of logs brought down the Clearwater 40 miles, & selling it at \$100. per M. Lots! are all the rage. Every body is buying lots, dilly "squating" upon lots, fencing lots, claiming lots, jumping lots, and lawing about lots. Lewiston is upon the Indian reservation so the only title there is to land, a lot, is Squatters right, or "Squatter Sovereignty." The whites are bound to have the land, & Congress may <sup>well</sup> buy it of the Indians soon, for ~~it~~ they will have it. It rained

13<sup>th</sup> Violently for about 8 hours; & the wind blew a gale



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at the same time; driving the water through the tent and threatening its total overthrow. Tent life in a storm is not very pleasant. This morning we concluded to cross the river with our horses. Not wishing to go on immediately we put them upon a ranche, at \$8. per month! We struck our tent along side of Mr. Melch & a dozen other Astorians. The people are wild with the lot or claim<sup>lots</sup>. Lots are selling at \$1000 to \$10000, each.

About 20 "trapped" miners came in from Salmon today, with weary legs & sad hearts, and pronouncing Salmon a humbug. Mr. Green's S. L. Woods\*, of Yamhill Co Oregon, joined with us. We borrowed an extra plate cup & spoon, & entertained our guest in true Camp style. The mighty flood of human life still pushes on with restless step, and eager hope, to grasp the "shining pile". Pack trains innumerable still come and go, laden with provisions, implements & everything that miners need. The town still grows. Buildings spring up like magic. Gambling houses are crowded every night & day. Here fools and their money part to meet no more. An occasional lucky minor comes in with \$5000 to \$30000, but hundreds more come in with naught but tired legs & empty pockets. The roads through <sup>the</sup> mountains are not almost impassable, and as it would be useless to start, we concluded to go to work. We got employment at the ferry at \$3. per day & board, <sup>which</sup> ~~we~~ we thought was much better than to be idle. Here we had an excellent opportunity to see the hosts of gold hunters, placed under rather trying circumstances. The ferry is so jammed, that ~~that~~ to see a crossing, it is necessary for them to take their position upon the shore & await their turns. Sometimes they stand there all day, and then have to retire to resume the position in the morning. Often I expected to see a "big fight", but it always passed over with very loud swearing & a great deal of quarrelling. I worked hard four days, & I must say it is about the hardest work I ever <sup>did</sup> ~~do~~. The current is so strong that we have to pull with all our might to keep from being carried away below town.

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- 23 I received a letter from Mr. Jeffers, who is now in  
Glenn, He advises me to come on immediately, and  
to bring nothing with me. This was a welcome letter  
for in it he intimates that he could render me substantial <sup>aid</sup>. In high glee I ordered my horse in from  
the "ranche" so as to be ready for an early start in the  
morning. A black Cloud came up at dark from  
the S. W. accompanied by a gale of wind, that blew  
down several tent houses, & threatened the whole city with  
instant destruction. At Seven o'clock this morn-
- 24 ing I mounted my horse, and started for Glenn ac-  
companied by Mr. Bran, a few merchants from Walla Wa-  
la. From Lewiston to the mountain (20 miles) the coun-  
try is prairie, abounding in luxuriant grass. Along the  
foot of the Mountains glides the beautiful Lapwai, upon  
which is the celebrated ~~Coe~~ farm. Mr. C. has resided  
here among the natives for many years. Mr. Spaulding (Mr.  
S.) also resided here. When we reached the summit  
of the Mountain, we found plenty of timber, which I hail  
with delight. Pine, (Sugar Pine) Fir & Larch, are the  
varieties. It is scattered evenly over the ground, not so  
thick, but that grass will grow well among it. The  
road ran upon a broad level ridge; which grew broader  
as we advanced, until it seemed to have no limit, and re-  
sembled more, an undulating, than a Mountainous country.  
There is snow yet upon the N. hill sides & in shaded places.  
At 6 P.M. we camped. A Cup of Tea, bread & dried beef made  
our supper. We spread our blankets under a tree and slept.
- 25 A cold wind blew in the night, but after the sun arose  
became exceedingly pleasant. The scenery of today is the most  
picturesque and beautiful that I ever saw. I was delighted to  
behold the sun peep over the Eastern hills, and dart his  
dazzling rays through the meadowy glades. Each ray  
up a sparkling diamond in the dew. The Larks too, were  
pleased, and sang their <sup>even the</sup> sweetest songs. The Merry birds  
leaped with joy, and trees seemed to toss their boughs (with



It journey to the Merces

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laughter at the brilliant morn. The face of the country is diversified, with timber and prairie happily interposed - hills & dales, Glades & glens, and dancing streams. Here, you may behold a broad level meadow teeming with luxuriant grass, and sparkling with brilliant flowers, there, a Grove of Magnificent Pines, growing upon a carpet of brightest-green. Yonder, a voluptuous hill of gentle slope, with a crystal brook dancing at its foot; and away off through yon charming glade towers up some snowy peak. And so for many miles each step seemed to reveal scenery even more beautiful than we had passed. The land in these mountains is rich, and were it not for the great altitude, which makes it rather frosty, it certainly would be one of the most charming spots upon Earth. At 10 A. M. we came in sight of Camus prairie. And here opened out a charming view! It is 18 miles in width and 30 or 40 long, extending from Salmon, to Clearwater rivers. Beyond this mammoth field of grass stretches away the Salmon chain of mountains. We descended by a long sloping hill into the prairie. The soil is very dark and rich, and covered with a fine carpet of grass & spangled with myriads of flowers, whose fragrance filled the whole air. The surface of the ground is undulating. This will, <sup>very</sup> soon become a rich agricultural district. We camped at "the Frenchman's", who keeps a restaurant. We rode 40 miles today. It rained this evening, & we took a pair of blankets & made a tent of them, to keep us dry. We lay a pole in two forks, for a ridge pole, then stretched the blankets over & tied the corners down to pins drove into the ground. The road from the Frenchman's, ~~in~~ is very rough, &illy. Yet the Country is not entirely without beauty. The steep angular hills, and towering peaks, glowing with <sup>these</sup> fresh spring grass, the foaming torrents leaping from rock to rock and dashing down into the deep, deep valleys below; the far off mountains gleaming with ice and snow, and turbid Salmon river, winding down through hills and mountains, its shores, in places, fringed

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with assorted trees and shrubs, and in others, walled up by massive <sup>walls</sup> ~~walls~~ of dizzy height; thus, adding to the beautiful, the romantic and grand. The Valley of the White bird creek is very deep, making tremendous hills to ascend & descend. In the valley were numerous indian lodges, among the most conspicuous, was that of "Eagle of the Light" a Nez Percé chief.

When mounting the high hill on the E. side of the creek I overtook and ~~passed~~ two families. The ladies were on horse back, each carrying a baby. I halted a moment and spoke a kind word to them. They seemed smiling and cheerful.

As I left them, toiling over mountains, in the brailing and smothering dust - following the uncertain fortunes of their husbands, I said, "God bless the women". The road on Salmon River, for 3 or 4 miles, was a very narrow path along a steep hill side, and upon the brink of a precipice overhanging the river. One misstep, would have sent me down, down, into the angry water. At "State creek" was a Rancho, a store and the "State Creek House". Here my Jewish companion overtook his "pack train", and stopped with it, leaving me to go on alone. Leaving State creek I began to ascend the Salmon Mountains by a long, steep "back bone" of a ridge that ran down to the river. It was showery, making the ground slippery, and the ascent more difficult. I mounted hill after hill, (leading my faithful horse), until I reached the very clouds; and yet, not to the top. As I halted a moment to rest, I looked back and beheld Salmon River like a yellow serpent far, far, below my feet. As far as I could see in every direction it was continuous jumble of high steep mountains & deep ravines.

I halted in the evening at a spring where there were 2 camps of Indians. I obtained supper and lodging ~~and~~ of some very gentlemanly from Salmon. Long will I remember them. How like the thousands of self-created creatures that I met with on this

27 At 4: ~~thirty~~ morning, I took my horse away to where she could get some grass to pick, & then climbed to the point I could find to see the <sup>rise</sup> sun. After breakfast

+ These indians, in a few years later engaged in a bloody war against the whites, and many of them.



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Started, and traveled 4 miles to the "Mountain House", up hill all the way. This is as far as pack trains have went. From here to Florence, 18 miles every thing used in <sup>the</sup> mines, has been carried in by men, for which they have been getting 40 cts per lb. At the Mountain house is just a village of log houses and tents, and a large quantity <sup>of provisions are</sup> here, ready to go into Florence. A party have just finished shoveling the snow out of the road. So I went on, still up hill! the snow was 3 feet deep in many places. When I reached the Summit, I was disappointed by not being able to have a view of the surrounding country. The clouds below, hid the entire face of the country. I continued my journey down and up <sup>through</sup> the gorges of snow and ice, over hills and valleys, and angry rushing streams, through formidable forests, obstructed by fallen trees, until about 3 P.M. I reached the far famed "Florence", the head Salmon mines! As soon as I arrived I put my horse in charge of a ranchman; and made my way down through muddy swales, ditches, pits, and piles of fresh dug dirt to Mr Jeffers Cabin. I was much fatigued, and after taking a little supper, I retired to sleep and rest.

I spent yesterday in "looking around", or, in "taking claims". I found thousands of men digging, digging. Digging ditches, digging pits & holes, digging up the whole Earth, all for gold. Some were robbing, some were sluicing, in short, doing every thing that minds do. Two men are usually employed to one "rocker". One digs & brings the dirt to <sup>the</sup> rocker, & ~~the~~ the other rocks it out. In sluicing from 3 to 6 men are employed to the sluice. A claim is 150 feet by 200. They are generally taken in the creeks, gullies, or swales. There is no gold (or but little) found upon the hills. These mines are situated in the center of a basin, in <sup>the</sup> mountains some 20 miles in diameter. The mines, though, are confined to a circle of 6 miles in diameter. All of the very rich claims are very near the

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the same locality. The face of the country in the mining district is diversified by hills & hollows; and covered with pine timber, the largest of which is about 15 inches in diameter. The hills are low, & small and numerous, and bear a striking resemblance to each other. The Dam is true of the vales, or hollows between them, they all look alike. They all have flat marshy bottoms of from 2 to 10 rods in width. The soil in these vales is "Muck". Black, vegetable muck, from 2 to 12 feet deep. This Muck rests upon a stratum of gravel 1 to 3 feet deep, below which is found the "bed Rock". The gold is generally found upon the bed Rock, and in the gravel near it. In mining all of muck, and barren gravel, has to be removed. The "pay dirt" or gravel is then run through the sluice or rocker and the gold saved. The bed Rock is Gneiss, rotten granite. Rotten near the top, but it gets harder as you go down. Go where you will in the hills, the woods or gulches, you will find holes dug, "Prospect holes", where men have been searching for gold. Go where you may, and you will find men, shovel & pick tramping here and there and everywhere hunting for gold. The miners generally live in log cabins two to four in a cabin. Some stay in tents, but those who own claims nearly all build cabins. They build of pine and cover with split boards. All the lumber used here is either split, or "whipsawed". A great many men are constantly employed in sawing lumber by hand, which sells at 25 to 40 cts per foot. As there are no roads or teams; they carry their lumber to market on their backs. This morning I set up the following notice on a Stump.

"Notice, I have this day taken possession of this mining claim extending from this point, 150 feet up the creek, and of usual width." This is called taking possession of a claim. In order to "hold" it, it must be repossessed as often as every 7th day, that is, there must be one day's work put upon it every 7. This evening I completed a bargain with

My partner, in which Sam to work his two claims upon the shares. I am to give him one half the gold of the





June 1862. In the mines.

1st I remained at home all day alone my companions went to town to attend a "Bible Class," (it is Sunday) or, that is the pretext, but ostensibly, to get to see a woman. Women, are a rare commodity in this city; there being only two or three here yet. The lady whom they go to the Bible class to see is a Dr's wife at whose house they meet.

I stay at home and read the news. My glean the papers very closely, — they too are scarce. They cost \$1. each, for California paper, 75¢ for Oregon. Fresh beef & mutton is 50¢ per lb. bacon do, flour 40 per lb. Sugar 50 to 75, <sup>per lb.</sup> Syrup 6¢ per gal.

2. We still continue our ditching operations, we dig it to the bed rock all the way, but find no prospects worth anything. It is quite discouraging to work hard, and not even get a "prospect." The country is full of men hunting for claims, but they find none worth taking. There are thousands here unemployed, without means. I pity them, but why should I? I would come to the mines, knowing too, the uncertainty of mining.

3. We abandoned the Wolf track claims, and went to work on Sand creek. These claims we expect to pay well. And so everybody thinks. I saw three men start direct from Ohio, and Ah, how glad they feel. So far from their homes & families; their money exhausted and without means of replenishing it. The way of the miner is hard.

8 "Ferry" dollar got. The creek is so high that we cannot work to any advantage. We have been stripping a piece so as to be ready as soon as the drain race is completed. I went up to town this morning, and met a great many acquaintances. The town was full of people, not less than 4,000 or 5,000. Might be seen in the streets, such as were crying off goods on almost every corner, and business seemed doubly brisk. All that I saw to indicate that it was Sabbath, was a man preaching.



June, 1862.

the common to a very small area. The street stores, saloons, Espresso office, and shops, and indeed the whole town was a perfect chaos.

Last Monday, a great "Stampede" occurred in Florence. Vague ~~news~~ and unreliable news came, by some unknown means, that rich and extensive gold fields had just been discovered in the neighborhood of the "Buffalo River" about 40 to 60 miles away. Hundreds and perhaps thousands started as soon as they could prepare. Some were so sure they knew where the new mines were that they started off in the night to prevent others from following them. The most of them took their blankets and a few days allowance of provisions on their backs, and many took a horse or horses, and away they went for the new El Dorado.

We spent a half day with our neighbors, trying to agree upon some plan to drain our claims. There is a little fall in this part of the creek & it will take a long ditch to drain our bed rock. After a long discussion, the party dispersed without having agreed upon any plan. We have been trying for a long time to unite all parties concerned and make a company job of it. But we are tired of being hampered and trifled with. So we concluded that we would dig a pump & pump the water out. So on Tuesday morning, we set to work constructing the machinery & making all preparations for the pump. We done but little, however, that day on account of rain. This morning word came that all parties below had at length concluded to adopt our proposed plan of digging a drain race & were quite willing to unite with us, and immediately dig the drain, and tail races. The pump was abandoned & we have all done a good days work on the drain. More trouble with the drain race. I met an Irishman (The Irish are the meanest people in Christendom) threw down a rope the creek below

On the river  
June 1862

And dammed the water up onto us so as to cause us to suspend operations until we could procure its removal, which we should have done by far had he not given his consent.

We quit work at noon today, and went to Esplanade Gutter's cabin, on upper Sand Creek, to attend a prearranged meeting for the purpose of appointing delegates to the Union County Convention. I served as Secretary for the meeting.

In my rambles I found wild Honey Suckle. The flowers are quite small, - of a greenish yellow color, and almost without fragrance. Also found the common Elder, and blue Leping & wild Strawberry. The ground is almost covered with a dwarfed Whortleberry. It is only 4 to 10 inches in height with a very small leaf and delicate stalk. It is now in bloom, and is a beautiful little shrub. It would make nice edging. The marshy places abounded in dwarfed willow (now in bloom) from 1 to 2 feet high.

15 The climate in these mountains is quite unlike that in the low lands surrounding them. Here there are frequent rains in summer, - there, there are none. All miners go to town on Sunday; so I went today to witness the crowd of people. The town is "alive" with people. The Express Office is full of men enquiring for letters. The stores teem with busy trade, for miners do the most of their trading on Sunday. But little coin is handled here, Dust is the circulating medium. Each Merchant has gold scale when the miner pays his bills, he pours from his pocket "the dust" into a brass vessel (duster I'll call it) where the Merchant weighs out the proper sum & returns remainder to the miner. The meat shops are ~~the~~ open - The blacksmith and rivet tongs are ceaselessly - The Saloons are filled to overflow. Some are drinking, many are gambling, and hundreds curiously looking on, listening to the stirring clatter of coin, and watching the exciting games.



June 1863.

The street is jammed with living snakes. Here  
comes a man with a great placard on his back -  
"Kelly's Concert this evening" - he rings a bell  
with steady peal to attract attention - Here  
stands an auctioneer - there another, and yonder an-  
other, each vending his articles at the highest bid  
of his voice, and amusing the crowd with his vulgar  
wit. Here and there, are clumps of men earnestly  
conversing about the "new diggings." Upon the cor-  
ners in prominent places many stand far  
more closely eyeing the crowd to single out a  
sucker for fraud. - Such is Sabbath in Flor-  
ence. Here the Congressman, Legislator, Ju-  
dge, Lawyer, Merchant, farmer & Mechanic  
Tailor & Laborer, mingle in the same crowd,  
wearing like slouched hats, blue shirts, and rag-  
ged, or patched breeches. Since the excite-  
ment created by the "new diggings," flour has  
come up from 60 cts per lb to \$1. Nobody yet  
knows anything certain about the new mines;  
but thousands are going there. Many parties are  
lost in the wood & mountains, others are follow-  
ing them, supposing that they are going direct to  
the Eldorado. I received a letter today from an  
Astorian. And it received a warm welcome in  
turn. Flour is again down to 60 cts per lb. It fluctu-  
ates like our hopes. I went to town this  
morning & carried a sack of flour home  
that cost \$27.50. It was bought two days ago. It was also  
at a keg of Syrup that cost \$5. per gallon. We had  
sharp lightning & heavy thunder last night.  
Yesterday news came by Ex. that Corinth & Rich-  
mond were evacuated by the rebels, and that our troops  
occupied both places; where upon the Union men of  
our neighborhood assembled at Esler & Atwells to cele-  
brate the memorable event. The Ex. had a  
large blunderbuss, which was fired, accompanied by about  
a dozen revolvers. I was then called upon to

June 1862

to which call, I responded as well as I could? After the speaking (which filled the cage, so full of patriotism, but he over loaded the blunderbus, and blew her to atoms) we gave up cheering cheer for the Union & adjourned.

22. Notwithstanding that there is a white frost above every third morning, yet the days are warm, and quite like summer. As it was Sunday, (on which day we do not work) I walked up to town, but there is but little pleasure in walking, or any other exercise at such an altitude as this. The air is so thin that it seems impossible to fill the lungs with it. And one all the time feels a sort of suffocation that is quite disagreeable; and a little violent exercise puts one quite out of breath. Many weak lunged persons have had to leave here on account of the rarity of the air.

Glencoe is all alive today - Sunday brings the miners all to town. Many are going home sick, and discouraged. Among so many of my acquaintances that are here, not one is making anything.

25. As I was a little unwell this morning I hired a man to work in my place today; for which I have to pay him \$6. I spent the whole day in circling about among the miners, to see & learn what I could of the mines &c. Those who have claims, are very busy, & have as many men employed as they can find room for. But there are many idlers, - I believe they can find nothing to do. There is not a day that I do not have 5 to 10 applications to hire men.

Great numbers are daily arriving from the mountains worn out and disgusted with "gold excitement." They found no gold. It proved to be the "biggest kind of steamboat."

Many are leaving Glencoe for home or other mining districts.

26. We have been "sleeeping" the greater part of 3 days, and this evening, I found we had but \$10. We did not expect much however, as we have not yet got down to the bed rock. I went to town today, (Sunday) to send some

29 letters. Yesterday we got \$42. Many fellows are still coming from the "excitement." Many lost their horses, & those that survived, are dreadfully frightened. Strange what men will do for gold; no danger can be too imminent, nor hardship too severe to <sup>deter</sup> them.



July 1862

We are at work on the drain. It is a mile long and from 4 to 8 feet deep. - Many fellows are still coming in from the mountains, with badly loaded horses, & almost worn out themselves. We discontinued the work on the drain & sluiced half a day. - It snowed 3 or 4 hours this morning; and at noon the ground was white. But it melted away in a few moments. This morning, I was aroused from my morning nap by the boom of fire arms. The glorious old Fourth is ~~heralded~~<sup>to us</sup> away in these sterile mountains. Ice was frozen last night; and this morning sparkling with as white a frost as I ever saw. My job work I now devote a half day to the 4<sup>th</sup>. The only notable demonstration, was a general suspension of business. A prize dog fight came off in town took admittance! I never saw Florence so full of people as it was today. It was a sight long to be remembered, to behold the crowd when the Express arrived. We took out \$57.37 today. Yesterday we took out \$18.00. I went to town this morning to buy flour. Hundreds are selling off their tools & are preparing to leave as soon as possible. This morning we had a sharp frost and the mornings are generally cool. The miners tents, that so thickly studded the suburban districts of Florence have nearly all disappeared. Spots that teemed with busy life a few weeks ago, are now desolate and solitary. The election that came off in Florence last Monday, resulted in the choice of the Dis Union candidates. (Or the Democratic ticket was successful.) Scorching frost this morning - Another man was shot in town today, by a Creole man, and was allowed to make his escape. The Democratic officers never attempt to <sup>arrest</sup> such men. They are Democrats of their own stripe. This morning I sold out my interest in the Salmon river gold mine for \$150. I took a walk to Sand creek, and back by town. I passed a

July 1862. In the mines.

that was taken up last week, which yielded \$50, to \$100, to the pan! It was of the very few that had been overlooked last fall. Another man was shot last night in town.

22 The man to whom I sold my interest in the claims backed out & I had again to go to work. On my ~~way~~ way home from town with a sack of flour on my back; a stranger overtook me, and insisted on "carrying my load a part of the distance, as he was going the same road that I was." He urged so kindly, and done it so gratuitously, that I felt happy indeed to meet such a man, here, where men are generally more selfish than obliging. I am sorry that I did not learn his name that I might record it here. I'll venture to say that he is a good man.

25 Yesterday was the warmest day of the season. There was much lightning and thunder in the evening with but little rain. I was, and am still too unwell to work. I went to town this morning for medicine. There were but few people to be seen about town. Miners are all at work, and the idlers have gone home. On my way home I found ripe Whortle berries, small, red & sweet; growing on small dwarf bushes. described on page 132.

27. I have disposed of my interest in the claim to Mr. J. J. & will leave soon. Another shooting & staking affair came off last night in town.

28 Attended a "miners meeting" last evening. It was called to settle the water question. The water in the creek is getting low & is not sufficient to supply the wants of all. Several quarrels have occurred, and much bad feeling exists among parties in regard to the distribution of it. So a "Miners Meeting" was called to determine who is entitled first.

I arose at an early hour & packed up my things, (a pair of blankets, a change of under garments, my revolver, & 3 or 4 days provisions) and set out for



July, 1862. The men  
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go to Lewiston. They were a half day in getting  
ready to start, after they seemed quite ready to  
have at a moment's warning. - A horse had strayed off  
a saddle, bridle or blankets were missing - Some-  
body had to go down town - take a "drink" or see  
somebody. So the hours wore away until dinner. I took  
dinner at - Hotel. Meals have come down to a  
dollar. At about 2 P.M. I mounted my Cayuse,  
equipped with <sup>rope</sup> bridle, a pack saddle with rope & rope  
and left Florence without a single regret.

In leaving the city I observe that many of the houses  
are unoccupied, and the hundreds of tents, that stretched  
about ~~the~~ the Seabeach district, for a mile  
around the city, two months ago; have all disappeared,  
and the barren hills upon which they stood, look des-  
olate and lonely. It will be but a few years (as soon as the mines  
are worked out) until the place is entirely deserted. The land is  
worth nothing & the climate is so inhospitable. That no one  
would think of living here, except to die, is a little  
while. The altitude of the place is so great, that the at-  
mosphere is so thin, or light as to render respiration difficult.  
The air seems inadequate to inflate the lungs, and many  
weak lunged persons were obliged to leave here.

We took the new road, (Nose Hilliner Road) which runs  
farther north than the old road. In passing over the sum-  
mit of the mountains, about 8 miles from Florence, we  
had a last fair view of the famed city. We camped in  
thick woods on a tributary of Slate Creek.

We were in the saddle at 5, this morning, and rode  
several miles over a hilly country, densely timbered by  
small growths of trees, when we descended the mountainly  
steep road into the valley of Slate Creek. It seemed as if we had  
come into another latitude. The air seemed so balmy and in-  
vigorating, and vegetation was so luxuriant, and gleamed  
with such dazzling beauty that I was quite delighted. But  
the road still kept on thriving to the interminable woods.  
Pine, Gamora & Spruce. At 5 P.M. we came in  
at last at broad & beautiful Cammus Prairie.

On my way home.

August 1862.

Aug 11th Our breakfast of bacon, hard bread and coffee was soon prepared, ~~and~~ eaten, and we were in the saddle at 6, descending the Mountain that slopes into the Tannum prairie. At the foot of the mountain is the end of the stage line, from Lewiston. Here <sup>are</sup> 8 or 10 buildings, consisting of stores, hotels, saloons and dwellings. The hue of spring no longer decks this beautiful prairie, it resembles a great harvest field. A few summer flowers still linger here, but the ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> roads of bright spring flowers are faded & gone. We nooned on Cottonwood Creek. ~~A~~ took dinner at a newly built house, for which we paid \$1.25. As we ascended the long slope of the mountain to the Mt. Moreau we had had a last view of this fertile district. But the rounded and sloping hills through which we traveled this evening are even ~~more~~ more beautiful. The grass is not unbrowned by the scorching sun, being shaded by the stately sugar pines. We camped at dark 2, having made 32 miles today. We reached the brow of the mountain overlooking the Charwater & Snake rivers at 12. M., and 4. a. m. camped on Lapwai. We have reached a summer climate beyond doubt. It is fearfully warm. At noon to day as soon as we stopped a long great fat women, dropped upon the grass as soon as we stopped, and fell asleep instantly. The cat ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> sleeps, for



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Continued

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at like bags. The head & Physio of the Irish girl indicates that she was born, a prostitute and a ruffian. The Spanish girl, though depraved, is less rude, and has a shadow of modesty left. We got a miserable supper for \$1. The Mayor is the only companionable man in the company. We reached Lewistown this morning. The town has improved much since I left here in the spring. I found Dr. Greanchard & here & stayed with him. I am perfectly content to leave the town. Yesterday the wind blew a gale all day and the dust was insupportable. I made up my mind to leave; accordingly, I engaged a passage in a skiff and this morning we started. During my stay in Lewistown with Dr. Greanchard we fasted on vegetables. This is a fine climate for them. Our skiff was a rough made clumsy thing with two small oars, and a small steering oar. No one of our party knew anything about the river, and but for the whole number knew how to pull and steer and it was soon found that I was the only one of the party who could steer and manage a boat. So it fell to <sup>my</sup> that to be Pilot, <sup>and captain</sup> on a dangerous river that I had never seen before. We were then in number, I divided the men into 6 watches, of an hour each, as but two could pull at once. The most of them had to learn the use of the oar. The river is walled in by broken angular mountains almost as bad as brick. Along its shores are a few small fertile spots, upon which the Indians cultivate corn. They seem to be happy and contented. The roar of rapids ahead caused us to stop for the night, it being already so dark that we could not see. We spread our blankets upon the sand and slept until morning. We passed through many dangerous rapids today, and camped at dark, near the mouth of Snake river. At 7 A.M. we came into the Columbia. What a contrast the waters of two rivers. That of Columbia is as clear as crystal, while that of the Snake is turbid, and much resembles very dirty seeds. The pure water of the Columbia unite with <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ and proceedly keeps its own

August 1862 Going Home

We reached Walla (old Fort Wall Walla) at 10 A. M. where we halted a few moments to replenish our stores. This is the landing for Walla Walla. It is built upon a bank of sand, and looks dreary and desolate. The wind blew up the river so strong that we were compelled to land & wait until it lulled a little. Here we met many Indians, one of whom I asked if he were a chief, (a fine looking young fellow) to whom he replied in the negative, I asked him if I was a chief, I told him that I was. He then asked me for some tobacco - I told him that I had but little, when he said with the utmost scorn & scorching ridicule - "Wat a Chief to have only a little a tobacco!" I gave him all I had & discontinued the conversation.

We camped about 10 miles below the mouth of the Umatilla. The wind blew strong and it rained a little. When home left I felt as I spread my blankets down among the sage bushes to sleep through this cheerless night. We started early, & made good speed until about noon when we had to lay by on account of head wind. When we reached the John Day rapids they looked so frightful, that my already intimidated crew, became so frightened at the horrid appearance of these rapids, that they refused to go farther in the boat. So we abandoned her, at dusk, at the mouth of John Day river. We took our pack upon our backs & walked until 9 or 10 o'clock at night, - tired & weary we halted - spread our blankets upon the grass & slept until morning. We started at 4 A. M. & halted & made a small breakfast on what little we had left. At 10 A. M. we reached Des Chutes; my feet blistered, and almost exhausted by fatigue & heat, I stopped at the first house on Tenmile creek & got dinner & waited for the stage. At 4 P. M. I was at the Falls. At 5 A. M. next morning started on steamer for Portland, and at 6 P. M. was there. And next <sup>evening</sup> reached Astoria, and was truly glad to end this long trip, and this is my last to the mines.



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September 1862

1 Accompanied by Miss L. Bray & Miss Josie Jeffers I started home this morning. We had a pleasant trip across the bay, & reached Mrs. J's in good season. I left the girls here, & went home. My fruit trees look pretty well and are full of fruit. I have my first plum crop this year. My place has been much neglected. The weeds & brush have grown up with fearful rapidity. We returned to town late in the evening.

3 I left Astoria this morning on the Jamieson for Salina. We had had on board Hon. J. R. M. Brier & family, Collector Adams & a number of others. At Cathlamet we took Judge Strong & Miss Liza Cochrane & Miss Blackly as passengers. We then went around to West's Mill for a lot of lumber for Portland. Mr. West has made a fine improvement on his place. He has built a good Mill, house & barns — has lewened a farm out of the boundless forest, & is doing more to develop the wealth & resources of the County than any other man in the County. We did not reach Portland until 4 in the morning.

4. At 7 ~~½~~ <sup>A</sup> M. I started to Oregon City, where we reached at 10 — I visited my friend Gumpkins, soon after my arrival. Where I met with his usual kindness & hospitality.

There are many attractions at his place besides his kindness & charming daughter. He literally abounds in delicious fruits. Such a display of plums I never before beheld. Hundreds of trees bending with purple & golden fruit. His apples too, are splendid. Mr. G. is one of Oregon's best citizens.

5 When the stage came in from Portland I found it crammed to its utmost capacity, and a passage there utterly impossible.

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I then determined to take passage on the Steamer Union for Dayton. She is a nice little boat, and the trip was a pleasant one. Among the passengers was E. L. Applegate, remarkable for his intelligence, addit. wit and history sarcasm. The Gambell is so narrow that the boat has but room enough to turn in. Its banks ~~are~~ are a wilderness of woods & bracken.

We saw a small house that had been taken of by the late flood, which we concluded was "a lodge on some vast wilderness." Dayton is finely situated upon the left bank of the river. But like many other Oregon towns, has long since been finished.

I spent the night at Gen Palmer's, a member of the present Legislature. In the evening the country ladies & ladies assembled at the Goulds at "an apple eating" of course it reminded me of the days, when I was a youngster. They still cast apple skins & "sheep's eyes" at each other, no us then.

6. Gen Palmer's one of the best improved farms that I have seen in Oregon. He is well prepared to live & enjoy life.

At 8 a.m. the carriage that we had engaged came & we started for Salem. Applegate, Parker & <sup>Gen Palmer</sup> myself. We passed through a beautiful country, both new & interesting to me.

Applegate spiced the trip with wit & humor. We reached the Capitol at 7 P.M. and put up the "Hawdon house".

7. I spent the greater part of the day in making the acquaintance of Members of the Legislature & others. At the M.E. Church, I heard the Rev. J. Pearne on faith. Mr. is a prominent candidate for the U.S. Senate.

I was elected to the Legislature, when in the morning, and received every vote cast in my district, there being no opposition.



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8 The legislative body assembled today at 10 AM, unorganized in a few hours. The Union sentiment strongly predominating. \* J. Parmor was chosen Speaker of the house, and, Dr. Bacellly President of the Senate. Nothing of importance came up for consideration <sup>in</sup> the house today. <sup>altho' of office</sup> Members took 2 subscribed to the

9 The message of the retiring Governor was received in the house this morning. In referring to the condition of the State, he indicates that prosperity no longer accompanies her advancing years. He <sup>alludes</sup> ~~states~~ gravely to the late calamities, of floods & frosts, and significantly observes, "that had it rained two weeks longer, the flood would have been much greater, probably drowning the last sowing in the valley". In the latter part of the document <sup>he denounces</sup> the present war, on the part of the Federal government, as "unprovoked & unjust" that it was a "wicked war" waged against our Southern brethren, "to suppress & smother & crush out their beloved, & peculiar institutions. He denounces it as a war waged by the North against the unoffending South."

The vote for Governor was canvassed this morning before a convention of both branches of the legislature, after which the convention adjourned to meet at the W. End Church, to witness & participate in the inauguration of Gov. Hibbs. Both houses formed in order at the hall, & marched to church accompanied by the band. The Church was filled to its utmost capacity, to hear the inaugural & witness the ceremonies, all of which passed off very well.

The Senators came into our hall at ten P. M., where in joint convention we commenced debating for Dr. S. Hamilton. After 16 hours with <sup>much</sup> debate we adjourned until tomorrow.

here because I thought he would make a good officer, & in those times (1847) there is always killing an Indian for the gold.

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- 12 The joint convention assembled at 10 A.M. & continued holding for U.S. Senator, with various results. At one ballot a name were taken nearly up to the decisive point, inspiring the candidate with high hopes, then sinking down into hopeless numbers, smothering the brightest hopes. The Republicans manifested a shameful want of firmness & combination dividing their strength upon different favorites, while, while the old integrity and managers of the notorious Salem clique pursued a firm & unbending course, which ultimately terminated in their complete success. Hon. J. R. Mc Bride, Republican M. C., elected united with the Salem Democracy. & I am quite sure, contributed more to our defeat than any other member.
- 13 The house met at the usual hour, and after reading and adopting the proceedings of the previous day, adjourned until Monday. We had no little amusement this morning over the Seribk correspondence of some of the Oregon rebel journals.
- Several of us shared their venom & spleen.
- 14 Rev. Mr. Pearne delivered one of his best sermons in the M. E. Church today. His record-defeat for U.S. Senator seems not to have impaired his intellect; on the contrary, he bears the event remarkably well. After dinner I accepted an invitation from Dr. Lorgea, to take a drive with him into the country. The roads are fine, and the scenery delightful. Salem is surrounded by a beautiful country. We called at Mr. Gilbert's, who took us into his orchard & gave us as much fruit as we could eat.



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- 15 The house convened at the usual hour & proceeded to work in earnest. Scores of petitions, Memorials, Resolutions & bills were introduced. The house got into several snarls during the day, on account of the inexperience of the most of its members, nearly all of whom are new members. Hon. H. Holbrook delivered an excellent lecture on the Sanitary commission. The audience contributed liberally.
- 16 The house was flooded with petitions, bills &c this morning to such an extent & in such numbers, that we will certainly have a busy session. I presented a bill to encourage the growth of Oysters, also a bill to amend an act incorporating the town of Astoria, both of which we are passing through in regular order.

At 2 a. m. the house adjourned until tomorrow morning, and the members & the citizens met <sup>at</sup> the Chapel to witness the public installation of the officers of the grand lodge of the Masonic order; & hear the address delivered by Rev Pearn on the occasion.

I spent the evening in the hall (representative) where I found nearly all of the members, & many other gentlemen, all enjoying themselves hugely. Lauging, joking, wit & fun seemed to be the prevailing sentiments.

It is commonly remarked by citizens in this city, that the present Legislature is composed of the best material of any preceding one in Oregon. The legislator however complains of a want of experience. While they attribute to Stutzman one view, but other account for it differently.

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17 The morning was spent in personal petitions, bills &c; giving notice of bills and discussing & closing orders. The inexperience of members, involves <sup>us in</sup> the snarls & difficulties innumerable. The Speaker of the house, is also inexperienced, & lacks promptness, activity & decision. The members, however all seem disposed to act, & work for the best interests of the State and people.

18 Mr. C. A. Berry invited Dr. Lorge, Mr. Hick, and myself to dine with him; which we accepted.

The dinner was excellent; but I value her far more the splendid sparkling wit and intelligence of his accomplished lady. She is more than ordinarily good looking, with a face <sup>with</sup> ~~termining~~ sweetest smiles. Having been in the society of ladies but little for the last few months, I fully appreciate her.

The State Agricultural Society met in the Legislative hall this evening to take a vote on the permanent location of State fair grounds. Salem was selected almost unanimously.

19 The house met pursuant to adjournment and after the journal was read and approved, the house adjourned until Monday morning.

I voted against adjournment, but there were so many members who could go home & see their wives & look after their business, that selfishness prevailed.

And I am quite inclined to believe, that this same selfishness controls the actions of most men, than there any other power. It is the great incentive, that none but the Pharisees, patriots and philanthropists can resist. And how few can be ranked under these.



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22. The vacation of Saturday & Sunday passed heavily away. Saline is a dull place to a stranger. The young gentlemen of the place seem unwilling to introduce young gentlemen from other places to their young ladies. Perhaps they admit the truth of the old adage, "A new broom sweeps clean". A communication from the Ladies of Saline was laid upon the Speaking Desk, inviting the members of this house to attend a party in the Odd fellows hall on Tuesday evening.

A spirit debate occurred in the house this morning, on a resolution requiring all persons to take an oath of allegiance to <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>support</sup> government of the U. S & the State of Oregon. In my speech & manner, I impressed secessionists with the belief that I would hang rebels.

23 The house spent the principal part of the day in discussing the claim of Mr Kirkpatrick from the new county of Baker, to a seat in this house. The election there, <sup>and county</sup> was informal, was not erected until a few days ago, & he had not been <sup>resident</sup> thereof one year preceding the election.

I presented a resolution, which was adopted by the house, accepting the invitation of the ladies, to the party this evening.

The party went off splendidly. As many as 250 guests were in attendance. No efforts were spared on the part of the <sup>committee of</sup> ladies to make us happy & comfortable. The band was in attendance, & discoursed sweet music. The ladies were played, one after

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amusements, & is better for the sea-  
sion. Promenades were much obstructed  
by the dense crowd & long & short. Saloon  
is not particularly celebrated for beautiful  
women, yet I must admit that they  
will compare favorably with those of  
the neighboring towns.

24 After a variety of minor resolutions &  
~~some~~ bill, Mr. Kirkpatrick's claim  
to a seat in this house was rejected.

But little was accomplished today. We  
have to many orators to make speed. In  
our first organization we <sup>made</sup> rapid progress.  
But many members soon found that they  
were splendid speechmakers, & now much  
time is consumed in making him com-  
petent. I went calling with Mrs. Gov.  
Gibbs & Mr. Hemison. At Mr. Clark's (and I  
have heard the same expressions from many  
others) I heard it said that this legislature is  
composed of more respectable men, than  
any other. That generally, in other legis-  
latures, except during session hours  
the members were always found in  
Saloons - Now now are found the

25 I changed my board this morning. The  
Harrison house was so much crowded, &  
I was so frequently disturbed at night by  
persons coming in going out, that  
it became intolerable. I have found  
a quiet lodging place at Mr. Rector  
Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

26 We had a stormy time in the house  
today. The Lawyers in the house have  
been disposed to have everything pro-  
ceed in their own way & frequently



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indulge in disrespectful and cutting remarks, to the farmers, and mechanics upon this floor. In a debate upon a bill "to increase the salaries of justices of the Supreme Court" Mr. Mallory, in replying to some remarks of mine, again made use of some uncalled <sup>for</sup> insinuations against the farmers, when I arose and rebuked him in such a manner as brought the house down in prolonged roars of laughter & cheers. My speech was pronounced by many "the best of the <sup>the</sup> session" - they say, that I "utterly used him up."

We held an evening session, and considered a bill on strays.

27 ~~At~~ much business was done today. Many of the members went home - those who live within 30 miles.

Cal Baylor & lady, arrived today from Astoria. We had some fun on Mr. Smith's Marriage bill.

28 Yesterday I attended church a baptist, in the pulpit, & O, what a sermon! It <sup>was an</sup> unparalleled bore. This morning we had under consideration a bill, to establish the fifth judicial district, which I opposed on the grounds, that it was not a necessity. we had a sharp discussion.

Ladies came into the lobby today for the first time.

"Pat. Mallory's infamous report & misrepresentation of Messrs. her creation some disgust, threats were made to expel him from the house.

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30 This morning the streets were flooded with water, by the rain which continued all night.

Business advanced rapidly in the house this morning. Adjourned at noon until tomorrow evening at 7 o'clock. The city is crowded with people from all parts of the State, to visit the State Agricultural Fair. Every hotel is filled to its uttermost capacity, & nearly every private house has as many as it can accommodate.

About 26 of the members went out to the fair ground in the "band wagon" after dinner; and a jolly crowd it was. It rains a brisk shower every half hour all day which is well cramped into the <sup>work</sup> of the earth, by the hundreds of animals & visitors at the ~~same~~ <sup>new</sup> fair grounds. A large number of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, are in the new prepared stalls, some of which would do credit to farms in older States.

But few articles are yet offered for exhibition. The Officers have been busy all day, entering articles on the premium list. The prettiest article that I saw today was an intelligent blue-eyed rosy cheeked lass. I did not succeed in learning her name. But she is a beauty. At 7 o'clock in the evening the alarm of fire was given & in a few moments the whole town was there but too late to save the house. It is supposed to have been fired by an incendiary.



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1 The weather is still unsettled and showery, but notwithstanding the people are got pouring in from all directions. At the fair in the afternoon I was ~~much~~ much interested and amused. The clouds & showers had cleared away & promised better weather, which made every face beam with lively hope and merriment.

The pavilion was well filled with articles principally of ladies' make patterns. Mechanical arts are much neglected by the Stornoway sex.

The roads & ground every where about the enclosure are tramped on to mud, through which every body wades with strange indifference, each one and particularly the ladies, whose lengthy skirts are smeared over & carried off a reasonable quantity thereof. But all seem ~~fully~~ determined to enjoy themselves notwithstanding the rain and mud.

2 It rained the greater part of the day, yet everybody went to the fair. I must say that I did not enjoy it much. <sup>30th</sup> I lagged a little to see fine ladies wade through the mud with such indifference.

3 It rained all day, yet hundreds were at the fair ground all day. I was there about one half of the day. The races came off this morning, but I was not there in time to witness them. The track is one of the finest in the State, being almost entirely level, but it should be enclosed to prevent horses from running off. I saw one run off the track, into the crowd, he struck

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a wagon, breaking the axle & throwing the rider, who fortunately escaped being badly hurt. The best performance of the day, was equestrianism by the ladies, which had to be done in the race.

The performance was elegant. Miss Pauline Leona took the first prize which consisted of a ladies saddle & was used at Nov. a. The ladies all rode well and received the admiration of all.

4 The house assembled at the usual hour this morning in transaction considerable business, but nothing of much importance. I was quite unwell and not able to take my seat in afternoon session.

5 Today the weather is beautiful again. I made several calls. At Mr. George's I met a lady from Eugene who promised to send me a slip of the Hydroge, an article that I have not seen in Oregon.

6 At eleven the at bill which was made the special order for the hour came up, on its final passage, notwithstanding the veto of the Gov. The debates on the subject occupied the house the remainder of the day. Some of the speeches were animated and warm. I received some praise for my remarks. The bill was passed by a vote of 22 for & 12 against, a two thirds vote being necessary to a choice. The bill passed the Senate 12 to 4. A strong effort was made by the Gov & his friends to have his veto sustained. He even approached members in person, & urged the point with them, & urged them to sustain him.



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7 An act to tax dogs come up in its final passage, the bill was imperfectly drawn & unhappily worded, so much so as to make <sup>for</sup> it unpopular, yet it had merits that deserved attention & serious consideration. Yet because it was a dog bill, some were disposed to turn the whole thing into ridicule. I arose and resented this & condemned it in a most solemn manner, and administered such a rebuke to the Squirrels, who attempt to lay down the measures of serious, sensible farmers ~~men~~, as they will not soon forget.

At the evening session the new "Code" came in from the Senate. A Motion was made to suspend the rules, so as to have it read only by title, until its third reading. This motion was opposed by some, on the grounds, that as the bill was not printed & laid upon each member's desk - therefore, they desired to hear it read three times, as the usage requires - That they were unwilling to vote for anything, unless they could vote understandingly. This threw the hipocritish limbs of the Law into spasms. Whereupon they immediately declared that the members of this house (except themselves) were incapable of comprehending this document, - That it was ~~the~~ drawn up by a profound judge, & was therefore beyond the comprehension of the common people.

This was more than I could bear. And as the code was for the use of the people

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if they could not understand it what use would it be to them. That the code ought to be composed principally of common sense, and the principles of right and justice. If not it is not adapted to their use, & consequently ought to be rejected.

I rejected the idea, that none but judges, doctors & professors, are endowed with sense, & the power of reasoning.

8 Business went smoothly on this morning, and a number of bills were passed. At 2. A.M. The Code was taken up, & afternoon session was all consumed in reading it.

The house met at 7 in the evening & passed several bills. A Bill was introduced to carry into effect that clause of the Constitution prohibiting Negroes from coming into or residing in Oregon. And as members seemed to <sup>manifest</sup> some timidity in opposing it; felt as almost all men have ever done, I felt a defiant spirit arise within me that prompted me to stand forth and defend the right and which I did, greatly to my own satisfaction, receiving loud applause from the lobby & house.

9 I introduced a memorial asking Congress to establish a mail & erect Post Office in Tillamook County.

The Henry bill was made the special business for 7, this evening.

After supper I took a little walk, and



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called upon a Lady friend, I found her all alone, and of course felt much ~~more~~ inclined to keep her company during the evening; but ~~as~~ great as was the temptation, I had to tear myself away from her. When I returned, I found the Sargant at Arms hunting for me. A call of the house had been made, & the friends of the bill were anxious that I should be there to defend it. But I made quite a failure, so I have concluded, that law making and law making, do not go well together.

10 The weather is charming. — Our business gets on pretty well today. It keeps us quite busy to go through <sup>business</sup> the order of, I found time to write the following for the Album of a lady friend.

To Ellen <sup>happily</sup>  
Though your footsteps stray  
Through life's enchanting spring  
While brightest hope along your way  
A thousand pleasures fling;  
Though blooming now in smiling youth  
Replete with joyous glee  
Your heart of innocence and truth  
From care and sorrow free;  
Though you are fair among the fair,  
With form of matchless grace,  
With radiant beauties lingering there,  
Upon your charming face;  
Yet Ellen, be not vain, — for they  
Are gifts by nature given  
And time may fade their charms away  
As dew by sunbeams driven.

October, 1862.

But in thyself a gem I view  
 That time <sup>can</sup> not deface,  
 But each successive year'll renew  
 Its beauty and its grace.  
 It is that bright-unfading part  
 By ~~Art~~ Subject to your contrall;—  
 It is your spirit, mind, or heart,  
 The everlasting Soul.  
 Then guard it well,  
 For who can tell  
 Its awful destiny.

11. This has been one of the busiest days  
 of the season, we have worked all day  
 and until 10 at night everyday this week  
 until this. By common consent we  
 met in the hall & held a Union  
 Convention, for the purpose of appointing  
 a Union Central committee Nov 13. 71  
 Harding & others made appropriate remarks  
 One member from each County was  
 appointed

12. I spent the greater part of the day  
 in my room at work, writing letters  
 Making out the Minutes of the  
 meeting & last night &c

I made two or three calls during  
 the day, and attended Church in the  
 evening. I am delighted with the Fall  
 scenery. The red and yellow leaves of ripening  
 Autumn remind me of scenes in  
 other lands in other days—Of home &  
 boyhood—Of many a frolic in the falling  
 leaves; of the leaves as will fall grapes  
 of the brown nut, and of sweet Indian  
 Summer in good old Ohio.



1760/11/1362

SALEM, Oct. 7, 1862.

ED. ARGES: The bill requiring persons to take and subscribe to an oath to support the Government of the United States, and the State of Oregon, before drawing money from the treasury of this State, which Gov. Gibbs vetoed last week, and which the Senate passed over his veto, by a vote of 12 to 4, was reconsidered in the House yesterday. It was debated at length, and with much feeling on both sides.

When the question was put, "Shall this bill pass notwithstanding the objections of the Governor?" the vote resulted as follows: Messrs. Applegate, Collard, Conyers, Cummins, Dufur, Eagle, Gillette, Hemingway, Kearns, McClure, McCully, McCoy, Palmer, Ramsby, Richardson, Smith, Stevenson, Simpson, Wasserman, Wilkins, Watson, and Wilson, voting for; and Messrs. Blair, Brown, Fay, Humason, Huines, Mallory, Minto, Morris, Reed, Vandyke, Witham, and Wilcox, against. So the bill was lost, two-thirds being necessary to its passage.

Union men are disappointed and disgusted with the result, while secessionists are chuckling and rejoicing over their triumph. Fay is their champion in the House, and Kelley in the Senate.

Gov. Gibbs, in his Inaugural, reflects the strongest Union sentiments, but when he comes to act, does he adhere to his promise? He says:

"The all-absorbing question of the day is, how to put down the rebellion and pay the expenses of the war. A great majority of the people of Oregon are loyal men—willing to pay their taxes, aid in the circulation of United States Treasury notes without a murmur—to do any act prompted by the spirit of our fathers when they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and sacred honors, to establish this Government. There is but one line between Union and disunion. Those who are not for us are against us. It has been often and truly said that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" Mark its pregnant truths at this time, and watch those who carp at every real or imaginary error of the Administration, and are complaining of the "tax bill," because a small portion of their fortunes is required to preserve civil and religious liberty in America.

Honorable gentlemen, nearly all of you, like myself, were elected under a pledge 'to support the officers of the Government in all constitutional means to put down the present wicked rebellion.' The proposition that the Government has no power to weaken its enemies, in open arms against it, by taking their property—that their lives may be taken, but not their property—is, to my mind, too absurd for discussion. A secessionist should have no property, in negroes, or anything else. PROPERTY IS POWER; and should we leave it in rebel hands, to be wielded against us, while the bones of our countrymen are bleaching on the fields of a hundred battles, and while hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are liable to share the same fate? I consider it my highest duty, as well as pleasure, to do all I can, and exert all the influence of my present position, at home and abroad, in putting down secession and preserving the best Government in the world. And, by repentance, humiliation and reformation, we should strive to remove all further cause for visitations of God's judgments upon our State and

Nation—remembering that He that ruleth the hosts of Heaven, holds in his hands the destinies of nations."

Here the Governor pledges himself to use his best efforts to protect and sustain the Government and put down the present wicked rebellion. He says, "the idea that the Government has no power to take the property of its enemies is absurd;" that "property is power, and should we leave it in rebel hands to be wielded against us, while the bones of our countrymen are bleaching on the fields of a hundred battles, and while hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are liable to share the same fate?" Now this bill that Gov. Gibbs refuses to sign, has no other object than to prevent traitors from drawing money from the treasury of this State. Money, which his Excellency truly says is power, and should not be put in the hands of our enemies. Yet, when he is asked to sanction a law requiring persons suspected of treason, to produce evidence of their loyalty, he refuses to place this bar between traitors and our treasury—a bar that can work no possible hardship to any loyal person. Why should not the people of Oregon be permitted to guard their treasury against aiders and abettors of treason? The Governor says—"There is but one line between Union and disunion. Those who are not for us, are against us."

Now, I will not presume to say which side of this line His Excellency and the 4 Senators and 12 Representatives may seem to be, but will leave that question for their constituents and the people to decide.

I believe the people want and the State demands such a law. Yet it is refused them, although 34 out of the 50 Senators and Representatives of the people of this State voted in favor of the law.

LIBERTAS.

13 When the Governor vetoed another bill for which we had labored so much against so much abolition in the houses, I for one felt quite indignant, and concluded to enlighten the public upon the subject in the following manner in the Argus—

He and his personal friends were and are very much alarmed at the trend of the public mind.

made splendid progress today. Yet we had some hard fighting to do for the usury bill, which its enemies oppose inch by inch.

My bill in relation to wharves is progressing in regular order.

October 1<sup>st</sup> 1862

We held an evening Session & addressed at 11.

I wrote this in an Album today  
To Miss Ye - R

Allow me to express my admiration and high regard for your kind, unselfish nature, good sense, and independence of character, and ask you  
Please accept this friendly token

Warmer felt than can be spoken;  
A lasting emblem may it be  
Of friendship 'twixt myself and "Ye".  
For, through life's long meandering ~~way~~ track  
No matter where I be  
My mind will often wander ~~then~~ back  
To days when I knew "Ye"  
As the dawn of rosy morning  
Spreads far o'er hill and lee,  
It shall be to me a warning  
To cast a thought on "Ye"  
When the sun that beamed so brightly  
Has sunk behind the sea,  
And the twilight gleams yet slightly  
Wont you think just once of Me.

14 This has been a day of unusual business. We responded to 8 calls and passed a dozen or more bills, the first & second reading, generally reading by title only.

The evening Session held until 12.16. I was almost exhausted by fatigue & over exertion. Many very important bills have been received & introduced last night I fear, but it seemed



October 1862

a period, to legislate for a young & growing State, when the Legislature met, but once in two years. I am quite tired and would be glad to adjourn now at any time. But I must say that I like Legislation.

15 We are still rushing bills through at rail road speed. Among other bills, that passed in this way today was one redistricting the 1<sup>st</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Judicial Dist.

Republicans who have cut their eye teeth seem to think that it was got in up for the purpose of enabling Democrats to elect Democratic Judges.

16 Today we passed a multitude of bills, among which was a law apportioning the State as per last Census. it increases the Representatives 2, & the Senators 2.

At the evening session, I had no little fun. Feeling in just the right humor I kept the house in a roar of laughter on the "Niger" bill for some time.

Also defeated Thompson's relief bill for S. A. Clarke by some happy remarks.

We did not adjourn until 12 o'clock at night. I took leave of as many of my friends as I met, expecting to start in the morning on the stage.

17 The stage was full, inside & out. Tompkins, coming last had to take an out side seat. Dady, Thompson, McCoy & myself with others squeezed inside. The passage was rather pleasant considering the crowded state of the stage. Dady is first rate company.

October 1862

and entertainer is well worth his joke  
and intelligence. (Durore)

We dined at the Deutsche <sup>town</sup>,  
This is a Colony of Germans, who love  
& hold every thing in common,  
& have their own peculiar rules &  
regulations. Every thing about them  
has the appearance of thrift & prosper-  
ity. The Country between Oregon City  
& Salem has improved vastly since  
I was along this road ten years ago.

When we reached Oregon City, we  
were so tired of the stage, that we took  
the steamboat, & reached Portland  
at 4 P. M. Put up at Aragon's —

18 Met quite a number of my friends —  
Received an appointment as Deputy Asses-  
sor of the first District of Oregon, compr-  
ising Columbia, Clatsop & Tillamook  
counties under the Internal Revenue Law.

Met Mr Parker, of Astoria, and accom-  
panied him to see a performance of Shylock  
of hand by "Martin the Wizard."

19 Accompanied by several gentlemen  
& conducted by Dr Lorgea, I visited the  
Insane Asylum in East Portland.

The institution is the result of private in-  
terprise, constructed & owned by Drs  
Hawthorn & Lorgea. By a law of  
the last Legislature these gentlemen  
are employed by the State to keep  
insane and idiotic of the State; at a  
charge of \$12.00 per week for each patient  
kept. By invitation I took dinner  
with W. S. Ladd. Attended a Spiritual  
Circle in the evening. Mrs Butler, Medium



October 1862

Gen. Palmer, & other Members of the Legislature arrived today. The Legislature adjourned on the 17<sup>th</sup> at 3 P.M.

- 20 Accompanied by Mrs Gaylor & Mary, we started for Astoria at 8 A.M. on Jennie Clarke, with barque Almah in tow. The morning being foggy - the barque was grounded at Swan island bar, where we had to wait until high water at 3 P.M. The voyage was tedious; we ran nearly all night. There being no sleeping arrangements on board, we had a very uncomfortable night. We reached Astoria at 11 A.M.

Found everything about as usual in town. My friend Miss Sophie Bray left here on the Jennie, for her home in Salem. She has been in this place nearly one year.

- 22 I went across the bay to Jeffers. found them all well. The young ladies are as attractive as our Eastern ones both very highly & regard them as good girls. Carrie is light hearted and merry, with a pleasant and active mind. but full is all that constitutes a true and noble woman. Generous, gentle, tender, warm & kind. Marie without an equal & has more than ordinary beauty.

- 23 I found my place looking about as well as I could expect. The fruit trees are bending beneath their load of fruit, which is large & fair. The trees have grown well. My cattle are all right. But it seems so lonely here. I have been so long, mingling among the busy throng of men, the quiet silence of my secluded home is quite painful. The potato & even the spring is overgrown with weeds &

October 1862

30 Yesterday I finished my gathering my apples. I gathered about 60 bushels in three days, and carried them into the house. Today I came to town to commence appelling. I find a new business quite different from County Appelling.

The weather remains beautiful & reminds me of our Indian Summer in Ohio.

This list of the members of the Legislative Assembly was prepared by F. B. Parker Sargent at Arms in the house of Represntatives. It is sold by persons

Members of the Legislative Assembly—Session of 1862:

SENATE:

Names.	County Represented.	Native State.	State emigrat' from.	Age	Married or single	Occ'pation.	P. O. Address.	No. years res. of Or.
Wilson Bowby,	Washington, Columbia, Clatsop, and Tillamook.	New Jersey,	Indiana,	44	married.	Physician,	Forest Grove,	10
J. H. Mitchell,	Multnomah,	Pennsylvania,	Penn'a's,	25	married.	Lawyer,	Portland,	2
James K. Kelly,	Clackamas & Wasco,	Pennsylvania,	California,	43	single,	Lawyer,	Oregon City,	11
Jno. R. McBride,	Yamhill,	Missouri,	Missouri,	39	married.	Lawyer,	Lafayette,	16
William Taylor,	Polk,	Kentucky,	Illinois,	52	married.	Farmer,	Dallas,	11
Wm. Greenwood,	Marion,	Virginia,	Iowa,	56	married.	Farmer,	Salem,	14
John W. Grim,	Marion,	Ohio,	Illinois,	42	married.	Farmer,	Aurora,	15
D. W. Ballard,	Linn,	Indiana,	Indiana,	39	married.	Physician,	Lebanon,	10
Bartlett Curl,	Linn,	Kentucky,	Missouri,	48	married.	Farmer,		9
A. G. Hovey,	Benton,	New Hamp.	Ohio,	34	single,	Farmer,	Corvallis,	12
C. E. Chrisman,	Lane,	Virginia,	Missouri,	51	married.	Farmer,	Cottage Grove,	10
James Munroe,	Lane,	Missouri,	Missouri,	47	married.	Farmer,	Eugene City,	10
Solomon Fitzhugh,	Douglas,	Kentucky,	Missouri,	58	married.	Farmer,	Roseburg,	12
Jacob Wagner,	Jackson,	Ohio,	Iowa,	41	married.	Farmer,	Ashland Mills,	11
D. S. Holton,	Josephine,	Vermont,	Iowa,	38	married.	Physician,	Kerbyville,	10
Jos. W. Drew,	Coos Curry Unappqua	New Hampsh.	New Ham.	37	single,	Farmer,	Fort Unappqua	12

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

Names.	County Represented.	Native State.	State emigrat' from.	Age	Married or single	Occ'pation.	P. O. Address.	No. years res. of Or.
Lindsey Applegate,	Jackson,	Kentucky,	Missouri,	53	married.	Farmer,	Ashland,	19
C. P. Blair,	Benton,	North Carolina	Iowa,	52	married.	Farmer,	Corvallis,	9
H. M. Brown,	Linn,	Vermont,	Missouri,	42	married.	Farmer,	Scio,	16
F. A. Colhard,	Clackamas,	Kentucky,	Illinois,	52	married.	Farmer,	Oregon City,	15
Enoch W. Conyers,	Columbia,	Kentucky,	Illinois,	32	married.	Farmer,	Oak Point,	10
John Cummins,	Yamhill,	Indiana,	Iowa,	24	single.	Attorney,	Lafayette,	9
Andrew J. Dufur,	Multnomah,	Vermont,	Wiscon-sin.	46	married.	Farmer,	Portland,	3
Joseph Engle,	Marion,	Virginia,	Illinois,	47	married.	Farmer,	Belpassi,	11
James D. Fay,	Josephine,	South Carolina	Missouri,	27	single.	Attorney,	Kerbyville,	12
P. W. Gillette,	Clatsop & Tillamook,	Ohio,	Ohio,	36	single.	Horticult.	Astoria,	10
O. Hamason,	Wasco,	Ohio,	Ohio,	35	married.	Attorney,	Dalles,	12
I. D. Haines,	Jackson,	Ohio,	Missouri,	33	single.	Merchant,	Jacksonville,	13
A. A. Hemenway,	Lane,	Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	56	married.	Physician,	Long Tom,	9
John T. Kerns,	Clackamas,	Ohio,	Illinois,	30	married.	Merchant,	Milwaukie,	10
Rufus Mallory,	Douglas,	New York,	Iowa,	31	married.	Attorney,	Roseburg,	3
Y. S. McClure,	Lane,	Indiana,	Indiana,	47	married.	Farmer,	Eugene City,	9
John Minto,	Marion,	England,	Penn.	40	married.	Farmer,	Salem,	18
I. R. Moores,	Marion,	Illinois,	Illinois,	31	married.	Merchant,	Salem,	10
Asa A. McCully,	Linn,	Ohio,	Iowa,	44	married.	Merchant,	Harrisburg,	10
Wm. Medley,	Linn,	Virginia,	Illinois,	45	single.	Farmer,	Calapooia,	17
Joel Palmer,	Yamhill,	New York,	Indiana,	52	married.	Farmer,	Dayton,	17
Maxwell Ramsby,	Clackamas,	Ohio,	Missouri,	40	married.	Farmer,	Oregon City,	16
G. W. Richardson,	Polk,	Illinois,	Illinois,	38	married.	Min. Gosp.	Bethel,	11
Cyrus A. Reed,	Marion,	New Hampsh'e	N. H.	37	married.	Painter,	Salem,	12
John Smith,	Linn,	Kentucky,	Illinois,	56	married.	Farmer,	Peoria,	10
Arch. Stevenson,	Coos and Curry,	Maine,	Michigan,	25	single.	Attorney,	Ellensburg,	2
Benj. Simpson,	Polk,	Tennessee,	Missouri,	44	married.	Merchant,	Grandround,	16
S. D. Van Dyke,	Jackson,	Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	53	married.	Farmer,	Phoenix,	10
Phillip Wasserman,	Multnomah,	Germany,	California,	24	single.	Merchant,	Portland,	4
M. Wilkins,	Lane,	North Carolina	Missouri,	43	married.	Farmer,	Will. Forks,	15
A. M. Witham,	Benton,	Indiana,	Indiana,	40	married.	Farmer,	Corvallis,	15
R. Wilcox,	Washington.	New York	Missouri,	.....	married.	Farmer,	Hillsboro.	17
Wm. H. Wilson,	Unappqua,	Tennessee,	Missouri,	59	married.	Farmer,	Yancala,	19
James Watson,	Douglas,	South Carolina	Iowa,	60	married.	Farmer,	Roseburg,	9

THE APPLE MARKET—Day after day

residing in Salem. That Mr. P. was the most efficient Sargent at Arms that had ever been employed by the Oregon Legislature.



November, 1862

4. I am aboard through holding the Excise tax on Astoria and am now waiting for the boat to go up to Coconino County. The steamer Belle is quite slow, we left Astoria at 4 P.M. & reached Monticello, after making of this place is beautifully situated upon the bank of the Coconino river in the midst of a fertile prairie of several sections. The town contains a dozen or more houses, & wears the appearance of moderate thrift.
5. I borrowed a small boat & pulled up to Rainier in Oregon. but found nothing there to impress. Desolation & decay are the prominent features of the place. I returned, & at noon, started for St. Helens on the Steamer Coconino, & reached that place at 3 P.M. Here I met Mr. Revett who treated me very kindly. I put up at Hookers. Here I found an object that interested me no tiller. A young lady of more than ordinary beauty. Her "beauty undormed" was she. Her elegant form, her splendid eye, and her intelligent and expressive countenance, attracted ones attention, notwithstanding her cheap and homely garb. She wore no hoops, & her clothes were old-fashioned and plain, yet I admired & pitied her.
6. Having completed my business, I bid the strange & interesting beauty adieu & started for home. The river scenery is very beautiful. How the yellow leaves of the ash, cottonwood & maple bedeck and mellow the stiff unchanging rock

town is two miles up the Coconino, and opposite Rainier.

Nov 14/1862

8 Yesterday I finished my business in this place & to today, has been spent in idleness.

My chief amusement is to go in & spend a hour occasionally with Mrs Davis & hear ~~her~~ play & sing. She plays elegantly & sings well. But it is not to hear her sing & play, alone that takes me there. She has other charms - she can talk - the best accomplishment of all. She has a splendid store of knowledge, is pleasant & elegant in speech and has a remarkable pleasing and expressive countenance. Her features are good & her face rather pretty, but her form is by no means fine - She has, however a handsome hand. It is a great pleasure to me, to meet an intelligent Lady. It is so thrilling, so exhilarating - if there be any jewels of genius in me, an intelligent Lady will make them sparkle.

Mrs D. is giving Music lessons in this place, & quite a number of young ladies & gentlemen are availing themselves of the opportunity of learning the fine Art.

9 This is about the first rainy day that we have had for about a month. The first storms of Winter have a very peculiar effect upon my nervous system & today it was more particularly manifested. I seemed to want something, got-knew not what, - wished to go somewhere, got-knew not where. - Was disconcerted.



100  
November 1862

-ed, restless & cross. And yet was free from pain.

Nov 10 Nothing worth of attention today  
Nov 11 I went over to Mr Jeffers & got Elijah to start with to Gillamook, for company. The roads were so bad that we could not think of taking any horses so, of course we had to walk. I had on my boots, & before I had walked 5 miles, both of my heels were blistered, and I had to abandon the expedition.

Nov 14 I completed the Assessment on Clatsop and came to town this evening. Last Wednesday was a rainy day, the only one of the month as yet.

Nov 17 I posted notices that the Assessment of this Dist was completed.

The weather still remains beautiful, the days are warm & pleasant & the nights are a little frosty.

30 Since we last writing nothing of importance occurred in my particular history, nor that of this vicinity. The weather has continued as fine as any one could desire it.

The nights are usually frosty & the days sunny & pleasant.

Last Friday, I went up to Wroks on official business, on the Steamer Belle & towed my boat along so as to come back at my leisure. Saturday, I came as far as "the Prairie" & stayed over night at Mr Hall's, where I feasted on Mallard ducks most elegantly served up. Cathlamet bay is full of decoy geese & swan. I never saw so many any place before in my life. People who live in that neighborhood have all the game they want &

## December 1862

7 I came home last Monday  
and have been preparing to "keep  
house" I find everything in the greatest  
confusion. — The part most of my  
household "fixings" were at J's.

I am now staying at home, yet, am  
not prepared to live, I only stay. In a  
few days however I expect to be more  
comfortable.

Yesterday Elijah & I took our cattle  
up to Harrell's place to winter, there  
is an abundance of good grass tho'  
& unless it snows unusually deep  
they will do well there.

I was surprised, and annoyed to see how  
rapidly the trees & brush, are growing upon  
the "clearings" & rendering the labor that  
has been expended on this river above here  
almost an entire loss.

Mon 9 This morning I butchered a beef cow  
Elijah helped me, & neither of us being  
much accustomed to that kind of business  
we made rather a bad job of it. I took  
half of it to town in the evening &  
sold it at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cts per lb.

Tu 10 Last night it began to rain just  
dark, & it has continued nearly all  
day with heavy wind.

I had some official business to do  
today & some letters to write which kept  
me busy. In the evening I called upon  
Mrs Lowell & Miss Willard. The Pacific  
came <sup>in</sup> tonight with news only 5 days  
from the States.

We 11 I came home this morning and  
cut up, & sold my beef & this eve



DECEMBER 1862

unrendering the tallow. This is any thing but a pleasant job. Besides it is one that I do not understand as well as would like.

Dec 12 I went down to J.B. this morning, according to promise to help to kill a beef; but they were all in town & did not return so I came back. While waiting there, I saw the Steamer Belle crossing the bay on her way to Skipsnon for Palatines. I record the fact because it is a significant one. It will be but a few years before boats will be regularly plying about these rivers & bays.

Yesterday and today it has been showery cold and disagreeable.

Dec 13 This has been a stormy dreary day. I loaned my boat to Eljah last Thursday & <sup>was to</sup> turn it in this next day, & he has not yet brought it back. How one breach of promise weakens our confidence in each other. I am here alone without a boat upon the whole river & I was very anxious to go to town. Can I trust him with my boat again. How important it is that we keep our promises most faithfully.

Dec 14 It has been cold with drizzling rain - just one of the most unpleasant & disagreeable days that we ever have. There is something in a very cold day, & a very hot day is not without some good features, a stormy day is grand, but what is this <sup>in a</sup> cold, bleak, foggy, drizzly day like this, that any one can admire? Answer, ye who can. I passed the time off as well as I could. I wrote to Hon B. B. Herding, my sister & brother & Mr. S. B. -

on went back to Democracy.

December 1862

"B. J. Harding, was one of Oregon's United States Senators. He was elected, as a Union man, the loyal vote of Oregon. He had always been a Democrat, and I did not have the faintest confidence in him in that account. So I thought to encourage him, by writing such letters. He made only a fairly good Senator. He was a man of small caliber - poor ability."

5 This has been the stormiest day of the season. It has rained & blown & on slowly all day. My boat has not yet come. So I am obliged to stay at home whether I wish to or not.

The following is an extract from a letter I wrote to Hon. B. J. Harding. \*  
"We look for the proceedings of Congress with great anxiety. As great a responsibility never devolved upon any other American Congress as now hangs upon the present one. The present hour demands the best ability and truest patriotism of every Senator & Representative."

The eye of the whole world is upon you and the historian is recording in infadable words, your every act. The hope of your State, the prosperity of our Country, the happiness of unborn ages and the perpetuity of American Liberty depends upon you.

The responsibility of the President & Cabinet is immense. How much do they need your aid and cooperation.

How essential is it, that there should be consort of action in all departments of Government. In order to accomplish the great work before you there should be union of effort and union of action. All Political feuds and party strife should be put aside until the Country is settled.

May we hope that such may be the case?" I sent him a list of all the voters in the County, with their occupation & political views so that he might have an appropriate document.





Dec 11th 1862.

When I saw quite a number of my old friends. I took dinner with Mrs. Kagan, the wife of the the wealthiest man in Portland. She used to reside in Astoria, and when her Mother kept board ing house, had to work very hard. She done my washing for several years; for all of which she was none the worse - But now she keeps a servant, and does not even do her own cooking. How very suddenly, and strangely we sometimes change circum stances? She was Caroline Gray, daughter of M. H. Gray +

22 This morning I did my business, and was ready to start home before night, but could not go, as the boat had left in the morning. I handed to Mr. A. Holbrook \$271.00 for the Sanitary fund; Contributed by citi zens of this County. Oregon has now Contrib uted \$18,600.00! for the relief of the sick & wounded in the Army. A noble effort, in a noble cause.

23. I have become quite tired of Portland, with but few acquaintances to visit, & no business to do, al most any place will become tiresome.

This afternoon I call on Mrs. Gov. Gibbs; and dined with Mrs. Ladd. Both of whom, are very intelligent amiable ladies. Played Chess in the evening with Mr. C. Johnson at the "Pioneer".

24 Having some official business to transact, at St. Helens, I took the Cowitz at 6, & reached St. Helens at 9 P.M. this morning. The little dilapidated town was full of people, intent on enjoi ing Christmas. The "Store" & Legior Sh were <sup>crowded</sup> ~~full~~ all day with gaping green horns; Some were buying "good Clad", others, nicknacks with which to treat the ladies at the dance in the evening.

At 4 P.M. the dance began. There were about 70 persons present, about 20 of who

and was born at Mailatpa, 17 or 18 years past near Malcolms and was one of the first white children born in Oregon, probably about the 5th white child born there. Mr. H. Gray, wrote a history of Oregon. But he was unfit for a historian to pen such to be a reliable historian. Mr. H. Gray, wrote a history of Oregon. But he was unfit for a historian to pen such to be a reliable historian. Mr. H. Gray, wrote a history of Oregon. But he was unfit for a historian to pen such to be a reliable historian.



Summer of 1900, it measured nine feet across in circumference 17.

Dec 11/17 1862

25. Christmas morning found the dancers still engaged in the fascinating amusement. We had this suspended, when I left the town on a steamboat at 9 1/2 A.M. We reached Monticello at noon, & took the Belle, for Astoria. They gave us roast Turkey & plum pudding for dinner. I met an intelligent & interesting lady, who had crossed the plains this year. She got off at Oak Point. We reached Astoria at 2 P.M. too late for any of the Christmas amusements.
28. The last 2 or 3 days have been very stormy, with heavy rain & violent winds. I have spent much time around town.
30. I came home yesterday morning to look after my affairs ~~for~~ a day or two. But it has been so stormy that it was impossible to do anything out doors. Last night, the wind blew harder I believe, than it has done within the last 10 years. It blew down green trees that have always been just as much exposed as they were yesterday. And a greater number have fallen, than I ever before knew to fall in one storm. The wind was terrific. I was afraid that it would crush my house. It seemed as if every thing must fall or be carried away on the storm. It blew my fences down. In fact its marks were visible everywhere. So many trees were blown down around the edge of the clearing, that the woods seemed farther away. The changed appearance was wonderful. This evening I met, with a few others at a little "sociable" at McKears, & spent the last of the old year. In a very silly and ridiculous manner. We played "blind man's bluff", "Pussy wants a corner", "Back" & a half dozen other plays equally as silly.

# January 1863!

Again I record the name of another year. I have been recording a new year every 12 months, since 1835. Or about that time, I began to wield the pen. I shall soon be getting old, - but who can help it. Who can check the speed of time, or slack its rapid pace?

Ten years have sped away since I came to Clatsop County. There are no more people in the County than when I first came, Astoria is larger than it was, but the "County" is smaller. There is, perhaps more wealth now, than then, & the prospect for advance movement seems somewhat favorable.

The immigration of last summer have scattered out through the State, and many of them settled in the upper Columbia, Powder & John Day river countries; & when ever Eastern Oregon comes settled up; then, the importance of our location will be known and felt.

I spent the day in making "Calls" &c. In the evening, I went to Madame Clavells, where I found assembled the youth and beauty of the town or a part of it. We played "Magic Music" "Hunt a Key" &c, and made ourselves quite ridiculous, generally.

Sat 3. Last night the wind blew fearfully; & today a number of persons started to Clatsop & were obliged to return; I had a long & interesting political discussion in the Court-house with Parker, Adams & others. Went down & spent the night with Mr Adams. The steamer Pacific came down today, on her way out. She was detained in Coquille bay all day yesterday by wind. The Clatsop people got home today - having been detained here nearly a week. The past week has been the stormiest one that I have ever seen in Oregon, or any other State.

3 1/2 1st

no one believed that Eastern Oregon were as fit for anything recently it is found to be good agricultural country

When I first came to Ore. I was in Sept for stock raising.



January 1863

5.

I came home this morning, and every where I look, see marks of the late severe storm. The weather still is bad.

Today Mr Crandle called to buy a few apples, he is staying in George McEwans old house, & is hunting for a living, the Kells & I send the meat to Portland, such as he cannot sell in Astoria, I think I would prefer to work rather than hunt. It would be quite as easy. His only companions are, gun & dog.

12

I have been in town since last Thursday. I brought over a load of Apples which I sold at 4 ct per lb. They were shipped to Shoal Water Bay.

The weather is got warm, but stormy with a great quantity of rain.

13

I started this evening on the Steamer Belle, for Oregon City. It was so dark and foggy that we lay all night at Cathlamet. The Capt & I went up & spent the evening with Mr Birnie. I was much interested with his stories of the early history of the State. He came here 45 years ago with the J. W. Company. He says that he has seen the favorite servants of the wealthy deceased Indians sacrificed & buried with their Masters. He said it was most frequently done upon the spot where Astoria now stands. He says the Concomly, a Chinook Chief had 200 warriors, and that hundreds of Indians inhabited Clatsop Plains; - that he has often seen hundreds of Canoes full of Indians in the bay before Astoria at one view. Where are they now! I might ask? Gone! Gone! Dead!! Sacrificed upon the altar of civilization! of Religion. Whenever an Indian hears the voice of a Missionary, and breathes the air that white men breathe, he dies. Civilization poisons them.\*

We started at 5 A.M. & reached Multnomah at about 2 o'clock. Here we had to wait until 3 P.M.

The whole near brings among them

# January 1863

- We reached Portland at 11 P.M. I stopped at the  
 Columbia. At 8, this morning I went on to  
 Oregon City on the River. Soon after my ar-  
 rival I went to the Land Office and did my  
 business; & then went down & visited my old  
 friend Tompkins, where I remained until the  
 morning at 8 I started to Portland. I was  
 busy all day doing business for my neighbor.  
 Spent the evening at Thalman's, & learned Miss  
 Grannie how to play Chess.
- Jan 18 Attended Presby. over Church, I go there  
 because I meet there the most of my Portland  
 friends, and not that I have any preference for  
 that most bigoted denomination. I took din-  
 ner at Mrs. Kamm's, where I met Miss M. a real  
 beauty. She has the most bewitching eyes, the  
 I ever saw. She is full of life and fun.
- Jan 19. Started home this morning on the old Belle.  
 The Express runs to Astoria, and is a much bet-  
 ter boat, but I patronize the Belle on price.  
 The Express belongs to a Menapoly. Mr. Kamm  
 "Steam boat" man came down today to  
 look after tide land spruce for boat building.  
 It is doubtless the best timber in Oregon for  
 that use, and is now beginning to attract  
 attention among builders. Notwithstanding  
 Oregon has such an immense quantity of Spruce  
 timber; yet she has but little for ship building.
- Jan 23 I came home on Wednesday and have  
 a little work in the ground, though it is very wet.  
 The weather is yet very mild for winter. It  
 hailed a little today, but the ground has not  
 been whitened with snow this winter. This is  
 remarkable for its mildness; last winter was  
 for its severity. His said, that extremes follow  
 each other. They have in this case —



January 1863.

24 I came home from town this morning, having been there since last Saturday. Nothing has occurred worthy of notice, except it be a "party" that came off on Monday night at Kapis. Almost the whole town were there. It was a "Social." Many of the old fashioned silly "plays" were indulged in. A sad indication, I fear, of a lack of intelligence and proper cultivation. The company seemed however, to enjoy each others ~~company~~ <sup>Society</sup> hugely, by which it seems that a kindly feeling exists in the village.

The Month, has been an extraordinary one. Not cold, but very wet & warm for the season. I do not recollect even one frost during the month. But we have had an unusual amount of rain and many high winds, & fearful storms.

I have done nothing during the past month that will add anything to my pecuniary interests, and but little to enlarge my intellectual attainments.

The late news from the Seat of War does not indicate any material advantage to the federal arms. Our Repulse at Fredricksburg following the Democratic victories in some of the States, makes loud mouths rebel sympathizers out of many who seemed before to be true Union Democrats. It speaks badly for the Democratic party, & for Democrats, to see them rejoice at Federal reverses, and rebel victories. Yet this ~~is true~~; deplorably true that very many of them do so. If it does not bring a lasting disgrace upon that ~~wretched~~ party, there is less patriotism in the American people than they have ~~have~~ had credit for.

February 1863.

Y. 17<sup>th</sup> Until today I have not been at home for nearly 3 weeks. The weather has been variable & I have spent the most of my time in Astoria. I ~~last~~ went to Clatsop & dug up Cream-berry vines enough to fill a large box. I shipped them to California, as per order to a gentleman who wishes to plant a marsh. N. 25. Since my last writing there has been almost no good weather; it has been almost continual rain, not unfrequently attended by high winds. I bought a yoke of Oxen, a few days ago, for which I paid \$90.00. And today Mr. Lifford myself brought them home. It is the first yoke of Oxen that I ever owned.

Spring is coming on very fast. The grass is very green, and fruit buds are swelling rapidly. Y. 26. This has been the only fine day that we have had during the month. I found all my cows this morning. The warm weather brought them in to <sup>the</sup> tide lands for grass.

I have been digging up trees & transplanting them where the last Winter killed some of the old orchard trees. I lost about 12 or 15 in all together.

Y. 27. I have been pruning my roses & other shrubs. Owing to my absence last Summer many of my choicest sorts died, and all were more or less injured from neglect. Flowers are spoiled and unprotected, they will pine away, dwindle & die.

Y. 28 I went to town with a load of fruit & and fruit trees, the value of which is about \$80. This is the last day of the hardest February I have ever seen in Oregon. Usually we have two weeks or more good weather in this month, but there has been but two or three days of passably good weather in this



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March, 1863.

Mon. 2. I came home again this morning for another load of fruit trees. It is some little satisfaction to one's self to know that he is <sup>repurchasing</sup> some permanent benefit to his country by propagating delicious fruits and fragrant flowers, to adorn and beautify, as well as to add luxuries and abundance to the homes of his fellow-men. The grass upon the tide moors is about 3 inches high.

9<sup>th</sup> Last Wednesday the Steamer came in from California, bringing the particulars of the organization of a Company, with a capital stock of \$1,100,000 for the purpose of building up a Commercial city to be called "Pacific", and to locate on the former site of Pacific City. An engineer came up to make arrangements for building a wharf &c. And it is said that the Steamer Herman was to leave San Francisco on the 5<sup>th</sup> of this month with 16 families for that new City. Or rather the embryo city, drawn upon paper, but ~~the~~ <sup>whose</sup> streets & blocks are covered with trees and brush.

Dr White of old Pacific City, notariety is at the head of it, and has been agitating the subject some time. How successful this enterprise may be, I will not attempt to conjecture. But I am well convinced that the necessity of the times, demands a commercial depot at, or near the mouth of the Columbia. The principal obstacle to the success of Pacific, is the harbor. Baker's bay, receives the full force of every South and South East storm, which rolls in such heavy seas, that it is quite difficult for vessels to lie at anchor much less along side of a wharf.

# MARCH 1863

It may be that Pacific will be found to be impracticable on account of her harbor if so, the Capital to be used in rebuilding her up, may divert to Astoria. Persons who invest money, will certainly desire to put where it will be most likely to succeed.

Whether Pacific be a failure or a success, it has given Astoria quite a fright.

Y. 12. The weather still continues spring like warm and pleasant. I went to town today with a load of trees. The California Steamship arrived while I was there. Nothing more is said of the "Pacific" excitement. The steamer had not made any preparation for sailing to that new port.

The news from the seat of war is rather favorable. The Proclamations is working well and success seems to await us. Our country will yet survive this terrible shock. I hope.

Y. 16. I came home today, having been in to since Saturday. I received a letter from S. Senator B. F. Harding, in which he talks soundly on Union question. He is a true & loyal man. He had been so long a Democrat, and his associations had been so bad, that I did not vote for him. I have no confidence in a man who calls himself a Democrat. But as yet, I am satisfied that he is a loyal man. I believe in trying a man, especially in such perilous times as these are, before giving him so responsible a position. A Republican cannot be a traitor, a Democrat of this age is apt to be one. Mr H. says, "There is so much jealousy, distrust & bad feeling among the commanding generals, that nothing can be done successfully until such



March 1863.

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state of affairs." He farther says "that <sup>the</sup> success of the Belandinkham Democrats in the West is somewhat alarming," and their principals are still more so, being avowed disunionists.

2 The Steamer brought dates from the Seat of war up to the 16<sup>th</sup> inst. by which we learn that the Rebels have evacuated Vicksburg. This is an important success.

3 Last week Cleopha & I were lucky enough to kill 8 of the wild cattle that infest the woods. One of them made good beef. The lot brought about \$60. The weather has been delightful for several days. Finer Spring weather we could not ask. I am much behind with my work and it will require a double effort to accomplish all I wish to. I am as usual to late with my grafting. Having only begun today. I don't expect to get all grafted that I should be. The graft on the moore is 10 inches high.

31. March has terminated most beautifully! The last few days have been as fine as any one could desire. The first part of the month was almost a continual storm. The Salmon & Whortle berry, wild flowering Currant, & Wake Robin have been in bloom for some time.

I spent part of the day in patting fire in to the dry fern, which is now dry enough to burn pretty well. By burning up the old crop of fern, it kills all young weed & brush that may be growing among it.

Having read all of the newspapers, I have again to resort to French. I spend just about time enough upon the language, to preserve what I learned of it some years ago.

April, 1865.

Mr. 1<sup>st</sup> "All fools day" has been a lovely one. Tho, is able to describe the bewitching beauty of the Spring? There is a charm in every breeze, a joy in every sunbeam; a delight in every landscape; a sweet reminiscence in the song of every bird, recalling the joys of boyhood.

Beauty every where takes the Spring.

Sh. 2. Photo. this morning - and rain before night. Full Moon! By my observation, as well as by that of many, it seems, that, at the Full, and New moon, it is almost sure to rain or storm. I am from hence forth going to try to keep a record of the weather at those periods, in this book for the purpose of testing it.

J. 8. I went to town on Saturday, I would have came back yesterday but for the <sup>wind</sup> ~~storm~~ which was too heavy. I therefore spent the most of the day in doing official business. I went from Astoria to ~~Lewiston~~ <sup>Skipanon</sup> after a load of potatoes. At home, I received a letter from my brother Thos. C. Gillette, of the U. S. Army. He is now upon the Potomack. He says that he has traveled over the greater part of Virginia 5 or 6 times and has worn out three horses, and has slift out doors nearly all Winter without a tent.

Thurs. 9. Yesterday Elsie & myself went up to Harell's place to bring our calves home. (We took them up their last fall to Winter) but they are as wild as Elk, and we could do nothing with them. We built a pen, which we are going to try to get them into tomorrow. I planted a few <sup>potatoes</sup> today.

Mr. 15. We succeeded in coming the "Strategic maneuver" over 3 of our calves. the day. The weather has been cold & stormy for the last few days, with some snow and hail.



April 1863

Y<sup>18</sup>. Yesterday I did my first plowing, & have been busy at it all day today. My oxen are old & rather thin ~~at this~~ <sup>at this</sup> time, and walk very slow. It is quite a variation to plow with such a team. But it is the best I can do. I am very much behind with my work.

on 2<sup>d</sup>. Mr. J. came up to help me plow; among my trees it requires a driver. It rained gently all day yesterday and today, with the wind from the N. W. — something rather unusual. 22. I went to town yesterday, & returned this morning. I received a letter from Hon. J. R. Mc Bride now in Washington city, and M. C. from this State.

24. Started to Partland, on the Steam Ship Sierra Nevada as U. S. Inspector (Vessels coming from a foreign Port, are boarded by the Collector with an Inspector.) We reached Pt. at 8. A. M. We were an hour busily engaged in examining baggage of passengers to see that no dutyable goods were taken ashore. And I remained up all night for this to see that nothing was taken ashore subject to ~~pay~~ duty.

25. I was on the wharfe all day, inspecting goods as they were delivered, and did not get through so as to go into town until 6 P. M. There was a large quantity of Vegetables brought by the Steamer from Calafornia. Such as Cabbage, Cauliflower, Peas, Beans, Sallery, New potatoes &c. Also a fine lot of fresh Halibut & Cod fish from Victoria. I spent the evening at Mrs. Hamms —

26. The Steamer left Partland at 5 this morning. We had to feel our way along, for an hour or two in the fog, but when it cleared away, it revealed the most beautiful day that we have ~~have~~ had this Spring. Every body seemed happy, & were delighted with the scenery as the noble Steamer sped away down the

April 1863.

16 27. I came home this morning, and for everything all right. I have been away for days, but in that short time I can see that everything has grown considerable in that ~~short time~~.

17 28. The Pear, Plum & Cherry trees are now in full bloom, except a few of the late sorts, and give fair promise of an abundant crop, if they escape the late frosts.

Yesterday I bought Mr. Wyls horse to plow my nursery, and also to do some harrowing. She is rather small to do much work. The country is full of small worthless horses. I hope the day is not distant when farmers will pay more attention to improving their horses.

I planted a few potatoes today, for the first that I have planted, and am ready to plant all my crop, yet the Moon is not right yet. I shall not wait. I will run the risk of planting the "light of the Moon".

18 30. April has terminated beautifully. The last 10 days have been as fine as one could wish for. But the middle of the month was quite cold, stormy & disagreeable weather. As a whole, the month has been quite as good as the average. So I have no fault to find with it; and if I had, what good would it do? How very much fault finding there is among restless, dissatisfied humanity, and how very little good it does! To complain of Nature is idle, and only makes the complainer, contemptible and disagreeable; and to find fault with others, gives only offense, and displeasure. <sup>Therefore</sup> it is far better to be contented with things as they are, unless the defect can be amended in which case, we should not stop for fault & grumble, but proceed at once to make



May 1863

1st Y. May. Sweet May! There is a charm in the word. I cannot see, hear, write or speak the word, without a thrill of pleasure. Not that May in Calzop, is so very much more pleasant than some other months. But in my native Ohio it combined all the perfect beauties of Spring. How well do I remember her balmy breath, her bright green fields, her woods teeming with dazzling beauty, her gorgeous flowers, her merry birds, and her sweet sunny days.

And the glorious "May day"! My mind now runs out over the wide world, and by fancy, sees the countless happy faces joyously mingling in the May day festivities. But my May day has been less gleeful, than cheerful - In honest, sturdy toil I spent the day.

Full Moon, High wind and rain  
Wind, W. S. 72

Great! Though <sup>light</sup> as to do no harm. The steamer came in today bringing late news from the Atlantic States. There is nothing very decisive from the war, but everything is looking quite favorable for our ultimate success. There is no danger of foreign intervention - All is quiet abroad & the sympathy for the North is daily increasing. The rebels are pressed for food and ammunition.

W. I finished plowing my nursery, and planting potatoes today.

Y. I went to town to attend the examination and exhibition of Astoria District School. Both scholars and teachers acquitted themselves with credit. This School is certainly one of the best in the State. I never saw classes pass a better examination.

8th. I commenced upspringing the "Income tax" which will be very small. Now when

May 1863

we supposed to be doing well, are found  
now only to be making a shabby living. It  
is strange, how people who make pretensions  
of honesty & honor will squirm out of a little  
pay, when their country is so pressed <sup>for</sup> money  
and means to carry on a <sup>war</sup> for self preservation.  
I will make them swear pretty hard to their statement.

Sun 9. The California Steamer came in today  
bringing news from the Seat of War, up to May  
7<sup>th</sup>. An awful battle had been progressing for  
4 or 5 days on the Rapahannoe. It seems from the  
meager telegrams that up to the last day, our forces  
were having the advantage in the fight, but  
the last dispatch says, that Hooker had been driven  
across the Rapahannoe.

Thurs. 15. It is now just about in the midst of Apple  
blossoming time. The fruit is all got under fire.  
The McEwans just left here. They have been on  
a hunting orursion of three days, but killed nothing.  
The old man is 85 years old, yet he is tramping  
through the woods hunting elk. They stopped  
with me two nights.

Sat 16. Rain! It is within one day of the change  
of the Moon. I went to town yesterday in a fair  
south wind. But heard no news of much importance  
from the Army in addition to what  
had before. <sup>Our</sup> forces at Fredericksburg are in  
better condition than we had before heard.

This warm rain has added a deeper hue  
of beauty to the Charming Spring, and I can  
negotiate to leap forth with renewed vigor.  
I found another young calf this over noon.  
So my "flocks & herds" increase.

Sun 17. New Moon! Rain in the latter part  
of the day and at night.

Mon 18. I found Salmonberries so near ripe that  
they would be called ripe by most of people.



May 1863

It rained again today, but this evening it seems to have cleared off. At the Change of the moon, there are generally two or three days of rain. I have been opening the road to North Moore, so as to let my cars go there, almost every winter the road is filled up with the trees.

21. Yesterday I came to town and hired a boy, (a Swede) to stay at home during my absence. He went to work this morning, and went to town to continue my business, of opening the Income tax.

24. Having been appointed Special Inspector to attend the Steamer *Beaumont* and Superintend the discharge of her cargo, I embarked upon her in the evening for Portland; which on the 25<sup>th</sup> part we reached at 8 a.m. this morning. I was surprised to see the *Matamoras* so high so early in the season. The steamer discharged a great quantity of freight today, which added mostly to the business appearance of the place. But it was all from California with the exception of 3 or 4 bails of furs which was from Victoria, and was found in possession of the Porter, none of the officers ~~was~~ being aware that they were on the ship. So we seized them for confiscation.

27 I got through with the Steamer yesterday and am now inspecting the cargo of the barque *Cambridge* from the Sandwich Islands laden with Sugar Syrup Coffee Rice, Oils, Pulo, Salt, and a lot of Legumes from Victoria. I spent the evening at Mrs. Ramms. Where I met my old friend S. G. I got through discharging the Barque yesterday. Her duties amount to \$6,200. I came down to St Helens this morning to assess the Income Tax of

June 1865

Mo. 12th St. Helens is a place, neither remarkable for its wealth or prosperity; for brilliant society or fashion; for shrewdness or for men or the beauty of her women; but it is pleasant to stroll over her hills in company with her "Koda" and an "Lucy" and gather the blushing strawberries. I will not soon forget St. Helens' Bassett's round hill, her strawberries or her rustic daughter.

I came home today on the fine new steamer from H. Couch. I met on her Mr. Kaner, the Union candidate in N. Y. for Congress. He is just going forth upon the Campaign.

Thur 4. I came home today, and my friend C. whom I had left here, was very glad to see me. He thought I had been gone a long time. I must note the peculiar manner that he hoed my potatoes. It was quite new to me. He covered them entirely ~~up~~ over with dirt heaping up immense rows of dirt upon the potatoes. He said "that is the way they do in Sweden". I told him to hoe hereafter for me as they did in America.

Thur 11. Clatsop Plains. I came from Astoria here this morning. I got a horse of Mr. Peck and rode down as far as Mr. Gearhart through the beautiful green prairie. I was charmed with the scenery, - the bright green grass, the sparkling with flowers; - the heards swells with lavish plants, and the comfortable farm houses, surrounded by abundance and filled with health, happiness & contentment. If these people are not comfortable and happy must be their own fault. They are seldom ever sick, and do not have to labor more than one half of the time to make a good living. In the evening I walked to the beach in company with



JUNE 1863

young gentlemen. We amused ourselves by running jumping & shooting. They could beat me shooting; but could not jump them all. I rode down to Latties this morning, & on my return back up the plain called at the different farms houses to collect the Income tax. Some few were stubborn & determined not to give their lists of gains and profits. And I had to threaten them with the penalties of the Law before I could get as full returns as I desired.

It is something new to all, and they regard it with some suspicion; even the most Loyal seem quite fearful that they will give in too much. I came to town ~~yesterday~~ this morning and have been quite busy all day making up my returns, writing letters &c.

June 14 I came home this morning after an absence of 8 days. The cattle have been in my field & destroyed some of my best shrubbery, & damaged my fruit trees some, but not seriously.

Among the the shrubbery etc spoiled were a beautiful Pyramidal box, two American Arborvitae and a Hemlock, the result of years of careful pruning and cultivation.

They were admired by all who beheld them, and I was proud of them myself. I was very much provoked when I beheld them in ruins, but that did not restore them to me.

It will take years more to ~~re~~ reproduce them. But there is a pleasure in doing, as well as in possessing.

June 20. I have been very busy all the <sup>week</sup> in my palaces & I find it is quite impossible to serve U. S. and attend to ones own business at the same time, and do justice to both. Any one business, is sufficient for one person at one time. If he does it full and complete justice. The roses! bright, sweet roses are now fast reaching the prime of their beauty.

June 1863

June 23 I left home on Sunday, and spent two days in town. This morning I started for Portland on the Sierra Nevada as Special Inspector. ~~Wed~~ 24 ~~We~~ reached Portland at 5 A.M. I remained on the wharf all day superintending the discharge of her freight, but found nothing contraband. I find that about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of all the freight brought to this port, is for upper country. — Eastern Oregon is ~~this~~ promising her importance. I called at Mrs Kamms, this morning, where I met my old friend Sarah Gray, who was married this morning at the Dalles. I think she is the prettiest woman in Oregon.

On 26, yesterday the Steamer finished discharging her cargo, & I had some leisure to run around. There are plenty of cherries in market at 25 to 40 cts per lb; and Strawberries at 75 cts per lb!! There ought to be paying prices. I started to St Helens at 8 Am, & reached there at 10. A. M. Parker Deputy Collector, Internal Revenue, accompanied me. We walked out to the Scappoose Plain, a distance of 8 miles. At one point on the road, we had the finest view of Mount St Helens, Rainier & Hood that ever beheld. What splendid monuments of Nature! Along the Scappoose bay are vast tracts of low rich bottom lands, that overflow at the great freshets of the Columbia. They yield immense crops of grass & are as rich as land can be. The "Scappoose Plain" which lies beyond the bay and between Scappoose Creek & the Malheur is a high level tract of land, a part of which is prairie, & the remainder is covered with groves of small oak & fir trees.



11th 1863

The soil is gravelly; but fertile & produces fine crop of grain & vegetables. The people here are "well off", and by good management could make money handsomely. We spent the night at Mr Pappleton, a man despised by his "Copperhead" neighbors for his unflinching Loyalty.

Sat 27. Having finished our business in the country, we returned to St Helens, expecting to remain there until Monday & take the boat for Astoria, but the place has such a lonely gloomy desolate appearance, that we changed our minds, and took the evening boat for Portland, which we reached at 6, & put up at the Western Hotel. (Corner of Morrison & First)

Sun 28. Attended Church twice today, and took dinner with Judge Shattuck, and tea at Mrs Holman. The weather is very warm; such as I am not used to <sup>in the</sup> cool climate of Clatsop. I met Gov Wallace on the boat yesterday, on his way to organize Idaho Territory; also Secretary Daniels. The Gov is a very companionable and gentlemanly personage, & cannot fail to please.

Mon 29. Started home this morning at 10. The Steamer had a large barge with 100 head cattle to tow down to Monticello, also a barge to tow to Willamette bar.

I fell into a political conversation with a man from W. G. I was much provoked & disgusted to find him to be one of the vilest of "Copperheads". Reached Astoria 9 P. M.

Tu 30. Small Moon! And Rain & Storm - much raining yesterday.

The month as a whole has been very pleasant.

July 1863

4<sup>th</sup> This morning about 150 of the Astorians started for Clatsop plains to celebrate the day. It was almost a dead calm so we had to drift down, in the rain, for was raining. After a tedious & disagreeable trip, we reached the landing, all took shelter under the hospitable roof of Mr Pease. A place, with table, seats &c had been prepared in the grove for the occasion, but the rain was too intense to allow us to make use of it. The proceeding went off badly. The Marshall of the day, neither knew or did his duty. - There was no more order or decorum, than in a common mob. I was hugely disgusted with the people to see them act so rudely. - No respect was shown to the <sup>reading of</sup> ~~speech~~, the Declaration or the speeches. The Speeches, however did not deserve too much respect. As they were anything but patriotic. They were just about such speeches as rebel sympathizers would make. I was called, but declined to speak, and ever shall on such occasions unless they give me prior notice.

We returned to Astoria and in the evening had a display of fireworks. But I did not witness it, as I had to act a groomsman, for my friend Mr Parker & the married Miss Inez Adams.

5<sup>th</sup> I started for Tillamook this morning going as far as Mr Gearharts. I have employed Mr Clouche as a guide, and we will start tomorrow. This evening a party of us went out to the sea ridge and gathered 2 gallons of strawberries. We had a good time at Gearharts this evening.



# July 1863

8. We started this morning at 5; and soon got our clothes wet in the dewy grass & bushes. The road up the creek and over the cape is exceedingly muddy. In many places the mud is 6 to 10 inches deep. We reached Elk Creek at 10 A. M. & took a lunch with Ed Jarvis, a half breed, who lives in an Indian hut, & has a Squaw for a wife. The nice broiled fresh Elk meat tasted very good. The tide was right for traveling on the beach and we pushed along. I was delighted <sup>with</sup> the scenery along the beach. High Mountains of rocks projecting in the Ocean - Magnificent pyramids of rock standing in the sea - best works of Neptune, and the home of sea fowls. "Arch Cape" projects into the sea, and at extreme low tide the land is bare quite around its extremest point, but there is an arched gateway through it near the outer point, through which men and horses can pass at half tide. We reached & ascended the famed Mc Carver Mountain at 4 P. M. This vast structure arises <sup>the water's edge</sup> from <sup>an</sup> immense height at an <sup>angle</sup> of about  $45^\circ$ . And the narrow footpath meanders along its side several hundred feet above the sea. Should one lose his footing in many places along the dangerous path, he would not be apt to stop, until he reached the heaving sea. Just beyond and at the foot of the mountain is the residence of Mr. Crawford with whom we spent the night. He has perhaps the best stock ranch in the state.

July 1863

But he has not a neighbor nearer than 15 miles. He has a Squaw wife and lives in primitive style.

At 90 Six miles beyond Crawford's, is the Nehalem, a beautiful river  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile in width at its mouth. From there, to the Tillamook we had smooth sand beach. Near the Mouth of Tillamook stands a rock in the sea, with an arch gateway through it large enough for Steamboat to pass through. It is a strange and beautiful Monument of Nature.

We took dinner at Baidies, the first house up the Tillamook Bay. Here we borrowed a boat and proceeded up the bay & reached Hoquation at Sanderson. This is the Landing for the principal Settlement in the County. It contains a store, Katitax two or three other houses. I spent the night with Mr Quick, one of the principals, as well as the wealthiest citizens of the place.

Sat 11. I did all of my business and got ready to start back today. The whole of expenses of the County amounted to only \$25.00.

We came down the bay as far as Mr Alderman's, with whom we spent the night. The family is the most refined and intelligent of any that I met on the whole journey. Long will I remember their hospitality, and kindness.

Sun 12. We left Mr Alderman at 4, this morning had to pull 4 miles down the bay against flood tide, We reached Baidies at 7. Here I got breakfast and bid them goodby & started.

The day was exceedingly warm and I suffered severely from heat. We reached Crawford's at the foot of <sup>mountain</sup> McCarra, at dinner.



July 1863

The Aborigines, soon had the plain dinner on the table, consisting of corn, beef, potatoes and bread. The Tea was made of some wild weed that is found in abundance on the prairies. They are' refused pay for our passage, so thanking him kindly we took leave of him. The sun was scorching hot and pored down on us with full force as we ascended the mountain. There was not a breath of air to fan us, and had it not been for the cool spring water that we found, I should not have been able to proceed. We saw several deer and a large Elk grazing up the mountain side - far above us. We reached Arch Cape, at sundown and camped. Having no bedding with us, we built a great fire and lay down before it & slept until morning. We started at daylight and went to Elk creek and breakfasted with E. Jarvis. I almost had to shut my eyes while I eat, everything looked so dirty. We came around the outer edge of the Cape, and I was amply repayed for the loss and fatigue of climbing over mountains & crawling through brush. I found some of the most charming spots for "homes by the Sea Side" that I ever beheld. We reached Latties at 3. P. M. and glad were we to get there, for I do not think, I could have went a mile further without rest.

Jun 27. Yesterday I came back from Portland having been there as Inspector on the Steam Ship Brother Johnathan. The weather was unusually hot during my stay in P. and this is one of the warmest days that I have ever seen at Astoria. C. N. Cook & family came down with me, to spend a few weeks in our cool & pleasant climate.

August 1863

Sat. 1. Collector Adams & family and Treasurer  
 + E. N. Cook & family came home with me this  
 morning. After dinner the gentlemen of our  
 party went up to the "Mill" tractory and  
 ladies amused themselves among the flowers &  
 berries. We gave the bedrooms to the ladies and  
 made a field bed upon the floor for the children  
 and gentlemen. The whole party seemed  
 much pleased with this river, and were ~~very~~  
 well pleased with the excursion. There were 11 in all.

11. 3. This morning I started to Cape Disappoint-  
 ment on the Sloop Fanny, in company with  
 25 or 30 ladies & gentlemen from Astoria and  
 other parts of Oregon on a pleasure ex-  
 cursion. We took with us our bedding, and  
 provisions for two or three days, determined  
 to try the realities of camp life. We also pro-  
 vided ourselves with an abundance of fish  
 hooks and lines, with a view of capturing  
 some of the inhabitants of the mighty dis-  
 appointment.

When we reached our destination, Capt.  
 Elliot of U. S. A. put up for our use the best  
 tents. We then proceeded to build our camp-  
 fire, and in a short time had supper. Capt.,  
 his Clerk, De Russie, and Mr. Boze &  
 wife took tea with us. Capt. E. gave up  
 his quarters to the ladies, and the gentlemen  
 in the tents. We struck a fire at an early  
 hour, and soon had breakfast "Steamer"  
 hot. The quantity of provisions consumed  
 was a favorable evidence of the healthfulness of  
 the party. Then began the sports of the day.  
 Some went to the "beach" and "the Cave" others  
 visited the Lighthouse & "Hart," after which  
 nearly the entire party went fishing.  
 We took about 40 fish, they did not

Hon. E. N. Cook is the Treasurer of the State, himself and family are among  
 the best of people in Oregon, and there are no better people  
 anywhere.



August 1863

hills. We were called to "Lunch" at 12 M. by Mrs Boyd. She gave us each a nice dish of "Mush and Milk" I had forgotten to say that we took our meals on the grass in Boyd's yard. After Lunch the rambles and fishing were renewed. For dinner we had an immense fish chowder, and fried fish in abundance, and many other luxuries. At dark we visited the Light. It is a brilliant affair. The whole party spent the evening around an immense Camp fire on the beach, and song, sing, told anecdotes & had a jolly time.

13 After breakfast we ascended the Cape to see the Ocean Steamer go out, and to take a last look at the works on the new Fortifications, the first that Government ever attempted to construct at the mouth of this important river. They are constructing batteries at two points on the Cape; viz, at the extreme point between the Light house, and at the point overlooking Baker's bay. At 10 A. M. we embarked. In the launch rounded out we <sup>gave</sup> three hearty cheers, for Mr & Mrs Boyd; three for Capt Elliot, & three for Mr Justice, all whom, stood upon the Wharf waving us adieu.

20. Today I have finished making my hay. I have made about four tons. The weather is fine. It rained near the change of the Moon, within two days of the New Moon. Which is near enough to make the rule hold good. The rule, that it is more apt to rain before or near the full, and New Moon than at any other time.

# August 1863

22 Sat. I started today (as Inspector) for Portland on the Sierra Nevada. We had a pleasant passage up, the weather being fine and the company agreeable.

I met Maj. Warstone U. S. A., who is from Washington, as Paymaster in the Army. He is a very pleasant gentleman, a good Republican, and as long as a man need be. We reached P. at

23 Sun. I, this morning, and I was kept busy all day superintending the discharge of foreign goods. The duties of this trip will amount to about \$500. I had not time, nor much inclination to go into town during the day as the sun was very hot and the air sultry. I had more ~~more~~ leisure today

24 Mon. to go up town; and met many of my old friends. Mr. Adams and myself by invitation took dinner with Mr. Marks.

I was much pleased with the Madam <sup>who</sup> is a very intelligent as well as beautiful woman. I will put them down on my list of friends. The ship left the wharf at 5 P. M. full of passengers. I had a pleasant evening ~~among~~ with the ladies, many of whom were very interesting. I especially <sup>was</sup> one ~~Castilian~~ Castilian lady with most bewitching eyes. — A Bretonne, and a Chillean of birth.

25. The weather yet remains dry, and I may safely say that it has been one of our driest summers. I have spent the last two or three days in putting out fires, & they seem to be doing no execution. Another summer is now at an end.



September 1863

Sept 1st I can hardly realize that this is the beginning of another Autumn. There are so few deciduous trees here, whose leaves turn yellow, red or brown, in Autumn, that it is hard to tell when that delightful season comes. This land of ever greens, is to much the same at all seasons. I went to Lattin's, the fashionable watering place, the Newport of Oregon today. Here met quite a number of Ladies and gentlemen from Portland and the Dalles. The accommodations are quite good, they have a few good beds, and many, many, I slept almost none last night on my hard bed. I spent the morning rolling ten pins with the ladies. They can beat me. Mrs Holland made a "ten strike". We went to the beach, went fishing, & done all we could to amuse ourselves until dinner. When I had to start for home. Finding that two of the ladies desired to go up to G's I waited for them and carried some of their baggage. The walk was a long one (4 miles) and Mr B carried her baggage all of the distance. I had a load of baggage. We reached Gearhart at 5 P.M. I was much interested with Mr Holland. This a natural Philosopher, very intelligent, with liberal views and sentiments, and an independence of character that I cannot but admire. John got out the carriage this morning and brought us up to the landing. We went by way of the head. Ocean Scenery is new to the ladies and they enjoyed it very much. I came on to town in the evening, and received a letter from my brother. He has escaped all the danger of the battle field. Though he has been in many

September 1863

Wre 4. This morning I accompanied a pleasure party to Cape desappointments on the Steamer John H. Cochrane. About 80 of the Astoria School were among the number. We had a pleasant visit & returned in the evening.

Thur 10 I started in company with Mr Adams for the State Agricultural Fair (to be held at Salem) on the Steamship Huron. We met Mr Bail (Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Washington Territory) on the Steamer. He is a very pleasant gentleman. We reached Portland in the evening and put up at the Benson House.

Wre 11. We went to Oregon City this morning; and by invitation took dinner with Mrs Barton. Called on several of our friends and passed the time away as well as we could in this worst of all towns. I spent the night at Dr. Burtons. His wife is an old friend of mine.

Sat. 12<sup>th</sup> At 6 A. M. We started for Salem in a spring wagon. It had rained just time to lay the dust and call the air. Making our journey a very pleasant one. We reached Salem at 5 P. M. and put up at the Benson House.

Su 13 House. Today I attended the funeral of Mr. A. Bush, doubtless a good woman, but the wife of a Demagogue and Secessionist. Sat. 14 is all alone, the town is now crowded, but they come. I changed my lodgings to and went to Mr Cooks. My particular friend, his, I think is the most delightful place in Oregon. It is a home of luxury and pleasure. His house is near the bank of the river, in a grove of native trees.

(From page 127) Conflict, with an equal number of Stewarts, Black hair



September 1863.

The fair was considered a success by many. But only in some respects, did I think it even tolerable. The failure was owing more to the officers of the State Agricultural Society, than to the people at large. All of the best premiums were awarded to fast horses, - broods, & racers, instead of giving them to the products of the farm and the shop.

These horse jockeys, gamblers and sporting gentlemen, who are either a nuisance or of but little profit to society, get what was designed for the honest, hard working farmer and mechanic. It is their money. The most of it is made & paid into the Society by them, and not by those few who own fast horses.

The attendance was large; the number is variously at, from 10,000 to 15,000. It was doubtless the largest assemblage of people ever before witnessed in Oregon.

The display of fruit was good, but that of flowers was very small. Needle work, and all branches of industry carried by the Ladies, was creditably represented.

On Wednesday, the Union Meeting in the public square, was the best feature of anything else. There were probably 2,000 persons present, and it was the most enthusiastic, as well as best-mannered multitude that I ever saw. There were about 15 speeches made by prominent men from different parts of the state. I was called upon but did not respond.

September 1863.

Sat 19. Yesterday I stood in the scorching sun, and suffocating heat, all the afternoon, to witness the Military parade (which consisted of 4 companies) until I became quite disgusted with fair. So this morning I started for Portland in company with Mr Huntington Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Mr Adams Collector of Customs, Mr Barnhart Indian Agent, and Orin Arne Brown Messenger to the Indian Department. Brown chartered the Carriage and drove us down for \$6.25 each. Mr Arne fast and got sick of every body, and so had no rest to, annoy us, and would have made a queer trip had we not broke down. Within 4 miles of Portland one of the forward wheels smashed, and we were compelled to walk to town. We remained in Portland until Monday, when we went home on the Coach.

Sun 22. I had had to go back to Portland on the steam from the Lorne & Victoria. Had duties amounting to about \$300, or I returned on the 25<sup>th</sup>, and have been appointed Enrolling Officer for this county. I proceeded at once to enrolling. It was somewhat amusing to see how badly some of the gentlemen were frightened. It was difficult to make them believe there would not be a draft immediately. Some were almost as badly frightened as if they were already drafted. I doubt not but they could almost smell the sulphurous smoke, and hear the clash of arms and the roar of battle. Many were just "Ble" which would clasp



October, 1863.

- 1<sup>st</sup> October comes to be in Sunshine. But the balmy "Sea breeze" <sup>is</sup> no longer upon the breath of the morning; but the "East winds now blow," and with them comes Colds and Sick Knocks usual.
- 2 I attended a little Sociable, last evening, at Mr. Nowlens, where I met many pleasant people. By the urgent solicitation, of two or three lady friends I participated in the merry dance and by doing so I violated a pledge of some two years standing, that I would never try to dance again. Not that I have any aversion to dancing, but, that I cannot dance with ease and grace enough to make it either a pleasure to myself or any one else.
- 3 With a fine East wind, accompanied by Mrs. Hall and of the Ladies, and Mr. Braden & Col. Gaylor, I started for Tatsoap. We soon reached the "Landing" where we found a carriage just going down the plains. I left the Ladies at Mr. Thompson's. I proceeded on a ~~long~~ upon my business of "enrolling." I found all of <sup>the</sup> men of the South Tatsoap at Jewett's bridge; so I was soon able to return, and join the Ladies in a horse back ride on the beach, which was pleasant indeed, not so much the ride, as the company. Mr. Halland is one of the most intellectual ladies that I have met in a great length of time. She is a Natural Philosopher, and a practical one also. She is kind, generous, sincere and candid. If I am not deceived (and I am quite sure that I am not) She is one of the very best of women. She has secured a place among my best friends. I left the Ladies at Pea's 4<sup>th</sup> and the Col and myself came to Astoria this evening.
- 4<sup>th</sup> I started for Mt. Port, at P. M. on the Sloop Grannie, with my boat in tow. We reached

October 1863.

the foot of Puget's island at dark, and I left the Sloop and started up on the South Sea in my own boat. The darkness was so intense that it was quite difficult to find the mouth of the Slough leading to Masts, but I found it all right, and got there at 7 o'clock.

7. I did my business this morning and was ready to start at 10 A.M. Mrs Brown came with me. We reached "the Prairie" at 2 P.M. and called at Mr Warrens, and would have spent the night there but we found as many people there as they could accommodate. So we went on, intending to stop at Mr Swinton's, 3 miles below. When we reached there it was about dark, and I could not find the way in through the Sloughs, so we came home, 10 miles against the tide. My strength was almost exhausted when I reached Astoria. I had only a little bread and butter for dinner, and no supper until we reached town.

13. Yesterday George McCowan came home with me to assist in putting a roof on my kitchen. And as I forgot to bring the proper sort of nails we had to go to town today to get them, and we went in the heaviest wind that I ever crossed the bay in. We took in ballast, and reefed the sail, then, it was just all the boat could do to live. It is astonishing what a storm, a boat well managed can weather! He and I, are both good boatmen.

17. I have picked my apples this week. Very many of them have been destroyed by the birds and squirrels. It seems like all the animals and vermin in Christendom had combined to destroy my fruit. I have saved but few more than I did last year.

21. The weather is now as fine as could be desired. But we have had 10 days of exceedingly stormy weather.



October, 1863.

The morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> we had our first frost, and last night it froze hard enough to freeze potatoes.

23. I started to Portland on the Steamship Sierra Nevada, as "Special Inspector" - And as I now think of, I will record the Name, and No. of Offices that I now hold, viz; Representative for Clatsop and Galamook Counties, U. S. Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue for Clatsop, Columbia and Galamook Counties, Enrolling officer for Clatsop, and Vice President of the Oregon Agricultural Society, and Inspector of Customs, Offices enough, it would seem to satisfy almost any man. But the salary income of them all do not amount to more than \$400. per Annum. - So neither the honor or profit is very great.

We left Astoria at 5 A. M. and reached Portland at 3 P. M. I found more dutiable goods than usual. The duties of this trip will amount to about \$1100. besides a lot of Opium that we detected in the trunks of a Chinaman. He had 150 lbs. snugly packed away in his trunks. But officers inquisitive enough found it. And it will be sold for the duties. When Chinamen thought it a dreadful thing, and a great outrage upon him. The weather is still cool and clear.

This morning there was a sharp frost. I attended Church today with Mr. Peckering, a son of the Governor of N. Y. He is now on his way to Ill. In the evening I called on several of my friends before the steamer sailed. We left Portland at 5 P. M. reached the dock at Astoria at 2 A. M. I came home this morning and found the cattle in my C. & H. herd, but they had done but little damage.

October. 1863.

29 The weather has been as fine as the most fastidious could desire, but I have almost lost the benefit of <sup>it</sup>; I separated my cows and calves as soon as I came home, and such a priting and bawling - such devoted cows, and such loving calves! The cows would break through the fence to get the calves, and they would climb over fences to get the cows. So it has taken me pretty much all the time to attend to them. I ought to have been digging my potatoes, to keep the gay birds from destroying them; and boxing my apples to keep the Squirrels from eating them all. But so it goes, when a person is only at home once or twice a month he must expect everything to go wrong.



November 1863.

2 I came home from town this morning having been there since Saturday.

This evening Saml Russell, and Mr Horn (an Alabamian) with their pack of dogs came to have an Elk hunt.

3 This morning the hunters went out & killed a fine calf (Elk). It was most delicious meat.

4 Today I slaughtered a beef, and it commenced storming & I found it impossible to keep the

5 rain off of it. This morning the storm had become furious. The crash of falling trees

might be heard almost constantly. But at

1 P.M. the clouds broke away a little and the wind seemed to dull some what. So I

started for town with my beef, but ere I had reached the Mouth of the river, the

storm was as fierce as ever. I could not turn back, and it was too heavy to

go around the point so I went to the mill & spent the night; & took my beef

6 to town early this morning. It weighed 800 lbs. and sold at 4<sup>cts</sup> per lb.

30. On the 24<sup>th</sup> I went to Portland as Inspector, on the steamer Pacific, and returned today.

We made no detections of smuggled goods. She brought in a full freight, and took

out as much as she could carry; with 500 passengers. On her return she grounded in

the mouth of the Willamette, and remained there two days. The delay & perplexity of

caused great dissatisfaction among the passengers. They decided unanimously that

Portland ought not to be the terminus of sea going vessels. That Astoria, or some point near mouth of the

Columbia should be the corner

January 1864.

1. G. I find myself on the pleasant New Year's day in the city of Portland. Having come up here several days since on the steamer Oregon. And would have been home ere this had not the ship grounded on Swan Island Shales. where we have been two days.

I came <sup>today</sup> up to see what was doing in the city. I found business pretty generally suspended, and every body having a "good time". The "gentle" were all "calling" - the ladies, of course at home. I made several calls and spent the evening at Dr. Glen's.

12 Sun. I attended a temperance meeting at Mr. Gray's the object of which was to organize some kind of Temperance Society for the benefit of the boys & young men, many of whom are already forming the habit of drinking. By request I made them a speech, showing that Sobriety was <sup>the</sup> basis of Wealth, wisdom and respectability; while intemperance was the foundation of vice, misery and ruin.

14. Thurs. Spent the evening at a sociable given by the Ladies Sanitary Aid Association at the house of Mr. Gray. Admittance free - 25¢ to be appropriated to the relief of the Sick and wounded Soldiers. \$17. were obtained this evening.

19 Sun. Came home yesterday. Having been here but little this Winter everything about the house is damp and dreary. My cattle are doing well.

22. I sent my boat 3 days ago to Seeghwa, & he was bringing it back yesterday; but it did not come until 10 A. today. The consequence of this neglect is, that I failed to get to town in time for the steamer. So I lost a trip. So much for business.



January 1864.

boat - The weather since the cold weather, has been stormy & wet. We had but 6 days of cold weather; it stopped the navigation of the Columbian a few days.

I attended a dancing party given by the Astoria Ladies Sanitary Aid Association. It was a very pleasant party, giving amusement to ourselves, ~~and~~ aid, comfort to our sick and wounded soldiers. Receipts, \$25.50!

Today I came home, accompanied by Elsie, her mother & sister. Miss Josephine has been one, who has suffered a severe attack from the prevailing disease (Scarlet fever) which has been throughout the county, causing more sickness in the last 2 months than all that have occurred in ten years before.

Yesterday was a warm springlike day; but the first thing that greeted my eyes this morning, was a new snowwhite mantle covering the ~~green~~ tint of verdure, that the last few warm days had called forth; It has been snowing nearly all day.

Yesterday I went down to J's to get my mail which E. had brought from town. Newspapers are desirable at any time; but more interesting, so, when <sup>one</sup> is, as I now am, - all alone. Blessed be the man who invented newspapers for they give company, comfort & wisdom to the million. It snowed again today, making about 3 inches of snow.

January, 1864.

Here is an extract of a letter that I wrote to  
Miss Esther Moore (W. H. Capt. Storer, U. S. A.)  
They were my neighbors & particular friends  
and when they moved away, I was the only  
person left upon the beautiful "Nettie". It  
was written about 8 years ago (1856) so I

I'm lonely now, since you have left <sup>hope</sup>

It seems so sad, and dear;—  
Of all my dearest friends bereft,  
I'm but a lone one here.  
My heart is full of sadness  
To see my lonely doom,  
There is no smile of gladness,  
And this place of gloom.

But aft the dearest friends must part  
Though tender ties it sever,  
And break the link that binds each heart  
In friendship sweet together.  
Enough—no longer now, I need  
My own sad fate deplore—  
So, I will at once proceed  
To tell the news all o'er.  
Scarcely the news, it's quite a dearth,  
And "times are dull" as well,—  
There's not a wedding death or birth  
Your gossipers to tell.  
O yes Miss Lincoln— I'd forgot—  
Sure as I'm a sinner  
For she has tied the bridal knot  
With our friend Judge Skinner.  
Your Lady friends are doing fine,  
And all, I think have beaux,  
But who they are I must decline  
Such secrets to disclose.

\* "Nettie" is the Indian name of the river & Clark river.

human being living through a black & white world.



January 1864

And Clara, - best of all the rest  
 (The name I'd near forget)  
 I think that she must surely be  
 The sweetest of the lot,  
 Your home, the <sup>"mansion"</sup> house, and Mill,  
 Have been deserted long,  
 And all around seems sadly still.  
 Except the wild world's song.  
 The rose tree, that we planted there  
 Beneath your window, lives,  
 And blooms with roses gay and fair  
 And sweetest fragrance gives.  
 I often seek the "Sulphur Spring"  
 And rest me 'neath its bowers  
 Where oft we've saught it in early Spring  
 The first sweet wildwood flowers,  
 Where, 'neath the tangled wildwoods shade  
 We gathered flower and berry,  
 And with our laugh and songs have made  
 The woods resound so merry.  
 Best scenes like these, have passed away -  
 In memory, now they live -  
 Go me, - perhaps - to you, do they  
 Good recollections give.  
 Your home, the scene of joys, and tears,  
 And once a well loved spot;  
 Will doubtless in a few short years  
 Forever be forgot.  
 But soon another home you'll find,  
 And other friends as dear  
 And other thoughts will fill your mind  
 Than those, I've written here.

# February, 1864.

9<sup>th</sup> Feb. Since my last writing nothing has been  
 worthy of a place here. It might be well enough to  
 however to remark, that February, is keeping up  
 her good character, as the most mild and beau-  
 tiful Winter month. The past week has  
 16<sup>th</sup> Feb. been delightful. — And yet the day  
 are mild and sunny, like Spring.  
 The grass leaps up, lured by the genial  
 ray; and the embriotic leaves and  
 blossoms, are struggling hard to burst  
 their buds to breathe the balmy air.  
 The birds, are warbling songs of joy and  
 love, and choosing mates, because the  
 Spring is near. Even the unsightly toad  
 makes many a dismal swamp resound  
 as he purrs his humble welcome to the  
 coming Spring.

25<sup>th</sup> Feb. The Steamer came today, and I im-  
 barked as Special Inspector. She was  
 of freight, and had between 6 & 8000 passing.  
 I had to sleep upon the table.

27<sup>th</sup> Feb. By special invitation, I dined with Mr. Moulton  
 where I met Capt. J. M. Keeler and Lady. After  
 dinner I called on my excellent friend  
 + Mrs Ladd; and in the evening had a good  
 time with a lot of lady friends on the  
 Steamer. We left Portland at about 5  
 18<sup>th</sup> Feb. and reached Astoria at 7. this morning.  
 She got her clearance at 8, and crossed the  
 bar at 10 A. M., at 4 in evening, and she  
 was seen coming in, which surprised  
 all, as no boat was now expected, but we were  
 now surprised to find it to be the same Steamer  
 that went out this morning. The Capt. thought  
 clearance papers were incorrect, and came back  
 to have them corrected, but then were all

+ Mrs M. L. Ladd.



March. 1864.

Feb. February closed as beautifully as it had been throughout the month, but March blest, stormy, chilly, changeable March has already changed the programme, and the bright sunshine of yesterday, is hid behind the heavy frowning clouds of rain and mist. At just now has the appearance of clearing off; - It has rained, and stormed a week constantly. Last Wednesday I attended the Young Men's Union in Astoria, having become a member of it, for the purpose of assisting the boys, as well as improving myself. I have not been at home since that time until today.

3. Since my last writing the weather has been as fine as it could be. More beautiful weather cannot be found in May or any other month.

I found plums and cherries in bloom today. I fear they will get nipped by some untimely frost. I went to town with Mrs. Jeffers & family, who are on their way to Portland, perhaps to live there. This leaves the Lewis and Clarke without a woman, again. How lonely and desolate a country, seem without the smiles and charms, loneliness of women.

O. What a <sup>land</sup> without a Lady.  
It's like a meadow, void of grass,  
Or like a picture, without paint,  
Like a Heaven, without a Saint.

Th. All of the middle part of this month was as fine as could be desired, but the last 10 days has been stormy, a great quantity of rain has fallen, and some snow and hail. The ground was white with snow one morning. Pears, plums and cherries are in bloom. The bad weather causes my farming to progress.

April 1864.

1. Th. This has been a real April Day - warm and Showery, with bright Sunshine, between Showers. I have <sup>been</sup> clearing land, a little of which I do every year. So little by little, I will my "borders". If I live 50 years longer, and continue at the same rate, I will have a small farm cleared off.
- 6 W. Frost! this morning. I have been in town since Saturday last. The weather has been stormy from the beginning of the month until today it is pleasant. Yesterday one Co of Soldiers, Commanded by Capt. Jorken came down to their Station at Cape Disappointment. The new fort is completed there, and the guns are soon expected. This is the first Military force stationed at mouth of the Columbia river. Another Co will soon be stationed at Point Adams on this side.
- 11 W. The Steamer that came in last Saturday picked up the crew of the Barque Ocean Bird off Tillamook. The barque had capsized on a gale six days previous. The men had hung to her without food all that time.
- 13 W. Yesterday I did my first plowing, and today I planted some potatoes. The weather is exceedingly fine, and today especially has been unusually warm for this climate.
- 16 W. Frost! The tender leaves and flowers were white with frost and stiff with ice this morning.



Among the Pines on Long Bay Beach  
 The Sun was shining brightly  
 Upon the trees and vines.  
 The breezes fanned us lightly  
 A down among the pines.  
 On velvet mosses sitting  
 Where fruit and flower entwines,  
 Where merry birds are flitting  
 Among the leafy pines,  
 Our hearts were there revealing  
 With purest of design  
 The love they'd been concealing  
 So long - among the pines.  
 Then first I saw the gleaming  
 Of love's endearing signs,  
 From her bright eye 'twas streaming  
 Away among the pines.  
 Her lips on mine were pressing  
 With sweetness most divine,  
 The first of love's sweet blessing ~~crossing~~  
 Beneath the shady pines.  
 O, how my nerves were twitching  
 And how my arms would ~~twine~~  
 The object so bewitching  
 With me <sup>beneath</sup> among that pine.  
 The merry bathers racing  
 In Ocean's sparkling brine,  
 Nor waves, each other chasing  
 Disturbed us in the pine.  
 Now in the briefest measure  
 I've traced in hurried lines  
 What Memory'll fondly treasure  
 Our love, among the pines.

May 1864.

1 Sunday. I started from Astoria at half past 4 P.M. on the Steamboat New World, for Portland, and reach that place at half past twelve. The quickest time ever made from Astoria to Portland. The New World belongs to the O. S. N. Co; and is to run between Portland and Cape Adair.

2 I started for St Helens this morning. My business there is to open the Internal River. Today I went to Scappoose plain & walked as far as B. & S. Stevens and spent the night.

3 Sat. I came home from Columbia Co yesterday, having completed the App. process there. I was today nominated by the Union Delegate Convention of Colclumbe, Clatsop and Tillamook Counties, as the Union Candidate to represent them in the Legislature. Out of 22 votes, I received 21 on the first ballot.

4 I started to St Helens this morning with R. Carnahan, the Candidate for State Senator. Andrew spoke upon the political topic of the day to a large audience.

A few disaffected and headed potatoes dissatisfied with my nomination, and, thinking they could defeat the Union ticket, they brought out an independent Candidate H. B. Parke.

He is just such an instrument as such men need to carry out their base designs. He has been through the district, peddling falsehood and misrepresentation in most shocking and degrading manner.

They have all the Whiskey in the County as usual, and they use no other arguments than

The Columbia river bar pilots brought in out in hopes of making money. They do not like me because I had the pilot fees reduced.



Nov 1864

Mon. For three weeks I have been just as busy as possible canvassing the district, confuting falsehoods, and defending my character against the slanders of villainous men. But today decides the the affair, and I am glad it is so near over. I spent a part of the day at the Clatsop precinct, and the remainder at Astoria. At Night, I found that I was 21 votes ahead in the two precincts, enough is known to safely infer that I am elected.

We have had a longer drought, this Spring than has ever been known here, having rained but very little since the 12 of April.

Tue. It has rained at intervals since the 7th inst.

Upon receiving the returns of the election from my whole district, I have

Sen - Moffat	has	152 votes
Independent Parker	"	107 "
		<u>75</u>
Making in the three Counties		332 "

I first came down from Portland on the Steamer J. L. Stephens in 6 hours! the quickest time ever made between Portland and Astoria.

Three hundred and thirty two votes (332) in three Counties, Columbia, Clatsop and Clatskanie seems very small; and it was one of the closest elections ever held.

97. The vote in these Counties now would reach 4000 to 5000.

July 1864.

The 29 The unusually dry weather of Apr, & May and the early part of June, was followed by delightful showers until the middle of June which came just in time to save the grass and grain crop.

"The Astoria Publishing Co" has been organized, and a weekly newspaper, to be called ~~The~~ <sup>The</sup> Astoria Marine Gazette, is to appear on the first week in August. W. F. Adams Ed.

Last Tuesday, a large pleasure party met at the "Cape" - employing for transportation the Pilot boat and the Sloop Harvest Queen Christina and Belle. There were probably 150 persons in the party. I had in charge Mr.

Com of Salem, a literary lady, and her two children. She was very sea sick and of course I had my hands full. But all ~~all~~ that I did for her was appreciated, and an abundance of thanks cordially expressed, so I was amply paid for my trouble.



August 1864

I came home yesterday, after an absence of 8 days. The most of which was spent in a pleasure excursion on Clatsop. Mr. Adams, Miss Owens, and Mrs. Belle W. Cooke were with me. Mrs. Cooke is a lady of more than ordinary ability; of a warm ardent poetic temperament, a great admirer of the sublime and beautiful in Nature - with good talent for music, drawing, and poetry.

Her poetry is good, containing many gems of real beauty. I may be seen in the newspapers over the pretty signature of "Viola".

Ms. C. is not a beauty, yet she is very attractive and exceedingly agreeable and lovable. Her intelligence, affability and sincerity, manner, make her an object of interest wherever she goes.

January 1865.

Thurs 23<sup>d</sup> The Winter so far has been mild and rather pleasant, and without snow enough to cover the ground. And until the last week there has been but little freezing weather.

I have kept no record of passing events since last August, more from neglect, than from want of time. I went to Salem, about the first of September, to <sup>a</sup>serve in the Legislature. No Legislature was ever more busily employed during its sitting than was this last one. Many important measures were adopted. A Specific Contract Law was passed, which I, with many others opposed, believing it to be in direct conflict with a Law of Congress.

Secretary May, gave us a finer hall to sit in than we had the previous session, and, being more familiar with the business that I first acted in this capacity, I felt more at home.

The newspaper correspondents put me down among the prominent members, which complies I may, or may not deserve - Not for me to say.

Miss Leslie Leslie Editor of the Pacific Monthly has been <sup>visiting</sup> Astoria by my invitation having met her in Portland. She is a lady of untiring industry and perseverance, with a fair taste as a writer, a practical printer, and a real go-ahead business character. She has been <sup>on</sup> a tour, canvassing for her Magazine, and giving dramatic readings.

A successful canvasser - but her readings are not tolerable, but she makes it pay <sup>the</sup> expenses of her journeyings, and as it is honest and honorable, it must be all right.



July 1865

at 8 visited Portland on purpose to witness the celebration of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July; which passed off pleasantly, every one present seeming to realize that the now, more than ever, was an inhabitant of a land of liberty. All seemed to feel that now, <sup>the</sup> Declaration of Independence is indeed the truth. The great war, is ended, the noble struggle for unity, for nationality, for honor and freedom is passed, and Americans, now, more than ever, love and prize their Government.

The shackles of Slavery have <sup>being</sup> torn from 8 millions of human beings, and cast aside forever. The great proclamation of freedom is sealed with the blood of thousands of our best and bravest countrymen. It has cost the country much, very much. Figures can scarcely estimate the money — the imagination cannot grasp the number who have fallen in the great death struggle, nor portray in words the grief, the pain, and misery it has caused.

My only brother has given his life to the cause of freedom, and his blood, mingled with that of hundreds of thousands of other patriots, now seals our national unity.

Henry C. Gillette (my brother) was nineteen years of age when he entered the Service. He served about 2½ years, when the exposure of camp and field threw him into quick consumption, of which he died in a few months. He entered the Service with the determination of remaining until the rebellion was crushed, and peace and order restored. But a sudden fate ended his laudable career, and he now reposes in the Summer Land.

Although it leaves me without a brother, and grieves me sadly to lose one so dear, yet I am proud to know <sup>that he</sup> died a good soldier in a noble cause. — He is a Sacrifice to Liberty and

October 1865

I have today made Sale of my farm on Lewis & Clark's river, for the sum of \$1200. \* And in doing so have done as most of frontier settlers do, that is, to sell out about the time the lands are becoming valuable, and let some one reap the profits of their labors. I commenced in the woods, and fought my way among the big trees until I made a fine start towards a good farm, and have now a base of it while lands are yet comparatively valuable, on account of the abundance of Government lands. I got no compensation for what I have done but I could not stay there, and my cattle were getting wild, the bear were destroying my orchard, and the fields growing up with trees and brush. It is a pretty place and I loved it once, and thought I should make it my life long home. But it is otherwise -

\* I can now see that I was most wise, and the most fortunate thing for me, that I sold out before I did. I was leading a miserable lonely life there, with no prospect of it being any better.

19th The Special Session of the the Legislature adjourned today, after an active session of fifteen days. We passed 38 bills and the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery through out the United States. This is one of the most important acts of any Legislature. If we had passed it the first days of the Session Oregon would have had the Honor of completing the requisite number to make it a part of the Constitution. But one of the Southern States is ahead of us. The following is my speech on the resolution before the House. One I also preserve what the Oregon Statesman says of it. The speech was badly reported, and the printing is much worse. It is full of error, and mistakes. I am proud of the manner it was received by the House and so as well as of the press comments, it required for more applause than any other speech and it ~~received~~ <sup>got</sup> better press notices than any other. I am sorry the reporter, and printer made



The gentleman from Josephine has said he supposed there were some gentlemen here who have noble and generous hearts, and he appeals to them in behalf of this system of bondage. Can there be a greater inconsistency than this? Has he forgotten the rebellion that has so lately drenched our beloved country in tears and blood? Are we so soon recovered from our wounds? Have the names of Fort Pillow, Libby Prison, Belle Isle and Andersonville, with the unmeasurable human misery which they recall, been already blotted from our memory? Yet, Mr. Speaker, there are generous souls here, who will this day, in the purest spirit of patriotism, correct the darkest error of the age. Our nation has just completed her education on the slavery question. This last lesson—the great rebellion—has so completely enlightened her, that she is now determined to abolish that which has cost her untold millions of money, and over 400,000 of her bravest sons. There are but few, perhaps, on this floor who do not now mourn the loss of friends or relatives who have fallen in the struggle for liberty and the Union. My only brother fell in this fierce strife for nationality and freedom, and here, this night, by my vote, will I help to finish what he with his sword fought to accomplish—the abolition of slavery and the establishment of perpetual freedom in free America. [Prolonged applause.]

GILLETTE.—The irrepressible P. W. Gillette—everybody in Oregon knows him—a whole-souled, generous fellow—one of “nature’s noblemen.” We should be glad if all our readers could have heard his speech on the Constitutional Amendment. While it was not lengthy, it was among the best. His mind took up the key-note of the discussion, and he sounded it with fearful emphasis. His principal point—that slavery has been a curse to the white man—was carried home to hearts of all present. He showed its degrading and demoralizing effects upon the master, converting him into a tyrant, and destroying and perverting his honor and manhood. Oh, but didn’t the *chivalry* catch it. We think we hear that “*Chivalry*” ringing in the ears of those four Copperheads yet.

The above paragraph is from the "Salem Statesman" a paper published in Salem.

My speech was so miserably reported, and printed, that it hardly makes sense.

From my own personal experience I know that this institution brutalizes our people and makes them natural tyrants. I was born and reared on the Southern border of Ohio, and had relatives living over on the Virginia side of the river. I have known all my life that land on that side was only worth half as much as it was in Ohio. As I said before, I had relatives living on the Virginia

side. I have often visited them and they me. I went to school with children whose fathers were slaveholders, and I have often had to lick them in order to get my rights. Yes, sir, I have had to lick my own cousins in order to keep them from tyrannizing over me. They had been taught to make the little niggers obey them, and could kick and cuff the slaves about as they pleased. This very naturally made them little tyrants and they grew up to be great ones. I say, sir, this institution brutalizes our own people. I have known instances in those States where helpless negroes have been murdered by their masters and overseers. I have spent much time in those States and have seen much of the institution. That has never been a free country. Freedom of speech has been debarred throughout the Slave States. Why? Because it was dangerous to this institution. No man could go there and speak against this system of human bondage. They claim to be the most liberal and hospitable people in the world, and yet, while they could come north and talk as they pleased, they denied the same natural right to those who went among them. They claim to be a liberal people while they live ~~from the~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~land~~ <sup>land</sup> of the most degraded slavery! They claim to be the most generous of nature's noblemen, yet they subject the helpless slave to the most execrating tortures often resulting in death! They boast of their chivalry, yet, if a northern man chanced to stray among them, he dared not exercise the freedom of speech. No, sir, this boasted *chivalry* has not, for thirty years tolerated the freedom of speech among them! Hundreds of defenseless men—free Americans!—have been mobbed tarred and feathered and even murdered by this *chivalry* for simply expressing their opinions that slavery was wrong! *Chivalry*? Thank God it has at last sunk into a degradation in our land, so low that the forces of hell might be assumed to own it. [Applause.]

I have not time, Mr. Speaker, to exhibit all the statistics that I desired to, on this occasion, but there are enough to prove beyond the power of man wisdom to confute, that slavery is, and has ever been, a damnable curse to the States wherein it exists. Here we see the free States, with one-fourth less territory, a less fertile soil and a far more rigorous climate, outstripping the slave States in population, wealth, intelligence, commerce, inventions and every branch of human industry, progress and improvement; while the slave States are lagging behind, dwarfed, debilitated and retarded by the withering curse of slavery. About one-half of the wealth of the slave States in 1850, consisted in slaves, which deducted from their total wealth makes such wealth equal only to one-fourth of that of the free States. In a pecuniary point of view alone, then, slavery has proven to be a most dangerous, ruinous wrong, and, and, consequently, from a true friend of his country it is highly desir-



January 1866

\* I had a law passed at the last regular Session to encourage and protect a Steam tug Pilot boat on the Columbia River bar, but it was of no use, owing to the conflicting laws of Washington Territory. At the Special Session I got a measure passed, asking that Territory to enact laws similar to our own, on that subject, but fearing that a memorial would be inefficient, I went to Olympia during the last Session of the W. T. Legislature to urge and secure the passage of such a law, and I succeeded. I annexed the Pacific Tribune paper — This was an Olympia paper.

12 1866. It has been almost a year since I wrote a word in my Journal. It must be, that as one grows older, ~~they~~ he becomes indifferent, or loses his interest in passing events. Or — perhaps, has less time to devote to such objects.

Also I forgot last it was appointed an Aid to the Revenue and was stationed at Yaquina Bay, in Benton County Oregon. My duties

amounted to simply nothing. I was required to report all arrivals and departures of Boats going north to and from that port, and to watch and prevent smuggling. The only vessels that ever visited the port were about two small Ogish Schooners. So I had really nothing to do. Yaquina is a nice little bay, abounding in salt water fish, but is particularly noted for its fine shell fish, Oysters, Clams, Quabbs, Mussels, Rock Oysters &c. &c. The sea is about the Bay and on the coast north

THE HON. P. W. GILLETTE, member of the Oregon Legislature, from the counties on the Lower Columbia, paid our city a visit during the first part of the present month. Mr. Gillette's mission, we learn, was to endeavor to induce our Legislature to enact a law regulating pilotage on the Columbia river bar, so as to give the exclusive right of pilotage to one or more steam tugs, instead of the uncertain sail boats. The bill was introduced and passed both branches of our Legislature, and is now the law of the land. — This is right; the interests of life and commerce demand that the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river, — the worst and most dangerous bar on the American Continent — should be guarded by steam power, and the weary seafarer may, and will be grateful to Mr. Gillette for his sagacity in originating, and energy in getting so necessary a measure through the Legislature of Oregon, and then travelling through storm and snow to secure its adoption by our Legislature, thereby securing the mariner a safe conduct into the harbor at Astoria.



October 1866

I managed to get in the time so that I  
pleasantly. The Corvallis and Upper Bay  
Road Co. have built a good wagon road from  
Corvallis to the head of tide water so that the  
bay is very accessible to the Willamette  
Valley. Several ~~thousand~~ <sup>hundred</sup> persons  
from the valley to spend a few weeks in the  
sea breeze. I met many pleasant  
people, as well as those that are not so  
agreeable. Among the great variety that come  
here, are some unsophisticated Coasting folk  
who have traveled but little. One young  
lady, who came all the way from Dallas  
to see the Ocean, was very much disapp-  
ointed and disgusted, because it was so  
widish. She mistook a bank of clouds away  
at sea for land on the other side. An old  
lady from Eugene told me that she could  
see land on the other side very plainly.

The land in this locality belonged to the  
adjoining Indian Reservation until within  
a year or two. As soon as Congress re-  
moved the Reservation, and put the land  
in Market, hundreds of people rushed in  
and squatted upon the lands believing that  
they would soon become very valuable. Many  
thought that Yaquina would soon  
become the great harbor of the State, and that  
the Commercial Metropolis would be built there.  
Four towns were laid out each claiming  
the supremacy. Few if any of these people  
knew any thing about harbors ships or  
commerce - however much they may have  
thought they knew. The following letter  
that I wrote to the Oregonian, for may was  
concerning the land and my own idea of the

an offer to go into the service of that paper, which brought me to Portland to live and  
entirely change my life and was very fortunate for me, at great benefit to me, and  
and added much to my fortune and happiness.



## Letter from Yaquina Bay.

OYSTERVILLE, YAQUINA BAY, March 3, 1867.

The great quantity of rain and snow we have had during January and February, has kept the roads almost impassible. Even the indefatigable Stanton, who can drive a team where any other man can, has only been able to make three trips from the Bay to Corvallis, in the last two months, and ten or twelve bushels of oysters make a good load for his four horse team. It is forty-five miles from Corvallis to the head of tide water on the Yaquina. In summer the stage makes it through in twelve hours. Now it takes four days to go through; and much of the time the streams have been so high that teams could not pass. Stanton is our only means of getting the mails. He brings the letters and papers, and each one pays him what he chooses for the service. Last week a stray footman came in through the snow and rain from Corvallis, and happened to have a soiled and worn copy of the DAILY OREGONIAN, of February 18th, in his pocket, which we read with the greatest avidity, and it passed around from one to another as long as there was a scrap of it left. We have plenty of the best to eat and drink that can be had in 'Frisco, for we have direct communication with that city. We luxuriate upon the best of fish, venison, clams, crabs and oysters, yet we go about hungering and thirsting for the newspapers.

Now, friend OREGONIAN, why can't you urge our Senators and Representatives to get us a mail route established? Be generous to a rival. It will be a long time before we get big enough to hurt Portland. It is sixty-eight miles from the mouth of Yaquina Bay to Corvallis, by the usual route traveled, and the whole distance is settled up. Much of the road passes through a rich and populous country, yet there is not a post-office, or a post-route between the two points, although there are a thousand inhabitants on the route destitute of mail facilities. We need a mail route, and must have it. We have asked for it and we intend to keep asking, and get everybody else to ask, until we do get it. We need it very much, and we think we deserve it, settling, for and developing a wild, new country, for supplying the rest of mankind with the best of oysters, and, for carrying Benton county for the Union ticket last summer, thus securing a Union U. S. Senator last fall.

## THE WEATHER

has been mild in temperature, but rough in storms. It has rained, snowed, blowed almost continuously through February, yet the ground has not been covered with snow more than twenty-four hours at a time this winter. But the excessively bad weather has been very hard on the cattle and horses of this district. People having been here but a short time, were not provided with food for their stock. So they had to gather their own food upon new, and not very abundant pastures, and of a different sort to what they had been accustomed to; hence, many have perished in the cold rain and snow storms. The bad weather has also been a great drawback upon the many

## IMPROVEMENTS

that are everywhere being made in this new and prosperous locality. Everybody is busy, clearing land, building fences and houses, planting orchards, and doing the thousands of things that all people of new countries have to do, to make themselves comfortable and happy. They are organizing school districts, and preparing for schools. God speed the schools, and give the nation a thorough purging with education, the great antidote to treason and modern Democracy.

## COAL

of a good quality has been discovered on the bay a short distance below Oysterville; but it has not been sufficiently prospected to show how abundant it is. Yet it is believed it will be found in the greatest abundance.

Seventeen years ago, an adventurous traveler, (a gentleman who now resides in Salem) in packing through this part of the county, found coal, at or near the head of tide water on "Depot Slough," (a tributary of Yaquina Bay), about ten miles from this place. Wishing to mark the locality, he cut his name on the bark of a tree nearby. He returned this winter after an absence of seventeen years, and after some search, the identical coal and tree were found.

It is probable that many of your readers do not know where their oysters are caught on hooks or in traps, so in my next, I will tell them something about catching oysters.

P. W. G.

## LETTER FROM YAQUINA BAY.

YAQUINA BAY, March 17, 1867.

These sunny days seem to inspire everybody with renewed activity, and give a new impetus to business of every kind. Recently a number of persons from the "Valley" have been in here hunting for "claims." The healthful climate of the coast, the great abundance of game, oysters and fish, and the novelty of a "home by the deep blue sea," are the principal attractions that induce them to come. Well, there is still room for more people, more enterprise and more capital to

## OYSTERING

is the chief business of the Bay. The oysters were first discovered by the Indians, who frequently found them entangled with their hooks and lines, while fishing. Seeing white men gathering them in Netarch, a small bay a few miles south of Tillamook, the Indians told them there were plenty of just such things in Yaquina Bay. So, in 1861, a party of white men came down from Netarch and prospected where the Indians directed, and found oysters in great abundance. In 1862, the schooner *Cornelius Terry*, Capt. Hilliar, the first vessel that ever floated upon the waters of this bay, came in for a load of oysters. It soon grew into a trade of considerable importance, and although they are not so plentiful as when first discovered, yet there are 10,000 bushels shipped away from here yearly, producing each year, to the parties who gather them, over seventeen thousand dollars. The common way of gathering oysters is with tongs. Oyster tongs are made of two iron-toothed rakes—somewhat similar to a garden rake—with long, flattened handles riveted together, three to six feet above the rakes, and are used like long-handled pincers. They are from 10 to 20 feet in length, according to the depth of water in which they are to be used. Each oysterman has a small boat which he anchors upon the "bed" in which he stands to bring up his oysters. A peck or more may be grappled up at a time with this instrument. So many oysters have died in the lapse of time that nine-tenths of what is tonged up are shells, from which the oysters are culled. These shells, to which are attached young oysters and spawn, are planted in artificial beds, where, if they do well, in a few years will be found fine oysters. Another and more speedy way of taking oysters is by dredging. An oyster dredge is a heavy iron rake, with an iron frame-work in front, by which it is drawn and kept in position, and a chain or link net attached to the hind part of the rake, so that when it is drawn forward, the teeth scrape up the oysters and they fall over the top of the rake into the net. Dredging is generally done by sailing vessels, which sail forward and back over the oyster beds, dragging these instruments by long cables. Each vessel usually has two, so that while one is being drawn up and emptied, the other is being filled. But a more expeditious mode of dredging than that of the use of sail vessels has been discovered here on the Yaquina, and we are now catching oysters by steam. Dr. Kellogg is now using his steamboat for dredging, and is eminently successful. This is probably the first instance in which a steamboat has ever been used for catching oysters.

## THE STEAMER "PIONEER"

was built at Milwaukie about seven years ago. She run for some time between Portland and the Cascades in opposition to the O. S. N. Company, but finally had to yield that trade to her more powerful and wealthy rival. She was then brought around by sea to this bay in the summer of 1864, and is the first and only steamer that has ever rippled the quiet waters of Yaquina bay. Here she has undisputed sway and runs without a rival. In summer she does a nice little business in carrying passengers from the head of tide navigation to the beach, and in the winter is made useful in dredging oysters. Though rather old and somewhat dilapidated, yet it is pleasant to hear the loud scream of her steam whistle, and to see her gracefully gliding up and down our beautiful bay.

## YAQUINA

Is an Indian name, and signifies *everywhere*. How this small river and bay happened, to receive so singular a name from these sons of the forest, is not known. Both the river and bay are exceedingly crooked, zigzagging here and there and "everywhere!" Hence, some suppose this to be the origin of the name.

P. W. G.

## LETTER FROM YAQUINA BAY.

Newport, April 2, 1867.

March, with its frosty nights and sunny days has gone. And never before, perhaps, did such a March visit the misty shores of Oregon. Instead of storms, bluster and variableness, the usual characteristics of the month, the temperature has been warm and the weather exceedingly pleasant. The first of the month was rather cold for the season, but toward the last, it moderated into real spring. There was twenty-six days of bright, clear weather, and the remainder were not very unpleasant.

I have just returned from a ramble on

## SOUTH BEACH,

which is a continuance of the ocean shore, southward from the mouth of the Bay. Bordering on this beach, is a small district of country formed of sands from the sea, and somewhat resembling "Clatsop Plains," though, seemingly, of more recent formation, and far less in extent. The soil is thin, but bears pretty good grass, and is partially covered with dwarf pines, many of which bear seed cones when not more than two feet high. It is a novel sight to see these trees in miniature, loaded with cones as large as those on great trees. I also found there many beautiful evergreen shrubs, among which were species of laurel, the evergreen whortleberry, (a beautiful shrub that bears full of small black, sweet berries, that ripen late in fall,) and the manzanita, which is now in full bloom. At the south end of this plain Mr. Wilcox is building a sawmill on a pretty little stream that falls into the ocean at that point. Still farther down the beach, near Seal Rock, another stratum of coal has been found, and it is said to be three feet thick, and of good quality. It is about twelve miles south of Yaquina Bay.

## NEWPORT

Is situated on the north side of the bay, about a half mile from the ocean, and commands a fine view of the "deep heaving sea." It is founded on the ruins of an Indian village, the only relics of which are the holes in the ground where their wigwams stood, and the hundreds of wagon loads of shells, where these dusky children of the forest have, for ages on ages, fed upon the delicious bivalves, so abundant everywhere in the bay. This pleasant little town has a good hotel, a store, and twelve or fifteen other buildings, and is the favorite resort of the people of central and upper Willamette, hundreds of whom come here in summer to spend a week or a month for health and recreation. Her central position and convenience of access—her fish and her bivalves—her beautiful scenery and salubrious climate, will make her the Newport of Oregon. But why did her founders follow the contemptible, apeing practice of naming after some other Newport? Such is the case with half the towns in the State. There are plenty of local and Indian names that would be far more appropriate than any namesake name; besides, originality is preferable to mimicry. While standing on the heights back of Newport a few evenings ago, to watch the sun set behind the sea, I espied a Portland and San Francisco steamer passing southward, about six or seven miles from land. I watched the majestic craft, silently pursuing her lonely way, till she passed behind the dusky curtains of night. What a grand triumph of art is an ocean steamship! so graceful, as she glides over the placid sea, "like a thing of life"—so mighty, when like an angry giant, she fights her way through the maddening billows, bidding defiance to the wrathful storm. The

## GOLD

excitement at this place is probably worthy of notice. Last week a number of persons, after prospecting on the Bay shore near the mouth, and on the North beach to Cape Foulweather, (4 miles North of Yaquina Bay) found gold in sufficient quantities to induce them to take claims, and organize a mining district. A description of the district has been sent to the county clerk to be recorded, as the Newport Mining District. The best prospects are found on the beach, but gold is also found in the hills, though not so abundant. These mines were worked as early as 1857, but as they were on the Indian Reservation, the work was discontinued until last summer, Messrs. Lane & Co. took up claims on North beach about a mile from Newport, where they have been mining ever since. The particles of gold are very small and difficult to save, but experienced miners, with the necessary implements and plenty of water, can make five dollars per day to the hand in the best claims. About twenty claims have been taken. Further developments of the coal mine on Depot slough of the most flattering character are being made. There is scarcely a doubt that we have extensive coal fields, of easy access, and of the best quality.

P. W. G.

*From August 1864  
at board at  
Newport as I was  
much more pleasant  
on the coast. I then  
moved to Oysterville  
where I spent the  
winter except some time as I was  
back in the Valley. Which was  
about on the shore of the bay.*



## Letter from Yaquina Bay.

FROM YAQUINA BAY TO CORVALLIS.

CORVALLIS, June 13, 1907.

After a drive of thirteen miles down the south beach, we reached the hunting grounds, where we found our friend George Collins, (sub-Indian agent at the Alsea Reservation), with his large tent already set, and a good hot supper smoking before the camp fire. He had provisions and blankets, guns and ammunition, hounds and horses and conveniences for camp life in abundance. Our camp was beside a fine little lake, "alive" with trout, in the midst of a beautiful prairie, and about a quarter of a mile back from the sea ridge.

Soon after daylight next morning the hounds were started out, and the hunters posted upon their several stations. In a short time the hounds cented the track, and away they went, yelp, yelp, over prairie and hill for two hours, when they brought a deer in: but owing to the dense fog that prevailed, he passed all the hunters without receiving a shot, and dashed headlong into the surf, and the last we saw of him he was swimming with all his might towards China. I hope he landed safely on some friendly shore, where there are no hounds or hunters. I must say that I am not partial to this cruel way of hunting deer.

During the day I walked down to the mouth of the

### ALSEA.

This river forms the northern boundary of the Alsea Reservation. At low tide the river is not more than 150 yards wide, and yet the entrance is so good that small vessels have frequently been in there with supplies for the Indian Department.

A short distance above the mouth it spreads out into a bay, a half to three-fourths of a mile in width. It is navigable for small boats and carries about 50 miles. The valley of the river contains much good land; and 20 families are already settled there, upon fine prairie farms. The Alsea heads up against the South fork of Mary's river. The coast mountains, and the country between them and the ocean, are looked upon by many as being almost valueless. But such is not the case. Even in the mountains, as along the valleys of the numerous rivers flowing into the sea, are great quantities of excellent land. Already the settlements are spreading into the mountains, and on to the sea. This coast district, teeming with coal, and perhaps valuable minerals, and being in as healthful a climate as can be found anywhere, will soon become an important and valuable section of the State. The greater part of the timber between the Willamette valley and the ocean, extending from Tillamook on the north, to Umpqua on the south, was killed by a fire that swept over the country in 1847. Consequently, the land is comparatively easily cleared, and converted into pasture.

Last week a large number of people assembled on South Beach to witness the launch of the new

### SCHOONER FLORA MABEL,

Just built by Messrs. Peak & Hilliar. The launching was handsomely done—the little craft glided into the water as gracefully as a swan. She is the first sea-going vessel ever built on the bay. Her tonnage will be from 12 to 15 tons. This vessel was built for a fishing craft. It is said there is plenty of codfish off the coast here, and Mr. Peak designs brings it fresh to send to Corvallis and other towns in the valley. Messrs. Peak & Hilliar are about to commence building another schooner of 70 or 80 tons burthen. The *Flora Mabel* made a trial trip over the bar and back, last Sunday, and her sailing qualities are satisfactory to her owners.

The little schooner

### MIST,

of Portland, is here, and is fitted up in perfect trim for a fishing cruise off this coast. Capt. Hoxie, of the *Mist*, designs to cure his fish for the San Francisco or Portland market. I hope these gentlemen may be successful in their enterprise. I believe it is the first experiment of that sort ever undertaken on the Oregon coast. On the ebb tide of last Monday night a large drift log broke the nice little pleasure sloop *Ida Bell*, from her moorings, and she drifted out to sea. It was generally supposed that she was lost. Some thought she might possibly come ashore on the south beach, a total or partial wreck. But to everybody's surprise, she came drifting in on the flood tide next morning, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. Such feats cannot often be performed with like success.

The people here are expecting to have a gay time on the 4th. They expect to celebrate the day at Newport. In the evening a ball will be given at the splendid new hotel—Queen House. The schooners *Flora Mabel* and *Mist* will be on hand for excursions.

P. W. G.

We left Newport at 1 o'clock P. M., and in two and a half hours had reached Yaquina City, (but I'd leave off the city). This flourishing little village is situated at the confluence of the Elk and Yaquina rivers. It was laid out about the first of last year, and now contains two hotels, a store, saloon, blacksmith shop, shoe shop, livery stable and a school, besides a number of residences. This is the western terminus of the Yaquina Road Company's wagon road. The town has quite a thrifty appearance, and her people are sanguine that she has a future.

The Company have their road nearly completed when it will be inspected by the Governor, and if accepted by him, they will be entitled to three sections of land to every mile of road—a donation by Government. The road is so good that hacks and carriages drive through from Corvallis to Yaquina in twelve hours. This Company should have the credit of having built one of the best roads in the State. The road follows up the Yaquina, and passes through a low gap in the mountains, and keeps down the north fork of Mary's river. This is probably the lowest gap in the coast range. It passes through Blodgett's valley—a charming little spot—and just misses the south end of King's valley. The scenery in many places is very fine, and travelers need not want for accommodations, as there are four or five inns along the road.

We drove by the Philometh College, seven miles from Corvallis. This is a fine looking, substantial two-story brick, though not large. Quite a little village is growing up around this institution.

### ARMIES OF WORMS.

I must not omit to notice the two or three armies of gray worms that we passed through while coming up the Yaquina river. They are about an inch and a half in length, and somewhat resemble the "thousand legged worm." There were three armies of them, each from one third of a mile to a mile in extent. Their number was countless. In many places the ground was almost covered. They were all in motion, and all going the same way. They must be going somewhere, and to go seems to be their only occupation. If they eat, they do not feed upon vegetation, for I could not see a single leaf or blade of grass that had been touched by them. Where they came from, where they are going, and what they are going for, is alike mysterious.

### CORVALLIS

Still quietly sleeps in the shade of her long lines of locusts and maples, and while the broad leaves of the latter fan cool breezes through her dusty streets, the sweet perfume of the locust blooms overwhelms the putrid breath of her whiskey shops.

Some little improvement has been done on the streets in the way of plowing, throwing up, and opening gutters, and making new crossings, and I saw a few feet of side-walk, much of which is needed. The side-walk, in many places, is so dilapidated that it is an impediment, rather than an advantage to pedestrians.

I hear a general complaint among business men of "hard times," scarcity of money and small sales.

### THE PIXLEY CONCERT.

Last evening I went to Music Hall to see the Pixley Sisters perform, and was much surprised to see that many of the gentlemen wore their hats in the room. I was unable to decide whether it was the fashion in Corvallis for gentlemen to wear their hats at Concerts, and other public entertainments, or whether they were so extremely polite that they retained their hats because the ladies wore their bonnets. Be that as it may, I had to see the Pixley Sisters through a cloud of hats. It was equally hard to determine whether the Pixley's on the stage, or those brilliant fellows in the audience, were the most entertaining. Many of the latter during the whole performance, in loud and grating tones gave utterance to many of the most sparkling witticisms, such as "You bet," "bully for you," "hit 'em again," "bring him out," etc., etc. These gentlemen (?) made themselves far more conspicuous, and I doubt not if they had a half a chance they could beat the Pixley's all hollow.

P. W. G.

I found it much more pleasant at Corvallis, during winter than at the Bay. The society at the Bay was much the best I attended was quite novel. One could be

informed but little. I, it, but I learned much



For the Ohio Cultivator.

**Farming in Oregon.**

Oregon, cannot boast of having the best farmers in the world. On the contrary she has many poor ones—made so by circumstances. The Donation Law gave to all early settlers 640 acres of land; which they selected in the most fertile parts of the country. Their stock increased rapidly without cost or care, thus making for them a support, (and often wealth,) with so much ease that it encouraged idleness, and caused them to neglect the improvement of their farms. But this "Oregon mode of farming" is gradually becoming extinct, and a spirit of improvement pervades the whole state. In some branches of agriculture she excels almost any other state; as in fruit growing, for instance. But there are a few relics of the 'Oregon mode' yet left. One of which taught them a dear lesson during the last winter, upon the subject of saving winter feed for cattle. Not until stock became so numerous as to keep the lands grazed close during the summer, was it necessary to provide a winter supply of food. Now, in the more densely populated parts, the large bands of cattle consume nearly all of the grass, during summer and fall; what little is left, with what grows during winter, is not sufficient to keep them all winter until spring.

The past, is said to have been the most severe winter upon stock, that has been known since the settlement of the county. We have had but very little freezing weather, but it has been almost unceasing pouring down of cold rains, sleet and snows; and especially during the latter part of winter and through March. Many farmers were without food or sheds for their cattle, while others had but little feed and no sheds. The consequence is the loss of great numbers of cattle; all of which is the result of their neglect. For there is not a place in the world in this latitude, where cattle can be wintered so easily as here. The loss is a severe one to many, but I think it will be a benefit to the state in the end, by making farmers more provident in the future. My cattle have not been fed a mouthful during the year and have been all the time beef fat, and so it is with thousands of others, but they have had good range.

We have a flourishing agricultural Journal, the *Oregon Farmer*, published at Portland, now in the first year of its existence, that is making itself useful by disseminating light and knowledge. The genial influence of the *Ohio Cultivator* is felt here too; though so far away. We have every thing to do. We are just putting in motion the machinery of a state government, we have the resources of an infant state to develop, a territory embracing 227,000 square miles, to populate and improve; Gold, Silver, Iron, and Coal mines to explore; ships, railroads and cities to build, in short, we have to establish here a great and flourishing agricultural and manufacturing state.

Yours truly,

P. W. GILLETTE

Astoria, Oregon, April, 1859.

**LETTER FROM OREGON.**PACIFIC FARM, Oregon Territory,  
May, 1853.

EDS. OHIO CULTIVATOR.—I have wandered off so far from home and acquaintance, that I sometimes feel quite lonely during my leisure hours. This evening, as I sat musing upon the scenes and events of other years, and trying to picture in my imagination how every thing looked at the old "Evergreen Farm," among the many things that presented themselves, was the *Ohio Cultivator*, which was a welcome visitor at our house for so many years, that it almost seems like one of the family. This broke up my reverie, and I got my pen immediately to dispatch an order for the *Cultivator*.

Last fall, after my arrival, I traveled over the greater part of the Territory, in search of a place to settle upon, as my future home. During my travels I saw the largest wheat, oats, potatoes, beets, onions, turnips, &c.; the fattest cattle, horses and sheep, and the best beef that I ever saw in my life. I also listened with great satisfaction (but some doubt) to stories of producing 58@60 bushels of wheat per acre; and on the Columbia bottoms, harvesting 800 bushels of potatoes per acre, and selling them at \$2.50 per bushel! The price was doubtless true, as wheat has been worth \$5 per bushel since; and now potatoes command \$3. And I am well satisfied, that in this climate and soil, by proper culture, such yields may be easily obtained.

After seeing and hearing all of these, and many more remarkable things, together with the scenery of the country, which is varied and beautiful, I became perfectly in love with Oregon. But about a month of constant rain and snow in December, rather cooled my flame. This was of but short duration, however, as January and February were warm and pleasant, with bright sunny days, and frosty nights, making the winter, as a whole, more mild, pleasant, and agreeable, than the winters of Southern Ohio.

The spring has been early, warm, and genial; and vegetation advances with surprising alacrity. Farmers have good reasons to expect abundant harvests.

I have selected a situation upon the bank of Lewis & Clark's river, 6 miles from Astoria, and 3 miles from the Ocean. This river was named in honor of Lewis & Clark, who encamped here, during the winter that they spent in this country. My garden is now the very spot that was then their camping ground. Some of the remains of their old houses may yet be seen. The river at this place is 120 yards wide, and 2 fathoms deep at low tide—the tide rises and falls 6 to 8 ft.

Three miles west of here, is the Clatsop beach, one of the most beautiful beaches on the Western coast. To this place we resort, for sea bathing, gathering clams, &c. My land is all heavily timbered, except the "tide land." These are low lands along the river, that are overflowed a few times a year during the highest tides. They yield abundant crops of grass.

Hemlock, spruce, fir, white and yellow pine, and American arbor vitae, are our chief varieties of timber. The trees are tall, straight, and handsome. Many of them are 10 feet in diameter, and from 250 to 300 feet in height. This is as large as I dare speak of, through fear of having my veracity questioned: so I will not mention a few trees in this vicinity, that are from 15 to 20 feet in diameter!

Lumber is our chief article of commerce, and commands high prices in California.

A great portion of this territory is admirably adapted to grazing. I believe that I have seen as fat beef taken off of the prairie, as any stall-fed beef that I ever saw in Ohio. We have no fine, blooded stock here; but a spirit of improvement is manifesting it-

self among our farmers; and it will doubtless soon be introduced. Cows are worth from \$80 to \$125 per head; sheep \$8@\$10, each; and American mares, from \$150 to \$250 per head.

Agriculture is yet in the very cradle of infancy. Her beauty and strength are yet in embryo. But could a few hundred copies of the *Ohio Cultivator*, and kindred works, be distributed among her nurseries, methinks her puny arms would soon unfold to mighty length, and she wax strong and vigorous. We have the territory, climate, and soil, for a great Agricultural State; and all that is now wanting, is means to develop it.

Yours truly,

P. W. GILLETTE

NOTE.—The writer of the above, is a son of our old friend, H. N. GILLETTE of Quaker Bottom in Lawrence county.

In America are better  
writers to the Ohio  
Cultivator than after  
my arrival. They will  
give some idea of things in  
Oregon in an early day, and  
particularly, how I regarded  
the future of our country state.



A class of people with whom I have never  
before met. A stormy sailors, and all kinds of  
people, many of whom live with the Indian  
women. Several of the Indian women  
were admitted into society, and were permitted  
to dance ~~and~~ the parties. Gen Phil  
Sheridan, when stationed ~~at~~ at the Siletz  
Reservation some years ago was only a Lieut  
and he kept, and lived with one of these  
"Crazy Maidens". I have seen her often.  
She is quite considerably civilized.

During <sup>my</sup> stay at Yaquina I made several  
trips to Siletz Reservation (only a  
few mile away) where I was kindly received  
by the officers, and here I had a pretty good  
insight ~~into~~ into the humbuggy and  
cality connected with Indian affairs.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of Feb, My friend R. A.  
Bense gave a Ball and I attended and wrote  
a letter to a friend of mine <sup>at</sup> Corvallis a part  
of which I herewith annex.

How sadly I left Corvallis behind  
And all my dear friends, so genial and kind,  
To live among strangers, less dear to me  
I my lonely new home by side of the sea.

Though sad it was, we parted  
And on my way I started  
Ad, dear friend, your servant humble  
Had to take it rough and tumble  
And, I'd rather take a flogging  
Than have such another flogging  
As I got along the way  
To the great Yaquina Bay.  
The Roads were horrid, I declare -  
Enough to make a preacher swear  
Or any other

*Ball at the Grand Ball*

But the roads all now even,  
 And another perfect Choir.  
 The weather's cold and dreary,  
 And I am growing weary.  
 As waiting for the Spring  
 To hasten along and fleigh,  
 Her mantle o'er the land  
 And with her genial hand  
 Drive Winters chilling storms away  
 And ~~quell~~ <sup>quell</sup> the world with bright Springs Ray  
 The news is scarce, 'tis quite a dearth,  
 There's not a wedding death or birth  
 For idle gossipers to tell,  
 And times are dull this "Raging Spell".  
 Oh yes, our Ball, so grand and gay  
 On great Washington's last birth day—  
 Every one, and all his friends were there  
 From town and country everywhere.  
 And each one was dressed  
 In garments the best  
 With jewels and rings  
 And all such fine things,  
 With boots, gaiters, slippers & shoes,  
 Of all sizes, fashions and hues—  
 With cloths yellow, red and green,  
 And every color ever seen—  
 He came to have a better time  
 Than I can sing in prose or rhyme.  
 All ranks, and every grade  
 From white to darker shade—  
 From purple to blue of Syrian race  
 To Forest's dusky maiden's face—  
 From every station, every clime  
 Assembled for a jolly time.  
 Here, from the North, from all the world  
 The gay and dainty waltzes were heard,



Mr. A. A. Rogers's Song

Here, best of Matrons (as we are called)  
With common men of low full fame  
Here lusty Maids, so chaste, so fair  
In uncooth men had apt to pair  
While young and old, the wide and narrow  
The good and bad the fool and knave  
The peer and gay, the gallant, brave  
Mixed by side around the room  
In happy time to every tune.

We hoped without  
With joyous shout  
"On with the dance!"  
"Will waltz and prance

And enjoy ourselves most fully  
By having a time so truly  
For here us lady and lassies meet  
To chase the hours with dancing feet:  
To round and round - across, between,  
The pantatooms and crinoline -  
Hoops clashed with hoops, then soaring high  
The crinolines came toiling by.  
Revealing feet of motherly size,  
On the wood, the three to four feet  
And to prevent taking halflight hour  
Turn on by music's magic power.

The merry dance went on the same  
Till heavy hours of midnight came.  
And on from tables of delight  
My guests had gained no slight  
The food, stronger than music did  
To keep our craving stomachs quiet  
Till with the full moon's light  
Twilight came to bring each home  
And on the same  
The same old story,  
And on the same

With rapid feet & p down the stairs -  
 Some went alone, and some in pairs,  
 With all the speed that we were able  
 To get good places by the table.  
 The banquet was repast now begun -  
 Swift to and fro, the waiter's train -  
 Whole trays, knives and forks and spoons  
 Were brought in active service soon -  
 Bread & butter, Coffee and tea,  
 Were swallowed down with ecstasy,  
 And ducks and chickens swiftly flew  
 Adown our throats with dressing too,  
 With beef and pork, and Mutton chops  
 As well as minces from the shops.  
 The little groans & wails of food  
 Of every sort, so rich, so good -  
 With rich desserts and best of pies  
 To suit the taste, or please the eyes,  
 In short, with every delicious dish  
 That eye could see, or heart could wish.  
 But ah, Mortice! how it vanished  
 As the hearty meal was finished.  
 The merry crowd, thrice core in all  
 Deserted now the banquet hall,  
 Returning to the room above  
 Where all was happiness and love.

The delicious meal  
 Renewed our zeal,  
 And gave us might  
 To spend the night  
 In joyous glees,  
 From care all free  
 Till morning  
 Gave warning  
 That we should go home.



March 1867.

This has been the most pleasant  
that I have ever witnessed in any country. We  
have had about 24 bright sunny days.

I amuse myself in hunting deer moss on the  
beach. There is a great variety, of undergrowth  
beauty. I have much time to study the  
habits of Nature, and I take much pleasure  
in it. We have discovered coal of a very  
good quality, but as yet in quantities too  
small to warrant much expense in pros-  
pecting.

Since then I made a trip out to Portland  
and Astoria, and while in Portland, I made  
an engagement with Mr. Pittcock to act  
as traveling agent & correspondent of the  
Oregonian. Accordingly I made arrange-  
ments, and tendered my resignation as  
"Editor of the Reformer", and in July last left my  
residence. I continued my travels until  
about the middle of December. On or about  
Jan 1st 1868 I commenced acting as collector and  
general business agent of the "Oregonian".

Since now I consider my home is  
in Portland. I should have settled  
here when I first arrived in Oregon. Had  
I done so, I have no doubt that I might  
now have been quite independent.

It is much more bearable to go from  
a thick ~~people~~ place than the reverse.  
I do not so feel as if it were possible  
for me to go back to an isolated place  
such as my home used to be. I am sure  
that I should be quite miserable.  
The following are my letters to the  
Oregonian during my travels.



## LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

SALEM, July 22d, 1867.

I always feel as if I were at home when I get to Salem, but the place is getting so *fast*, and growing so large, that I shall not be able to keep pace with it unless I visit it oftener. The city is spreading out in every direction, and several fine bricks are being erected, in addition to the many other buildings.

This city now supports seven churches, nine saloons and beer shops, two lodges of Good Templars, and eight base ball clubs! Who will not say that Salem is getting to be a *fast* place?

It's funny to see my old friends—well, I'll not mention them—playing *base ball*. Old fellows and young fellows, tall and short fellows, rich and poor, State officers and citizens, all play, and if sprained ankles, crippled fingers, and battered shins are marks of good players, why, the Salem boys are experts.

Well, base ball makes lots of fun for the town people, but the hard working country folk, who have plenty of useful exercise, growl about having to pay for newspapers filled up with base ball nonsense. I paid a visit to the

## PENITENTIARY

and found the "necessary evil" in a very flourishing condition, under the supervision of Superintendent Berry, and Warden Morse. The "hard times" seem not to effect its prosperity in the least. The buildings are all temporary, but everything is as secure as the circumstances will admit of. Neatness and perfect order pervades the whole establishment, and the convicts, fifty-two in number, are as well drilled as a company of veteran soldiers. Maj. Berry is manufacturing a large quantity of excellent brick, to be used in the construction of a penitentiary, and other State buildings, and for sale. The convicts seem to be an industrious set of fellows, at all events they work well, whether the do it with a will or not.

The buildings and brick yard are watered by a force pump, driven by a water-wheel in the fine little creek that flows through the grounds.

This institution is located one mile and a half back of the city, on lands purchased by the State for that purpose; and it will probably remain there as long as Oregon needs a penitentiary.

## THE ROADS

are as good as they ever get to be in Oregon, and yet there is room for much improvement. There has been considerable work done on the stage road, between Portland and Corvallis, but as a general thing it has been but where it was least needed. No country can ever be very prosperous without good thoroughfares. They are the arteries of the State, and yet our main stage road in many places is scarcely fit for a decent cow trail. From Aurora to Milwaukie it is horrible. Much of the way over that road, the stage has to pursue its "winding way" among the primitive trees. Clackamas is a good substantial old county, but she exhibits poor taste in road making.

P. W. G.

ALBANY, July 27, 1867.

We left Oregon City at 9 A. M., on the steamer *Enterprise*. She had on board twenty-five tons of freight, and about thirty-five passengers, among whom were Mrs. Senator and Mrs. E. Corbett and Mrs. W. S. and Mr. J. W. Ladd, on their way to Salem to meet their "lords" who have just returned from the coast and "Reservation." Senator Corbett is a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, so he has been paying a special visit to Mr. Lo, to see what he most needs, and how he is treated by those persons under whose guidance and care he has been placed by the government. But I must not go after Senators and Indians, for I want to tell you how the steamboat captains get their boats over the "bars" at "dead low water." When the river recedes to the lowest stage, they have at each of the shoalest bars, a large cable, with one end fastened on the shore and the other end (to which is attached a buoy) floats in the water, at the lower end of the bar. She is run upon it, and the cable is caught up and made fast to the capstan or windlass—then all hands apply their strength to the windlass until the cable is drawn as taut as possible. When this is accomplished the Captain rings the bell to back her. The cable keeps her from going back, while the great stern wheel, backing with all the power of the engines, throws the water forward under the boat, until it just about floats her, then the order is given to reverse the engines and "go ahead" with all speed—thus, by the draft on the cable by the windlass and the force of the engines, she is driven ahead several feet. The same operation is repeated until the bar is crossed. It is a novel idea that a steamboat can lift herself over a bar upon which is less water than she will float in, by drawing up the water and herself, with the

It seems wonderful that the Willamette river, above the Falls, is at all unavigable for steamers during its low stages; and yet, as a general thing they make their trips with marked regularity. I do not see how freight and passengers can be carried any cheaper than they are, considering the wear and tear upon boats, jamming among stumps and snags and grinding on the rough, stony bottom, and the great expense of pulling snags out of the channel and improving the bars and shoals.

"Matheny's" bar is the shoalest place in the river, but when the P. T. Company complete the wing dams they expect to finish this season, it will obviate the present difficulty of passing that point.

## SENATOR WILLIAMS,

spoke to a large and attentive audience in Albany on Saturday. I never listened to more sound political arguments, and I have heard many others express similar opinions. He occupied nearly three hours, yet no one seemed tired except a few Copperheads, who fled before the blazing truths he uttered. I cannot refrain mentioning a very gentlemanly (?) fellow who sat directly in front of me during the speaking. The luxuriant growth of uncombed, coarse brown hair mixed with gray, not only covered his cranium, but reached well down towards his eyes. In his mouth he had a large pipe, notwithstanding ladies sat very near him, and looked very much as if he had forgotten to change his shirt last Sunday. As soon as I had taken a good look at him, I said to myself he must be a Constitutional Democrat, for who else could, under such circumstances, assume such an air of foolishness? When the Judge had got about half through his speech, he happened to say "negro," at which the fellow bolted, and as he retired down the aisle, I fancied that I could see him quinting back over his shoulder to see if "nigger" equality was at his heels. P. W. G.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

EUGENE CITY, July 31, 1867.

If there is an unemployed person in the State that can "keep a hotel," he will find a good opening in Corvallis; for the only hotel in that place has been closed for some weeks, and now, the unfortunate traveler who arrives there by stage (and the stages from each way reach there in the night) is not as well off as the "foxes that have holes" or the "birds that have nests"—literally, "he hath not where to lay his head." Neither can he find a place, unless some hospitable individual sees fit to take him in. When I left there I had to wait at "Mc's" saloon until midnight for the stage, as there was no other public house kept open until that late hour. We passed over the classic grounds of Long Tom in the night, and daylight overtook us at Williams'. From there on, I was delighted with the scenery—having never been in this part of the State before. The land is fertile and the face of the country beautiful. My ideas of

## EUGENE

were formed upon what I had heard and read in the papers, of that place. Expecting to find a lazy, shabby little village, nestled among the "dog-fennel," in an unsightly locality. But I was surprised to find it rather a brisk town, pleasantly situated in the midst of a rich and beautiful country. Some new buildings are being built and the material is on the ground for the construction of a block of bricks. Eugene, with a population of about eight hundred inhabitants, has thirteen dry-goods, hard-ware and grocery stores, three saloons, one brewery, two blacksmith shops, two wagon shops, two boot and shoe shops, one milliner store, two tailor shops, two photographic galleries, five churches, five physicians and seven lawyers—all seemingly doing well. Surrounded by so large a district of almost unsurpassed fertility, I see no reason why this place will not soon grow into a respectable city.

From Skinner's, at the north end of town, I had the most picturesque and charming landscape views that I ever beheld. The broad valley of the Willamette stretches away to the north as far as the eye can reach. On the west, I could follow the meanderings of the Long Tom to the coast mountains. On the east, I could trace the course of the McKenzie until it was lost in the Cascade range; and further to the southward, I could see the parting of the Coast and Willamette forks of river.

## THE SOCIETY

in Eugene is good,—better than an average in the State. Those whom I met, are social, hospitable and intelligent. I have not met a more jolly set of fellows anywhere, and they play *base ball* too; and have attained so much proficiency that I should not be surprised to hear that the *Dysodias* (Dog-fennel's) had challenged the State.

## SPENCER'S BUTTE

Stands five miles south of the town, and is upwards of 1,600 feet high. The view from the summit of this mountain is magnificent and grand, extending a hundred miles north and south, and from the Cascade to the Coast Range. In 1839 a party of the Hudson's Bay Co. encamped near the butte while on their way to California. During their stay there, one of their party by the name of Spencer started out to take a hunt, and to be the first white man to ascend the mountain. As he did not return that night his comrades became alarmed for his safety, and next morning started out in search of him. After some search they found his trail, which they traced through the grass and brush about two-thirds of the way to the summit, where they found his body pierced by many arrows. Upon examination, it was found that he had been to the summit and was returning, when met and murdered by Indians. That mountain will be his monument forever.

While here, I called on the Hon. J. H. D. Henderson, and found him enjoying excellent health, and able to work in the harvest field—"a retired statesman, and not a played-out politician," he jocularly said, quoting a funny saying of Senator "Nez." P. W. G.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

JACKSONVILLE, Aug. 4, 1867.

## STAGING.

I have traveled down Snake river in a miserable skiff, glided over the Cowlitz rapids in an Indian canoe, and rode in all manner of small boats in the boisterous waters of the Columbia river about Astoria, but nothing of that nature makes me feel so *skittish* as a night drive on the stage, over the mountain waves of the Umpqua valley. Sometimes scaling dizzy heights, and rapidly wheeling over "grades" around abrupt hillsides with yawning gulfs below, or plunging headlong down into some dark valley, you know not how or where, is by no means pleasant to the inexperienced stager; and when colored by a dark night and backed by a vivid imagination, it is capable of producing the most peculiar sensations. But I suppose it's all a "notion"—the driver says there is no danger, and he ought to know. There seems to be fewer accidents by stage, than by rail, or by water, so it must be the safest way to travel, unless one goes "on foot." Staging is almost science, and the system and order by which this long line is conducted, is quite wonderful. The Oregon Stage Company have been fortunate in securing the service of a corps of gentlemanly and obliging Agents, and safe and intelligent drivers.

We reached

## CANYONVILLE

at four in the morning, tired and sleepy. But I soon found a comfortable bed at D. C. McCallan's, who never fails to make the wayfaring man as comfortable as possible. Canyonville is at the end of the "good country," or, as some fellow says, "the last of God's country." From there on south for thirty or forty miles, it is mountainous and barren, with a few small exceptions. This little place is new but thriving. It has 3 dry goods stores, 1 drug store, 2 blacksmith shops, 1 wagon shop, 1 saddle and harness shop, 1 boot and shoe shop, 1 photographic gallery, 1 hotel, 2 saloons, 1 brewery, 1 grist mill and 1 tannery besides two sawmills, and one grist mill near the town, and a distillery, not now in operation. The people of the town and vicinity are enterprising and intelligent, and stick closely to business. This is the strongest Union precinct in Douglas county. Canyonville is situated at the mouth of the great

## CANYON.

This canyon was first explored in 1846, by the Applegates, and through their efforts a road was opened through it. It is nine miles long, and for many years was the dread of every traveler on account of the almost impassible condition of the road. But now it is one of the best roads in the State,—a toll road. The canyon is very narrow, walled on either side by mountains high and steep. The soil is poor and rocky. The trees are heavy with long gray moss, that makes them seem to have grown old with weary years of suching life from the sterile soil of this solitary place. From Canyonville to Rocky Point, (12 mile North of Jacksonville) the greater part of the country is mountainous and barren. There are a few good farms on Cow Creek; a tributary of the Umpqua, and also a few on Grove Creek, a tributary of Rogue river, and there is some good land along the Rogue river bottoms. We passed through several mining districts, where acres and acres of the "bed rock" is left bare, the soil having all been washed away, leaving the face of the country looking as desolate as possible.

P. W. G.



# TERS FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

ASHLAND, Aug. 4th, 1867.

at Dardinelles, eleven miles north of Jackson-  
e, is the beginning of one of the prettiest val-  
is Oregon. It is about 40 miles long, and  
a two to twelve miles wide, and runs in a north-  
and south-easterly direction across the coun-  
The face of the valley is beautifully divers-  
with level and undulating lands; with broad  
ies and sparsely timbered groves of oak and  
; with voluptuous hills, and crystal streams  
ing from the surrounding mountains. There  
perhaps, no richer land in the State than that  
ad in this valley; and where is the scenery  
lier than here?

## JACKSONVILLE

situated near the foothills on the west side of  
valley, and is the largest town south of Albany,  
taining about 1,000 inhabitants. It is the  
tre of trade, for the surrounding agricultural  
mineral districts. The town, though rather  
at present, exhibits marks of enterprise and  
perity. The streets and sidewalks are very  
d, and there are many fine residences, and a  
nber of good brick stores and business houses.  
oods, groceries, &c., from abroad, used in  
county, are brought in by way of Crescent  
at a cost of about \$100, per ton, for trans-  
tation, and any thing that is shipped away  
here is subject to the same enormous tax.  
ce, it is not surprising that the people of this  
city are clamorous for a railroad.  
going from Jacksonville to

## ASHLAND,

teen miles south-east, we pass through Gas-  
—once a flourishing little town, but now a di-  
lated village with vacant houses falling into  
s. It is said to be the haunt of fever and  
e, caused by the stagnant water of that vicini-  
Ashland is located on Bear creek, in a very  
lthful and pleasant place near the Southern  
of the valley. It contains a grist mill, saw  
land marble factory now in operation, and  
Rogue River Woolen Manufacturing Co. are  
ting their factory building. The stone wall  
ndation is already laid, and the frame work  
be ready to raise in a few days. This enter-  
will give a new impetus to the town and sur-  
rounding county, and will doubtless prove a "suc-  
" to the Company, because it stands in the  
st of the best wool growing district in the  
te. The machinery is to be propelled by the  
er of Bear creek.

Mr. J. H. Russell of this place is manufactur-  
g marble slabs from marble obtained in the vicinity.  
marble is of an excellent quality—beautiful,  
of a peculiar formation. It is different from  
I ever saw. It is translucent, very hard and  
ears to be a mass of large crystals cemented  
ether. When highly polished, it gleams in the  
light almost like diamonds. His saw is run  
water power, and so hard is the marble that  
saw only penetrates about three inches in a  
So it takes many days to saw up a block.  
Yesterday I visited the farm of Hon. L. Apple-  
gate, where I found much to please and interest  
Mr. A. irrigates his land, and now it is es-  
on as spring, while the surrounding country  
arched and barren. The luxuriance of his  
fields, vines and vineyard, almost made me  
y that I was in the Mississippi valley again.  
e I found an abundance of ripe plums and  
s, the first I had seen this season. There  
ds in his yard several large oak trees, with  
wha grape vines clambering over their tops,  
loaded with immense clusters of grapes. As  
valley is subject to extreme drouth than the  
lamette, it needs irrigating. There has not  
a drop of rain here for three months, and it  
be three more before they have any. I found  
Hon. J. Waggoner and Capt. McCall, whose  
ness and hospitality I cannot forget.

P. W. G.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

"TOLL HOUSE," SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS, }  
August 10th, 1867. }

## "SODA SPRING"

about ten miles southeast of Ashland, on  
igrant creek. This spring is an object of in-  
st, and a source of health and pleasure. It  
ongs to Dr. Caldwell, who is well prepared to  
ommodate visitors, health and pleasure seekers.  
e spring is very clear, and sparkles with myr-  
s of little globules bubbling from the fountain.  
e water is strongly tinged with soda, and has  
lensant flavor, and is said to contain valuable  
icinal properties. We found several invalids  
re, drinking its waters. Quite a number of

As I was so near, I concluded to see the south-  
ern boundary of our State, so I took the stage at  
Ashland for the "Toll Gate," kept by the Apple-  
gate Bros., on the Siskiyou mountains. At the  
foot of the mountains we halted at the "Mountain  
House," to exchange horses. This house is kept  
by Mr. Casey, who has a fine farm and broad  
pastures, kept green by irrigation, upon which  
numerous droves of cattle and sheep are fed, pre-  
paratory to ascending the mountains. At the  
Toll House I was joined by Gen. E. J. Applegate  
and two of his brothers, and at 5 P. M. we sat out  
for

## "PILOT ROCK,"

on the summit of the Siskiyou mountains, distant  
about ten miles. We packed our luncheon and  
blankets on a horse, leaving us nothing but our  
guns and spy-glass to carry. At dark we camped  
by a spring, in the abode of panthers and grizzly  
bears. In the night we heard the fierce scream of  
a panther, but nothing molested us. We arose at  
3 o'clock, and after taking coffee, set off on foot  
for the rock, still about four miles ahead. Our  
intention was to be there in time to witness the  
sun rise, but the brush was so thick and the  
ascent so difficult, that before we reached our des-  
tination the sun had been shining over the land  
an hour. Just before we reached the summit, we  
drove a huge grizzly bear from his bed, and as he  
fled through the thicket one of our party fired at  
him, but the shot did not take effect, and away he  
went crashing through the brush, over the summit  
and down into California. We reached the top of  
the rock at half past six A. M., quite exhausted  
by fatigue. This giant rock, according to the  
best estimate yet made, stands precisely in the  
42d north parallel, and consequently the bound-  
ary line between Oregon and California runs over  
the top of it. It stands on the summit of the Sis-  
kiyou mountains, and, at its base, is nearly  
or quite one-fourth of a mile in diameter,  
and towers one thousand feet above the ground  
upon which it stands. We made the ascent from  
the north side, through a winding canyon or stair-  
way, which reaches to the top. From the top of  
this magnificent pile, distance only obstructs the  
vision, and it seems like the whole world was  
spread out at your feet. You look down on the  
great Klamath country on the East, Siskiyou  
county, California, on the South, the Coast Moun-  
tains on the West, and Jackson county on the  
North. Away to the North-east, the great Cas-  
cade range stretches away towards the North  
until lost in distance, while the far off Sierra Ne-  
vadas fade away in the Southward. Sixty miles  
South stands Shasta Butte (the rival of our Hood),  
piercing the sky like a monument of Alabaster.  
Yreka lies hid among her hills, but the little town  
of Cottonwood, California, gleams in the valley  
below, and the Klamath river meanders through  
the mountains at our feet and glides on to the sea.  
Pilot Rock was the great beacon or guide board  
to the early travelers of this country, enabling  
them to find the pass in these mountains. The  
top of the rock is about 6,500 feet above the sea,  
and a stone thrown from its top falls over one  
thousand feet before it strike the earth. We  
amused ourselves by rolling huge stones down this  
frightful precipice, and it was grand to see them  
bound and hear them thundering down the deep  
abyss. Before we left, we "laid a corner stone"  
and built a monument, and deposited—not a "bot-  
tle of whisky," nor "green backs," but simply a  
paper bearing our names and the date of our  
visit. While we were laying the "corner stone,"  
the General made a speech appropriate to the oc-  
casion, and characteristic of "Lish." An eagle  
has built her nest in a niche, near the top of the  
rock, which she inhabits alone, for I saw no other  
signs of animal life. The juniper trees on the  
top of this mountain are stunted and bear the  
marks of years and storms, and the oaks are  
mere dwarfs, only two or three feet high; yet  
they bear acorns. The Siskiyou mountains are the  
chain connecting the Coast and Cascade ranges.  
The road across this mountain is first rate, and  
passes through the lowest gap in the range.

P. W. G.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

SALEM, Aug. 30, 1867.

At Eugene, I took a horse and started on a  
cruise in the "forks of the Willamette." Three  
miles above Eugene on the east side of the  
river is

## SPRINGFIELD,

where I found the late Surveyor General, B. J.  
Pongra, Jno. Kelly of the Roseburg Land office,  
and Hon. A. G. Hovey, engaged in the manufac-  
ture of flour and lumber. These mills are in ex-  
cellent condition, and are doing a brisk business.  
The company own a fine farm adjoining the vil-  
lage, which they also carry on. There is a store,  
and several workshops in the little town, and I  
think it one of the busiest places I have seen.  
The McKenzie is the eastern branch of the river,  
and empties into the Willamette four miles below

apart, when the McKenzie turns off to the east,  
and the Willamette bears away to the South, and  
a spur of the mountain cuts off the beautiful val-  
ley, known as the Forks of the Willamette.  
Nearly all of the land in the valley is prairie,  
and perhaps is the richest in the State. The val-  
ley is checkerboarded with fields of grain, pasture,  
meadows and orchards, and surrounding it is a  
beautiful fringe of dark green trees, along the  
banks of the rivers. The crop of grain in this  
fertile little district is good, though below the  
average. One farmer told me that his wheat yield-  
ed twenty-four bushels per acre, and I am sure  
that wheat through the valley will average twenty  
bushels per acre. I find that the early sown  
grain yields better, and was less affected by the  
drought than that sown later. The

## "CIRCUS"

was a big thing in Eugene. Everybody and all  
their friends were there from town and country—  
everywhere. The seats were all filled and many  
occupied chairs around the aisle. It was as "good  
as a show" to witness the concourse of people of  
"all sorts and sizes," and to see the hundreds of  
fans, bats and handkerchiefs flying so swiftly to  
create breezes to allay the excessive heat; and it  
was particularly interesting to see the "fellows"  
adjust their arms after the clown had laughed one  
of his hugest laughs, and when asked what pleased  
him so, screamed out in an ecstasy of fun: "Why,  
did you not see that fellow up there hugging that  
gal with the white bonnet on?"

## PIONEER OIL MILL.

At Salem I met Mr. C. Cartwright, the chief  
proprietor of the Pioneer Oil Mill, now being con-  
structed at Salem. Two or three years ago Mr.  
Cartwright bought and distributed among the  
farmers a small quantity of flax seed, the pro-  
ducts of which he also bought and distributed.  
Of this year's crop he has already purchased 3,000  
bushels and thinks there will be as much as 10,-  
000 bushels to be had, so rapid has been the in-  
crease. This adds a new and important article to  
the farm products of Oregon; and I am informed  
by those who have tried it, that if properly culti-  
vated it yields well and is a surer crop than wheat.  
When well cultivated it yields from eighteen to  
twenty bushels of seed per acre, and is worth \$1  
50 per bushel. The yield of straw per acre is  
about one ton, and I understand that the company  
expect to give about \$10 per acre for the straw,  
from which they will be prepared to extract the  
flax and put it in shape for the manufacturer.  
The company expect to have their mills in opera-  
tion within a year. That the

## EDITOR OF THE "RECORD"

at Salem I met, few who know him will take the  
trouble to dispute; that he has "a character on  
this coast," none will deny; that he is great in  
some things, I am compelled to admit—such as  
pleasantly, for he says cute things; he is sharp,  
and is capable of prying deep into hidden things,  
as may be seen by the pointedness of his pliz;  
he has great power of endurance, for what other  
man could stand in the streets and undergo what  
he did? In fact, he is an extraordinary man!  
But that there are some things that this wonder-  
ful little man does not know, is quite probable;  
for which, he is not to be blamed; and that he is  
liable as other mortals are, sometimes to make  
mistakes, is reasonable to suppose. Now, there-  
fore, I wish to say that not long since in one of  
my letters to the OREGONIAN, I gave an account  
of the event from which Spencer's Butte took its  
name. Now, the editor of the Record, not know-  
ing whether my story was true or not, and being  
a wise, funny man of wonderful powers of  
endurance, concluded it must be a 'sell,' and stated  
in his paper, I had been sold by some other funny  
man. The Oregon Herald, having the fullest con-  
fidence in Salem editors, and being anxious to cor-  
rect all mistakes, quotes the item. I take the oc-  
casion to say that my story was true, that in ad-  
dition to what I had previously heard, I have  
since met with Mr. W. W. Bristow, of Eugene,  
who has resided in that vicinity since 1847, and  
his father came here years before him, and both  
say the story is correct, and they knew of the In-  
dian Tom, a Calapooia chief, who said he helped  
to kill Spencer and that they shot him with ar-  
rows. Mr. Bristow also says that the party of  
whom Spencer was a part, named the McKenzie

P. W. G.



## LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

OYSTERVILLE, W. T., Sept. 6, 1867.

As the steamer neared the wharf at Astoria, I observed more sensibly than ever before, the difference between inland and seaport towns. In the former, I have encountered hot weather, dust and sultry atmosphere, exhaling an abundance of *aque*. There I saw wagons, coaches, buggies and vehicles of all kinds, drawn by all sorts of teams. At Astoria we met the pure sea air, cool, healthy and exhilarating.

First, we passed the Revenue Cutter, at anchor, with the Stars and Stripes at her mast-head, and bristling with the implements of war. Then came vessels of all sorts—schooners, sloops, plungers, scows, barges, sail and row boats of all sorts and sizes.

Instead the clatter of wagons, the cracking of whips and the "gelang" of teamsters, is heard the dashing of waters, the flapping of sails, the rattle of rigging, the click of oars and the "heave-to" of sailors. Each locality has its advantages and disadvantages, and I will not attempt to decide in favor of either, but will say this much: Whenever you get the "fever and ague," go to the sea coast and be healed "without money and without price."

I have been asked so often to explain the reason why the Government keeps the

## TIDE HOUSE

at Astoria, that I will take this opportunity of doing so. The present system of philosophy does not fully and satisfactorily explain all the various and wonderful phenomena of tides. Therefore the Government has established these tidal observatories at different points on this and the Atlantic coast, to aid science in discovering the true course, and philosophy of tides. There are three on this coast—one at San Diego, one at San Francisco and one at Astoria. The machinery in the tide house is similar to that of a telegraph office. A broad paper (long enough to last a month) is drawn through the machine at a regular rate of two or three feet in twenty-four hours. A pencil attached to a float, that rises and falls with the tide, is made to describe the exact height of the tides on the paper as it passes through the machine. At the end of the month a new paper is put on, and on the one taken off is the exact height of each tide of the past month. The whole thing is very simple, yet ingenious.

I left Astoria for Cape Disappointment, on my way to Olympia, having determined to go the coast and Chehalis river route. At the Cape, Mr. Mueson, the Lighthouse keeper, showed me through the Lighthouse (always an object of interest and beauty). I found it in the most perfect order. Everything about it is kept as bright and clean as the neatest parlor. This monster lamp consumes one gallon and a half of oil every night, and is supplied with oil by a force pump propelled by clock machinery. The light is magnificent, and may be seen thirty or forty miles. It stands two hundred and thirty feet above the water. The

## MILITARY POST

at this place seems to be in a prosperous condition. Everything is neat and in good order. The Military Prison for this District is kept here, and there are about twenty-one prisoners here now; all kept at labor twelve hours per day. They are employed in grading, making roads.

There are three batteries inside of the Lighthouse, mounting 19 guns; the smallest of which is of 8-inch calibre; but the most of them are 10-inch, and are the best of rifled guns.

Besides these, is the great pivot gun, weighing nearly twenty five tons, of 15-inch calibre. It stands on the extreme point of the Cape, two or three rods outside of the Lighthouse. The solid shot thrown by this monster gun, weighs about 450 pounds. The powder magazine it built of heavy timber and is covered several feet deep with earth, which is packed very solid and sodded over, so as to be perfectly bomb-proof. There are several hundred tons of ammunition here—shot, shell, powder, etc. The officer's quarters, hospital, sutler's store, light-keeper's house, guard-house, etc., are all good buildings and form quite a town—all belonging to Uncle Sam.

## SHOALWATER BAY

is 25 miles north of the Columbia river, and contains the most extensive oyster beds known on the north Pacific coast. It is estimated that 40,000 baskets of oysters will be shipped away from there this season. From 3,000 to 5,000 baskets are annually sent to Portland; the remainder go to San Francisco. This is the principle source of revenue to the country surrounding the bay. The bay heads nearly up to the Columbia river, forming a long narrow peninsula between its western shore and the ocean, upon which are some fine grazing lands, and several beautiful locations for residences facing the great ocean. The several small rivers—North, Cedar, Willapah, Palix, N. N., and D. N., all empty into the bay.

little valleys contain more or less good bottom land; that of the Willapah, especially, is said to be extensive and exceedingly fertile. Shoalwater Bay is a beautiful sheet of water, about twenty-five miles in length, and from four to seven miles wide. It will always be important on account of its oysters, and the day will come when it will be surrounded by a heavy population.

## OYSTERVILLE

is on the west side of the bay, about eight miles from its mouth, and is the principal center of the oyster trade. It bears many marks of ruin and desolation, caused by the great tide of last winter, when many of the houses were washed away or destroyed. The most interesting feature of the place is her fleet of oyster and sail boats. Many of them are fine crafts and fast sailers; and there are not many finer sights than to see fifteen or twenty of these boats with snowy sails, gliding over the beautiful bay.

P. W. G.

CEDARVILLE, W. T., Sept. 6, 1867.

## A WHALE.

I passed the remains of a whale on the beach near Oysterville. It is so near gone that the green bone in the head has separated from the body, the flesh having all parted from it. I had an opportunity of measuring it. It was sixteen feet long and nine feet wide. The monster must have been at least ten feet in diameter at the forward fins. Near by is a huge pile of carcass—ten or fifteen tons. These monsters die from wounds, disease or old age, and drift ashore, making rich prizes for the Indians, who are very fond of the blubber, or fat, which lies between the skin and flesh.

## TOAKS POINT LIGHT-HOUSE

is situated on the low point of land north of the mouth of Shoalwater Bay. It is exposed to the full force of the winds from almost every direction, and is a bleak and dreary place, being surrounded by drifting sands. There is no one living nearer than six or seven miles; so the light-house keepers must have a lonely time of it. This light is of the fourth order, and is called a "fixed light, varied by a flash." It has a "hydraulic" lamp and consumes one and a half quarts of oil per night. The flash occurs precisely every two minutes and lasts about fifteen seconds; it is caused by a plane convex lens, which is made to revolve around the light by clock machinery. At a distance this light seems (during the intervals between flashes) like a brilliant star, until just before the flash, when it is partially eclipsed, and one would think it was about to expire, when suddenly it glares up like the flash of the brightest meteor; then a partial eclipse follows for a moment, when the steady light is resumed. The lamp tower runs up through the keeper's house and is not more than thirty feet high. The house is built of brick and is large, substantial, convenient and well furnished. There are two keepers. The chief keeper, Mr. G. B. McEwan, receives \$1,000, and his assistant, \$750 per annum. The four keepers at Cape Disappointment are paid at the same rates. The "Aid to the Revenue," (or Inspectors of Customs,) at Oysterville, has a salary of \$1,000 a year. He is kept there to prevent frauds on the revenue; but his most arduous duty is to go to Astoria four times a year to draw his quarterly pay. He is an excellent man, but has some "oddities," one of which I must tell. He has an ox that he calls Joshua, which he rides. He has a saddle for him and guides him with small ropes attached to his horns. When a vessel arrives and anchors in front of the town, the Inspector (at low tide, when the water is so shoal that the vessel lies nearly "high and dry" aground,) mounts Joshua, hoists the Revenue flag, and rides off to board her, examine her papers, and see if she is all right. These "aids to the revenue" are kept at nearly all of the little bays and harbors along the coast to prevent smuggling. Whether it is wise policy or not, I do not undertake to determine.

When I got ready to leave the light-house, Mr. Nelzen, the assistant keeper, went out to the prairie and caught a horse for me to ride to

## GRAY'S HARBOR.

He said the horse belonged to a friend of his, a clever man, and a subscriber to the OREGONIAN, and he felt sure that it would be all right for me to ride him. So I concluded to take the chances of its being "all right," rather than to walk the fourteen miles. The Harbor is fourteen miles north of Shoalwater Bay. There is a narrow sandy prairie bordering on the ocean the whole distance, with small lakes and cranberry marshes lying back of it. There is no person living between the two bays, yet there are 400 or 500 cattle and horses, belonging to persons at the Harbor, grazing upon the prairie. Gray's Harbor is a large bay (though less than Shoalwater), with a good entrance. There are four fathoms of water on the bar at ordinary low tide, and the channel is straight and the bar narrow. At Chehalis Point on the south side of the harbor, is a vacated military post, which has not been occupied for five or six years. The Government buildings are in the charge of Hon. Gilos Ford, who is also Postmaster at this point. The Carters of Portland laid

miles from the ocean, and is navigable at high water about one hundred miles. So during the boating season, steamboats can run from the mouth of the harbor, to within fourteen miles of the Olympia. The Chehalis flows through one of the most extensive and fertile valleys in the Territory, and its rich lands, fine timber, healthy climate and good harbor, offer fine inducements for settlers.

The population of this district is yet small, and the settlements far apart, but those rich lands and fine fir and cedar timber, cannot much longer lie unclaimed. A good mill at or near the mouth of the Chehalis, in connection with a vessel to carry away the lumber and bring back supplies for the valley, could not fail to be a paying business, besides being a great advantage to the country.

After spending the summer in the Willamette Valley and Southern Oregon, where nearly all vegetation is parched and withered by the unusual drought, it is exceedingly refreshing and cheering to see the fields and vegetation on these moist bottom lands, as fresh and green as spring. Meadows that were mown but a few weeks ago, are covered with young grass five or six inches high. And the orchards look as green as in June, at the fruit is large and luscious.

At present, this is a slow route to travel over. I have met with many delays and have had a variety of conveyances—sloop, sail-boat, steamboat, horseback, and about twenty-five miles, I had to walk. But preparations are being made to avoid these delays. The new

## STEAMER CHEHALIS

Recently built at Tumwater, and just brought around by sea, to Gray's Harbor, will make regular trips up the river as far as the water will permit; and Capt. Goff informs me that he expects to perfect such arrangements as will make the passage between Olympia and Astoria both expeditious and pleasant.

P. W. G.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

SEATTLE, Sept. 17, 1867.

At four o'clock I started from Olympia down the Sound, on the steamer *New World*, Captain Winsor. This majestic steamer seems to be perfectly adapted to the grand waters of Puget Sound, where she finds no rival in speed, beauty or convenience. She had on board a large number of passengers, some freight, and several hundred sheep for the Victoria market. Soon after daylight we reached Steilacoom, where we took more passengers and a lot of cattle. Steilacoom is situated on a nicely sloping hillside, on the northeast side of the Sound, and looks very prettily from the water. The next stopping place was

## PORT BLAKELY,

on the west side, standing at the head of a narrow bay, about a mile in length, forming one of the cosiest little harbors I ever saw, with deep water from shore to shore and extending up to the water head. Here stands one of those giant mills surrounded by a smart village occupied by persons employed in and about the mill. This establishment belongs to Messrs. Renton, Smith & Co., who manufacture and ship about ten and a half million feet of lumber annually.

## SEATTLE

is on the opposite side of the Sound from Blakely on the north shore of Seattle bay. Like Steilacoom, it stands upon handsomely sloping ground and commands a fine view of the bay. It is very pleasantly situated and has a clean, tidy appearance. The houses are kept well painted. The style of architecture is rather neat and the town wears a thrifty and business air. It has a grist and saw mill, a number of stores, shops, saloons and several good hotels, among which are "Occidental," the largest in the place, and is kept by Mr. Miller, and the "Western Terminus," kept by the man whose "head is level." The Territorial University is located here. A fine looking structure, occupying a prominent position on the hill, where it may be seen many miles up and down the bay and Sound. The mines back of Seattle add importance and will long become a source of wealth to the place. The distance and difficulty of getting it from the river to navigable water are now obstructions with time and money will obviate. There is said to be a greater quantity of good agricultural land at Seattle than any other point on the Sound. There are several small rivers near, the valleys of which are very rich. A wagon road is being opened from this place to Walla Walla, through the Selkirk Pass. The party opening the road has already passed the summit of the Cascade mountains. The road is to cost about \$6,000. The Legislature has agreed to appropriate of the money, and this county gave a part, the remainder was raised by subscription. The road will connect Eastern and Western Washington, and will, perhaps, help to make the two extremes a little more fraternal. Seattle and Olympia are rivals for the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Each place is anxious to find the best pass through the mountains. Olympia claims to have it in the "Cowlitz pass." Seattle claims the river of the



## OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS

splendid. They are very high and rugged, and many of the loftiest are covered with perpetual snow. They lie between Puget Sound and the ocean, and are higher than the coast range, which they seem to be a continuation. From the mouth of Gray's Harbor, the view is nearly as—stretching from near the head of Black Bay away north to Cape Flattery. It is said that specimens of coarse gold have been found in it, yet they have not been thoroughly prospected. Between these mountains and the ocean to the west, and Gray's Harbor and the Chehalis on the south, lies a vast tract of level land, abounding in many fine prairies and a beautiful As seen from Chehalis Point, this district is large enough for one or two good counties.

## TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

Much has been said by the Copperhead party about Flanders having been elected by the vote, that I must tell what occurred in the election. It happened that two of the judges of the election in that place were anti-negro suffrage and, perhaps, like Nasby, thought if the negroes were allowed the right of voting, that there would be nobody left *lower* than themselves, therefore, they would have no one "to look up to." One of these judges was a ponce, possessed of great dignity, and declared if "niggers" were allowed to vote, that he would not submit to the disgrace of acting as one on the board, but would retire immediately. The other was a *chivalric*, and said that if a "nigger" were there to vote, he would fight. The Union of the place not wishing to have any difficulty and willing to humor the sensitive judges, asked their colored friends not to vote, which they took, and did not come to the polls. It so happened that there was one Democratic member in the town, who was employed as a fiddler in one of the vilest dens in the country—a *square* dance house and whisky mill kept by a white Copperhead. Late in the day he came, prepared, offered his vote, which was received by all the whites and challenged by no one. He voted for Clark and the Democratic ticket, after which he resumed his other dirty job of fiddling in the square dance house. P. W. G.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

PORT TOWNSEND, Sept. 13, 1867.

## "SEA FOAM"

The name of a little steamer that runs from Seattle to several of the milling towns in the vicinity is a propeller, and about the size of a large rowing boat. When we left Seattle the engineer carried aboard a large lump of Seattle coal, for wherever we landed the captain and engineer each gathered up an arm full of bark chips, which, with the coal, made sufficient fuel for the voyage. The little thing runs well, and soon carried me the fifteen miles that lie between Seattle and

## PORT MADISON.

This little bay, or arm of the Sound, forms one of the most complete harbors, entirely sheltered from every wind. Here is the Port Madison Mill, owned by Meigs & Gawley. This is the largest and most commanding sawmills on the Pacific coast. It is propelled by two engines, with eight Scotch flued boilers. The mill is 324 feet long, 60 feet wide, and manufactures about 18,000,000 feet of lumber annually. Sixty men are employed in and about the mill, besides the great number employed in logging, rafting, etc. The company owns six vessels for transporting their lumber, and they are building a vessel of 600 tons in their own shipyard. They also own a tug for towing rafts, ships, etc. In addition to the mill, there is a blacksmith shop, machine shop, foundry and carpenter shop, where they can manufacture and repair their own machinery. The mill is surrounded by a pleasant village of thirty or forty neat cottages, occupied by the employees, among whom are twenty-five families. To each cottage is attached a small garden, for fruit, vegetables and flowers. The village supports a school, a Good Templars lodge and a good hotel, the "Port Madison House," kept by Mr. Clendenin, where I found good accommodations as I find in the large hotels. The whole establishment, mills, town, mill, belong to the company, who do not allow the sale of intoxicating liquor to be sold or used on the premises; consequently they are surrounded by quiet and orderly people. From here I went in an Indian canoe to the "Reservation," two and a half miles, and from there walked through the dense forest nine miles, to

## PORT GAMBLE.

This place is situated near the head of Tekekalet Bay, and is another of those excellent harbors so common to Puget Sound. There are two large mills here, employing about eighty men and cutting annually about 20,000,000 feet. Besides a planer, they have machines for making lath, shingles and staves. This is said to be the most extensive milling establishment on the Sound. I am told that as high as thirteen vessels have been here at the same time, receiving cargoes for different ports. The village about the mills looks like a thriving town of 150 or 200 inhabitants; but with the exception of two or three lots, the town belongs to the milling company. Just below Port Gamble is the mouth of

## HOOD'S CANAL.

a long arm of the Sound, stretching along the front of the Olympic range of mountains and heading up within a few miles of Olympia. This wonderful sheet of water is seventy or eighty miles long and will average about three miles in width. It is deep and affords fine navigation from head to mouth.

## SEABECK.

another large milling establishment, is on the canal, a few miles from its mouth.

At Port Gamble, I met Mr. W—, of Freeport, whom I found to be a pleasant traveling companion, though still a little "joined to his idol"—the Democratic party—but too decent a man to make a good Copperhead. He subscribed for the OREGONIAN. May it puncture his Democratic cranium with the "arrows of conviction" until the light of true Republicanism shall overwhelm him. We chartered an Indian to carry us to

## PORT LUDLOW.

seven miles, in a canoe. Here we found mills and ships, logs and lumber, and forty or fifty men at work converting great trees into an article of commerce. Here is a smart little village, with a Good Templars' Hall—a new building just erected for that purpose—a reading room, with a nice little library, and a good hotel, "Port Ludlow House," with two billiard tables. Billiards are far more common in Washington Territory than in Oregon. Almost every hotel and saloon keep billiards. From here we set out on foot to Port Townsend, a distance of twenty miles through the wilderness. The road is good, through a heavy forest the whole distance, except the little valley of Chemicum, where there are a few good farms. The land, excepting the creek and river bottoms, is poor and gravelly, and yet it bears an enormous growth of fir and cedar timber. We reached the "station," four miles from our destination, at dark, where we were kindly received and provided for by Mr. Barnard. This military station has been abandoned, and the barracks is now used as a marine hospital, while some of the officers' quarters are occupied by families. It is beautifully situated on the high land overlooking the bay of Port Townsend, Whidby's Island, and a portion of the Sound. The nicely graded grounds are fast being overgrown with wild trees and brush, and marks of neglect are everywhere visible. In all probability this place will never be used again for a military post, and the Government will either let it go to ruin or make it a permanent marine hospital.

## PORT DISCOVERY

Is another large milling establishment, on the west side of Port Discovery bay, and is about ten miles southwest of Port Townsend. This bay is twelve miles in length, and lies near the foot-hills of the Olympic range. It forms a complete harbor, and there is some talk that the Government intends to establish a naval station here. My visit to this place was made pleasant by the sociability and hospitality of the people. P. W. G.

September 24th, 1867.

## PORT TOWNSEND

Has a population of about 350 souls. The business part of the town stands upon low land scarcely above high tide—indeed the great tide of last winter overflowed the greater part of the town and destroyed some buildings, but they are now constructing a breakwater to prevent a repetition of the same thing. The most of the residences are on the "bluff," where there is room for a large city, on as fine a site as can be found anywhere. The view from this bluff is magnificent, embracing a portion of the territory of two of the greatest nations of the earth. In front is the Cascade range, reaching across Washington Territory and extending as far into British Columbia as the eye can reach. Mt. Baker is in Washington, but stands almost near enough to form one of the monuments on the line between the two Governments. This mountain is high and grand, but rough and uneven, and not nearly so handsome as Hood or St. Helens. Even Rainier, which we see from the point, surpasses it in beauty. Turning the eye a little to the left, you see Whidby's Island, forty miles in length spread out before you, and in the clear day you can see

yet that affords so extensive and varied scenery as Port Townsend. But she has no good harbor. There is water enough, deep and wide, but it is exposed to every wind that blows. Port Townsend is the port of entry of this collection district, of which F. A. Wilson is Collector. He has two deputies, one clerk and one Inspector in the office, and an inspector on each of the steamers plying between Olympia and Victoria. There are also several other inspectors stationed at the most exposed and important points. With Victoria at the very threshold of our multitude of straits, bays and inlets, offering the temptation of her foreign wines, brandies, segars, silks, opium, etc., etc., it requires a large corps of revenue officers to enforce the laws, and keep the people honest.

There are a great many goods, and "lots" of whisky sold in Port Townsend. No town on the coast, perhaps, excels it in the latter article. Her society is mixed. I have met here a number of most intelligent persons, and there are many, very many low and depraved. I am informed by persons residing here, that there are 20 to 25 white men in the place living with *squaws*, and of that number but two are married. While here I attended the somewhat celebrated Wilson

## DIVORCE TRIAL.

Occurring in a "high circle" and under peculiar circumstances, it has excited the deepest attention in this part of the territory. The wife of Collector Wilson sued for a divorce on the ground of neglect, and harsh and cruel treatment on the part of her husband, all of which she failed to establish. On the contrary, it was proven that the defendant had been a kind husband, a good provider, and that he treated his wife as well as husbands generally do.

It seems that Charles B. Darwin, Judge of the Third Judicial District in this Territory, had been boarding in the house of Collector Wilson for some time. His official position, and his intelligence seemed to entitle him to be trusted, and treated as a gentleman should be. As he was a pleasant person, and here without his family, he was allowed to board at Mr. W's. An intimacy soon grew up between Mrs. Wilson and the Judge. They finally became so imprudent that their conduct grew into public scandal. Then came the rupture. It was given in evidence before the Court, by lady friends of Mrs. W., that she had acknowledged to them, that she and Darwin were in love with each other—that they intended to get divorces and then be married. She had also read the most passionate love letters to the same ladies from Darwin, written when he was away to the Atlantic States, portions of which were given in evidence by these witnesses. The strongest reason that Mrs. Wilson gave before the Court for demanding a divorce was that there existed an "incompatibility" [there's a point for the editor of the Herald.—Ed. OREGONIAN] between herself and husband, that could not possibly be removed. The Court decided that as she had been the cause of the separation, she was not entitled to a divorce.

This Charles B. Darwin now has the face to mount the judicial bench to dispense justice, enforce the law and protect the public virtue and chastity. This Darwin is an appointee of Andy Johnson; came here as a Union man; betrayed the party that gave him power, as he has the trust of the man who kindly took him into his family, and now votes the copperhead ticket. The case has assumed a political form, and the copperheads in this place, with a very few exceptions, side with this virtuous Judge. Judge McFadden was the senior attorney for the plaintiff, and opened the discussion with coarse abuse of some of the witnesses of the defence, and bitter anathemas, and low flings at the "Custom House," "Government officials," "Custom House bummers," etc., and like the other real copperheads, seems to hate the Government they can no longer control. The defense was ably conducted by Messrs Dennison and Garfield. Their pleas were touching and eloquent. B. F. Dennison in particular; every word and thought of which seems to come from his inmost soul. The scathing they gave Darwin was terrific. P. W. G.



## LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

[FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.]

WHIDBY'S ISLAND, Oct. 1st, 1867.

We passed between Point Wilson and Point Partridge a few minutes after two, and were in the broad Straits of Juan de Fuca. Point Wilson is two miles beyond Port Townsend, and Partridge is the southwestern point of Whidby's Island. Between these two points is the narrow place at the mouth of Admiralty Inlet, the main entrance to Puget Sound. It is said that the Government is to commence fortifying these points in a short time. We soon passed Protection Island, at the mouth of Port Discovery Bay, and next on our right, a few miles distant, was San Juan, the disputed island.

We could see the buildings of the American post, but the British post is on the other side and out of sight. This seems like a very small bone of contention between two great nations. The island is only two miles wide by eight or ten in length, and it has already cost each government more than ten times its worth.

Three hours after we left Port Townsend we were passing through the narrow, crooked channel, studded with buoys, that leads into the snug little harbor in front of

## VICTORIA.

In going from the boat to St. Nicholas Hotel, I found that in meeting persons on the street it was the custom to turn to the left, and I observed afterwards that vehicles of all kinds, in meeting, turned to the left. It seemed a little awkward at first, but I have "got the hang of it" now, and have no criticisms to make on this mode of passing and repassing—it is *custom*, and custom is everything with a people. Our manners and customs are perhaps as odd to others as theirs are to us. I had an illustration of this not long since, where I had occasion to take dinner at a farm house in the vicinity of Long Tom. At dinner I used my *fork a la mode*. The good lady at the head of the table, seeing me eating with my fork, kindly asked, "Mr. —, did I not give you a knife." After that, I concluded to follow the old adage, to "do in Rome as Romans do."

Victoria is irregularly laid out, but is as handsomely located as a town can be. Her fine view of the continent and the adjacent islands, her cosy little bays and secure harbors, her variegated and beautiful landscapes, give her many attractions and make one feel like having a home on Vancouver isle. Much of the town is well built. Many of the business houses are substantial and good, while some of the residences are elegant. Her streets are good, and the roads leading to important places in the suburbs are excellent. For \$5, we got a two seated buggy for three hours, and drove to Esquimault, the harbor for large vessels. Here we found four or five "men-of-war" lazily swinging to their anchors. One of them is a large iron clal steamer, a formidable looking craft. This harbor is too small to accommodate many vessels at anchor. We then drove to Church Hill, (at the race track), thence up the coast some distance, and back by the Executive Mansion, and home through Fort ~~Victoria~~. It was one of the most pleasant drives I ever had, and I recommend all pleasure and sight seekers who visit Victoria in good weather, to try it. We passed many elegant mansions, some built upon hills and knolls for the view, some in beautiful groves of old oaks and firs; others nestle down among the gray old rocks, in some cosy little dell. The Executive Mansion stands on a hill of rocks in stately grandeur, overlooking the surrounding country. It is a substantial and handsome edifice, and was built by and belongs to the Government. But, notwithstanding her fine location, good streets and excellent roads, elegant mansions, splendid scenery and healthful climate, Victoria is rapidly decreasing in wealth, population and importance. Four years ago she had seven or eight thousand inhabitants, now she cannot count more than fifteen hundred. More than three-fourths of her houses are empty, and the people are still leaving. Taxation is enormous—it is three or four times greater than ours. And her sources of income are few and small. Yet many of her people believe that she will come out all right, and make a large and flourishing city.

The greater part of the "Americans" have left. It is getting to be too slow a place for them. Enough of them are still there, however, to make the place a little "spicy" occasionally. While there, one night after I had retired, I heard the sound of music near by. Upon opening my window I heard a piano and violin in an adjacent building, accompanied by eight or ten male voices, singing "John Brown," "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Marching Through Georgia," etc., in the most spirited manner.

Victoria overestimated the extent and richness of her mines; so much that she "outgrew herself." Being a free port, she had a tendency to make and enlarge business,—now that is abolished. There is a duty on almost every article that is brought there, and on many things it is now

The following is a list of the principle products that we have been sending there, with the rate of duty thereon; "Bacon and hams, 4 cts per lb.; barley, oats and field peas, 30 cts per 100 lbs.; butter, 10 cts per lb.; cider, 15 cts per gallon; eggs, 12½ cts per doz; flour, \$1 50 per bbl.; fresh fruits, viz: apples, pears, plums, cherries, currants, raspberries, etc., 1 cent per lb.; hay, \$4 per ton; lard, 5 cts per lb.; horses, and mules, \$2 per head; beef cattle, \$3 per head; sheep and goats, 75 cts per head; hogs, \$2 per head; potatoes, ½ cent per lb.; onions, 2 cts per lb.; other fresh vegetables, 1 cent per lb., etc. This will compel them to produce these commodities themselves, or make them pay an enormous duty on all they eat. The duty on liquors, opium, cigars, goods, silks, lace, etc., is less and still leaves a small margin for smuggling. Many ladies and gents from the Territory go there to trade because they can buy cheaper, and run the risk of passing them through without duty, either unobserved by the officer, or as "only a few things for my own use." This trade, small as it seems, is one of the main springs to the life of Victoria.

When I returned, I paid a visit to Whidby's Island. I landed at Ebey's Landing, the spot where Col. Ebey was murdered by the Northern Indians in 1857. They shot him in his cabin door and then cut his head off and carried it away with them.

The Island is pierced by many nice little bays and coves, and has many charming spots for splendid homes. It is called the "garden spot of Puget Sound." The prairies are beautiful, and exceedingly fertile. I am informed by the most reliable persons that 100 bushels of wheat per acre has been grown on some of these lands. But the timber portion of the Island is poor and gravelly, like nearly all the land bordering on the Sound.

## COUPEVILLE

Is the county seat of Island county, and is situated at "Penn's Cove," a nice little arm of water extending nearly through the island. There is a store, hotel, postoffice and Good Templar's lodge there. This is one of the most flourishing lodges on the coast. It is less than a year old, and has ninety-seven members. The people of this island are social, hospitable and intelligent. They feel very much the loss of the Victoria market (on account of the tariff) for their farm products—hence their cry of *hard times*.

P. W. G.

## Seventh Annual State Fair.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

SALEM, Oct. 10, 1867.

The last cloud left the sky at noon, and the sun came out warm and bright, giving everybody the double assurance of fine weather through the Fair. The attendance was larger to-day than yesterday, and the Fair which on Monday promised to be almost a failure on account of the weather, is now considered by many the best ever held in the State.

## TRIALS OF SPEED.

The horse White Sock, formerly "Portland," made the best time. He ran one mile in 1 minute and 52 seconds. Premium, \$75. Trotting at 2 P. M., for stallion colts, two best in three, was won by "Peerless." Time, 3:25 and 3:10; premium, \$75. The trials in trotting, pacing and walking, resulted as follows: Best time, trotting, one mile, horse Atilla—3:15½. First premium, \$15. Pacing, one mile, best time, horse John Brown—2:51. Walking, one mile, to Soroggin's horse, first premium, \$15—time, 10:13.

The ladies department in the pavilion is better filled and makes the best display, embracing bead-work, needle-work, crotchet, painting, crayon, quilts and tidies.

The number of quilts (patch-work) was large, and the work and style is generally very good. A quilt made by Mrs. Chase, of Oregon City, (a lady seventy-five years of age,) drew the first premium. The quilt bearing the inscription of "The Union Forever," in the center, surrounded by stars and stripes, attracted some attention. There was a large eagle in each corner, each eagle being surrounded by three large sugar-pine burrs. The bird had web feet. It is thought that he must be a conservative eagle. A toilet cushion, made by a girl nine years of age, is very nice, and would be creditable for older hands. An ottoman cover, by Mrs. S. A. Clark, of Salem, is beautiful, and an undershirt made by Mr. Howell, bearing the inscription, "We a long yarn could unravel," is exquisite. It was made by hand. Your reporter is not master of words to apply to the workmanship, and can only say that it elegantly worked and must have required great time and patience to accomplish it. The white merino opera cloak, made by Mrs. M. Wilson, of Portland, is also very handsome. I observed several large rolls of excellent rag carpet and three or four hearth rugs, curiously worked, combining beauty and ornament.

A shell frame, and wreath of beautiful wood, and sea mosses, made by Miss C. Perkins, exhibits artistic skill and good taste. The tapestry picture of Miss Rosa Matthews, of Butteville, is very ingenious, and the crayon, "Gertie's first lesson," by Gertie Gray (a little girl of Salem), is good for one so young.

The basket of flowers worked in worsted, the sofa cushion, and the shell frame by Mrs. Deuling, were very pretty. The leather work by Mrs. Keller, Strong and others, was good; in fact there are no articles in this whole department that are not creditable. The ladies deserve many thanks for the great number, beauty and excellence of their contributions to the Fair. Many more of their specimens are equally as deserving of notice as those mentioned, and I regret that time and space will not permit me to speak of them more in detail.

Dr. L. F. Skiff, of Salem, exhibited the only dentistry, and his specimens do honor to the profession, as well as to himself. He also exhibited an anatomical preparation of the upper and lower maxillary, carved, showing on one side the nerves, and on the other the veins and arteries. It is very interesting and attracts much attention.

Samples of Oregon made leather; brooms, of Oregon corn, made at Butler's factory, Portland; boots, made by F. W. Gilbert, of Salem; books, bound at Siebert's bindery; buggies, manufactured in Portland, Oregon City and Salem, show that Oregon need not send abroad for the best of these articles. But few home-manufactured samples were exhibited, but the few that are here are very good.

The knitting machine generally has a crowd of ladies around it, and no doubt but many an old lady, upon seeing the rapidity with which it makes socks, thinks her occupation is gone.

This evening a man was arrested at the gates for attempting to shoot the gate keeper. He refused to show or get a ticket, and swore he would go in without one. He struck the gate-keeper for trying to keep him from going in, and he then drew his revolver and tried to shoot, but was prevented by the bystanders.

SALEM, Oct. 11, 1867.

The plowing match came off this morning at 9 o'clock. There were many excellent plows out. I have not learned which one took the prize. [The premium list will be published.] The "I. X. L." plow, recently patented by Mr. Brown of Roseburg, was much admired by some on account of its peculiar model and capacity of scouring in sticky land. It is said to keep bright in the black mud of the Umpqua. Douthitt's gang-plow is also an Oregon invention, and does good work.

It has two plows very nicely arranged, just behind the drivers seat, where he can sit comfortably and drive his team, and by means of levers, he can raise his plows out of the ground or guide it deep or shallow as he may desire. A roughish fellow, after scrutinizing it closely, remarked that it was the "lazy man's plow, and would suit Oregonians first rate." Then there were threshers and sowers, as well as reapers and mowers of all fashions and make—besides a horse-rake, and a splendid straw-cutter, and a patent gate shutter. These improved implements are splendid examples of this wonderful and progressive age. The farmer need no longer trudge along the fresh turned furrow to wield the toilsome plow, nor stalk with measured tread across his field to sow his seed, nor swing the "weary scythe" to cut his grain, nor grasp the flail to thrash, nor stoop to rake—for the inventive genius of the age has mounted upon machinery, where he can crack his whip, and make the ox and horse relieved him of a thousand toils. There were a number of new inventions that I would be pleased to mention, but space will not permit.

At 11 o'clock A. M., the Annual Address was delivered by Mr. E. B. Dufur, a young farmer and son of A. J. Dufur, of Multnomah county. It was very good and was delivered in a masterly manner. After the Address, a call was made for some of the "Pioneers of Oregon," and J. L. Parrish was invited to take the stand. He said he came to this coast 27 years ago, when there was little else in this splendid valley but fir trees and broad prairies. At that time he knew every white person on this coast—that he had lived to see this young State grow, till now, she teems with bush thousands. He spoke of the morality, intelligence and enterprise of the people of Oregon, and said we have no sluggards and beggars here for they neither had the energy or means to bring them here. After Mr. Parrish had closed his remarks, Mr. John Minto, of Marion county, was called for and gave us a good talk.

The match game of Base Ball between the Pioneers, of Portland, and the Clackamas, of Oregon City, was one of the most exciting features of the day. It lasted for several hours and engaged the attention of hundreds of people. The game was very evenly played and drew out the best energies of the players. The "crowd" caught the spirit of the game, and often waved hats and handkerchiefs and cheered. Sure! Base Ball is in the brain, (and probably fills many a one). The innings were even, but the Pioneers made 57 runs and the Clackamas but 53. So the Pioneers got the \$40 premium, ball and all.

At 1:30 P. M., the trotting for stallions, miles, single dash, came off—premium, \$1 50. But two horses were entered, and the winner made five miles in 17 minutes and 21 seconds.



(FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.)

Oct. 18, 1867.

There were two very fine pianos and several melodeons—a splendid saddle made in Walla Walla, a lot of very fine hosiery, manufactured at the Pacific Woolen Mills, from Oregon wool, and many more things which I do not care to mention, for there is not much merit in making up a State Fair of articles brought from other countries. The purpose of these fairs is, to encourage home manufactured pursuits.

At 4:30 P. M. the fair equestrians (three in number) rode into the corral, already surrounded by thousands to witness the pleasing spectacle. They were Miss Amanda Robbins, of Oregon City, Miss Maggie Gilchrist, of Marion, and Mrs. B. C. Hutchinson, of Lane. They all did well, but Miss Robbins carried off the blue ribbon and the prize.

The receipts at the gates alone, up to to-night, amounted to \$4,220. The receipts from entries, licenses, &c., &c., I have not been able to obtain, but will forward them with the list of premiums awarded as soon as possible. P. W. G.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER)

SIXTH DAY.

SALEM, Oct. 12, 1867.

Salem was awake at an early hour by the clatter of vehicles, the shrill call of steam whistles and the general hurrah that comes with the break-up of an institution as large as the State Fair. The clerks have been employed all day in paying off the premiums, and everybody has been busy in packing up or selling their articles and making preparations to go home.

The races that came off this morning between the horses Portland and Richmond, 2 best in 3, was won by Portland—time, 1:57½ and 1:57¾. This race, like all the rest during the Fair, was not very little above ordinary scrub speed. And what if it was? What connection is there between an Agricultural Society and a horse race? The object and purpose of an Agricultural Society is and should be to aid, encourage and promote the best interests of all the agricultural pursuits—to ascertain what are the best and most profitable sorts of grains, grapes, esculents, vegetables, sheep, cattle, horses, swine, &c.—to learn *in modis operandi* of obtaining the largest yield on the ground at the smallest expense. An Agricultural Society should aim to give the greatest good to the greatest number. In looking over the premium list, I see that nearly all the valuable premiums are offered to trotting or running horses. Why is that? Do a majority of the farmers and mechanics in the State, or even a respectable minority of them own, or are they in any way interested in fast horses? No; there are probably not more than ten or fifteen fast horses in the State, and it is much more than probable that the most of them are owned by horse jockeys. The Society offers a premium of \$10 for the best acre of wheat or oats grown in the State; not enough to pay the expense of furnishing the necessary certificates and proofs to establish the fact that such a crop was grown. Yet the man that happens to have the fastest trotter gets \$150! Now, there are thousands engaged in growing wheat, and everybody eats bread. There is no product of the farm so important to the human race as wheat.

They offer a premium of \$25 for the best steam engine built in the State; but the society says it is far more important that some fellow man have a fast horse, and so offers him \$150. In all the long list of articles pertaining to the farm, animals, implements, mechanics, etc., there are but two premiums offered that reach \$50 each, and no others that go above \$30; while there are several for fast horses that go up to \$150, and quite a number that exceed \$50. The Society attaches so much importance to fast stock, that it offered about one-fifth of all the premiums fund to encourage horse racing, or, as the Society calls it, "trials of speed." The most of this is, of course, "gobbled up" by horse jockeys. Even if the fast horses were all owned by farmers, and that it was necessary that there should be many fast horses in the State, then the proportion in favor of the horses would be enormous. Horse racing may be well enough in its place. It may be admissible at an Agricultural Fair—but it seems unwise to me to give it all the best prizes. It pleases farmers and the people generally, to let their sons go to the Fair once a year to see scores of excited men betting their money on the races—why, I suppose I have no right to complain. It's a pretty good betting school.

The Fair is now closed, and taken all together, is probably the best ever held in the State. The total receipts from all sources amount to \$9,950. P. W. G.

Marion county is almost as well provided with roads, as Salem, is with streets, and as a general rule, they are laid out with considerable regularity. There are roads leading to every part of the county, and, considering the sparseness of the settlements through which they pass, they are good, and would do credit to an older and more thickly settled county. But there is one thing I would like to suggest, to the road makers, Supervisors or whose ever business it may be, and that is, to place guide boards at all cross roads. Many of the houses in this county were built before the roads were laid off, and so very many of them stand a long way from the road. A stranger finds it very inconvenient when he comes to one of these cross roads, to have to open a gate and ride half a mile up a lane, or, climb a fence, and walk through a broad field to the nearest house, to enquire what road he ought to take. But I succeeded in finding my way, I turned South, then East, leaving the beautiful Salem prairie, and soon found myself among the

WALDO HILLS.

This sea of hills (for they are like great waves, with gently sloping sides and rounded tops,) skirts the prairie on the East and South and extends many miles across the country. Mr. Waldo, was one of the first settlers here, and now, each one of the hills is a monument to his memory. The soil is generally good, and in some parts it is exceedingly fertile, producing the finest crop of grain, grass, fruit and vegetables. From some points, the scene is very fine, commanding views of a great portion of the valley, and the surrounding mountains. These hills are principally prairie, dotted and skirted by groves of timber, that adds diversity and beauty to the landscape. The late rains have started the grass, and now, they are almost as green as May, with fresh grown sod. I called at the farm of R. C. Geer, who for many years kept a nursery, and supplied the surrounding country with fruit trees. His place abounds in fruit—of the largest and finest sorts. He has turned his hogs into his orchards, where they eat hundreds of bushels of the best of apples and pears. Fruit is so very abundant this fall, and will bear such small prices, that this is probably the best disposition that can be made of it. Mr. Geer has an orchard of the largest pear trees in the State. They are from 25 to 35 feet high and large in proportion. He showed me some of "Geer's Seedling" a pear that he raised from the seed. It is the choice of several hundred seedlings that have borne fruit on his place. It ripens soon after the Bartlett, resembles it somewhat, and is a valuable pear. On beyond the Waldo hills to the south and west is the Mill creek and Santiam bottoms, a large extent of nearly level land. The soil of this land is good, though it contains considerable gravel, but not enough to damage it materially. Here on Mill creek, about 12 miles from Salem I found.

AUMSVILLE.

a flourishing little town that I have never heard of before. It stands in the center of a good agricultural district, and has advantages that will make it a smart little place. It has a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, wagon shop, picture gallery, saloon, two stores, and G. W. Shriver's saddlery establishment—and all seem to be busy. The mill belongs to H. L. Turner, and is one of the best custom mills in the State. It is 40 feet by 60, four stories high, and runs three sets of burrs. The flour put in market from this mill is among the best brands. The people of the town are making an effort to get a postoffice established there. It is much needed, and would accommodate a great many people. About five miles from Aumsville stands.

SUBLIMITY.

on the highest land in the vicinity, overlooking the surrounding country, much of which is covered with oak grubs. The town does all the business there is for a town to do, which is of course but little. It has a postoffice, two stores and a few shops, and wears rather an unthrifty appearance. The land surrounding the town is good, and when cleared off and put under cultivation can be made into pleasant and beautiful homes. Sublimity on the lower foothills of the great mountains; but the settlements extend many miles back on the long slopes of the higher hills. Twelve miles north, on Silver creek, I come to

SILVERTON.

three or four miles back of Howell prairie. The best part of the Waldo hills reach up within a few miles of Silverton, and there are other good lands near, so it is the center of a brisk little trade. It has a good school, postoffice, and several stores, shops, and a hotel. From here on north, I traveled on the old territorial road, over which I passed in the fall of '52, when I came to the country, "a poor emigrant." The land is tolerably fertile, but much of it is covered with oak grubs. Seven miles north of Silverton, at Butte Creek, is the line between Marion and Clackamas counties. A postoffice is about to be established at this point, on the recently established mail route from Portland via Foster's

Post office and a store. From here on to Foster's (excepting the beautiful Molalla prairie, and a few smaller ones) there is but little else than oak grubs. Fir trees and copperheads, with now and then a first-rate Union man. I met one of these Constitutional Democrats on the road, who said that he had been driven out of Missouri "just because he was a Democrat." Another one told me that he had just got news that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan had all gone Democratic by large majorities (perhaps my friend John P. Miller had sent him a telegram) at the October elections. He will circulate the news among his brethren, and they will always believe it. Not being able to read they get their news by "word of mouth," and when it comes from a Democrat, they know 'tis true.

I called at a house to learn which of two roads to take, and among other questions, I asked which road had the most people near it that would be likely to wish for a good newspaper. The good lady told me to take — road, for there was Mr. —, and his son, who had "jest jined meetin' and got religion, and they might want a newspaper." So I took the road. P. W. G.

## LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE.

(FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.)

LAFAYETTE, Nov. 12, 1867.

I stayed over night at a house on the border of the "Soap Creek Confederacy." Soon after my arrival there, a messenger came in from the capital of the Confederacy, and after passing a few words about the weather, he gave vent to a deep sigh, and said "I hear bad news." I asked him what it was. He said that he had "just heard over there at Mr. —'s store (in the Confederacy) that the President had ordered out troops, and that Congress had ordered out troops, and that they were going to war with each other." I told him I thought the report must be untrue, as Congress was not in session, and would not be for several weeks. "Well," said he, "that is the news over there, and the people are very much excited about it." The Democratic papers might get many sensation items by tapping Soap Creek with an express line.

BUENA VISTA

Is the largest town on the river in Polk county. It contains 50 or 60 dwelling houses, a good grist and saw mill, a hotel and livery stable, a number of stores and shops, and a stone-ware and pottery manufactory. This pottery establishment is an item of no small importance to our State, for it is turning her own clay into gold. The stone-ware made here is of the best quality, and the clay of which it is made, is of the best fire proof. This establishment belongs to Smith Bros. These gentlemen have already put a stop to the importation of this sort of ware into the State, and therefore retain within the State the gold that has heretofore been paid out for that article. I hope these gentlemen may be eminently successful, and may succeed in turning all the mud I encountered in the streets of Buena Vista into jars and jugs. Buena Vista is surrounded by a good country and nothing but a railroad running up the west side of the river can prevent it from becoming a smart town.

INDEPENDENCE

Is a thriving little town on the river a few miles below Buena Vista. Here I observed a large new warehouse, stores, shops, &c., and counted 10 or 12 new houses being erected.

MONMOUTH

Stands two miles west of Independence, in the midst of a valley of almost unsurpassed fertility and beauty. But it is celebrated for nothing but its College, which is at present in an unprosperous condition, on account of the political snarl it has got into. "The Democrats won't send to school to Republican teachers." I found that

DALLAS

Had grown considerably since my last visit there, a year and a half ago. It is the county seat of Polk county, and is a town of some importance. I met here a number of old acquaintances, among whom was Capt. Lafolet. The Captain is a host, and he has his sleeves rolled up ready for the next campaign. The Union men of Polk are wide awake and are going to give that county to the Union cause by a hundred majority. And here let me say we are going to carry the next election in this State by a larger majority than we did at the last election. Two or three hundred of Price's army that voted at our last election, have gone back to Missouri, and about 500 Copperheads have left the State and gone to California and Mexico. During that time the immigration by sea has been considerable, a large majority of which are Union. Take courage then, Union men, you can win the next election easy if you will work.

On the road between Dallas and Salem is the little town of



## "DIXIE."

Newspaper correspondents are supposed to be able to give the origin of the names of towns, &c. Here is the best that I can do towards explaining the name of this: Dixie, Roxie and Dinah are favorite names among the negro women in the Southern States—Dixie, in particular. Now, it may be, that the founder of this town had at an early day "a weakness" for some sable Dixie, in memory of whom he may have named his town. It is a strongly Democratic place, and it may be that they all linger around this place for the same reason. From the beautiful valley of the LaCroix, I passed down the river through Eola, and on by the pleasant little "Spring Valley," and then over the high rolling "Polk county hills" to

## BETHEL.

From the high hills near Bethel, I had a fine view of the Yamhill valley, whose broad prairies stretch away north and south and pierce the coast mountains, bending them far back towards the sea. This valley is next in extent to the great Albany prairie, and is perhaps superior in fertility. At Bethel there is another College, a very good building, but the establishment looks as if it might have a very scanty support. Oregon has about four times as many colleges, academies and high schools as she can decently support. It would have been far better for the State, had the money that has been expended in building these institutions, been appropriated in building and supporting good common schools. Provide educational facilities for the masses, the rich can provide for themselves. From Bethel, I rode up through the "Salt Creek" district, thence over to "Sheridan," and then down the South Yamhill river, through a beautiful country, fourteen miles to

## MCMINNVILLE.

Here I found the town trying to get on its sober lens, after the Democratic jubilee drunk of the previous evening. Ben Hayden and others of his kidney, addressed the boozey crowd. McMinville is a town of considerable size, and has a mill, a number of stores and shops, and another College. At

## LAFAYETTE

I found Judge Boise holding court, the principal business of which seemed to be road suits and divorce cases. Five divorces were granted and one was continued. Last evening P. C. Sullivan, Esq., of Polk county, addressed a large Union meeting, at the Court House, on the political issues of the day. Mr. S. is a good speaker, and done himself and the cause ample justice. Yamhill is waking up, and will be on hand next June with her Union boys. P. W. G.

(FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.)

Oct. 23, 1867.

## FRUIT AND FRUIT TREES.

The fruit crop of this year has been enormous. Every tree seems to have been loaded to its utmost capacity. From the Southern limits of Oregon to the Northern boundary of Washington Territory, the land abounds in fruit. That grown upon the uncultivated orchards is rather small on account of the drought; but upon those well cultivated, it is large and very fine. It is so very abundant, and the prices so small, that farmers are indifferent about gathering even their best winter apples, not over one-third of which are yet taken from the trees. Thousands of bushels will doubtless freeze and rot in the orchards. Many of the farmers are drying all the fruit they can, hoping to turn it to some profit in that way. Others are feeding it to their hogs. I saw at Mr. M. Miller's Station, in Clackamas county, an excellent plan for cooking apples and potatoes for hog feed: He had a large tight box or vat built over a furnace, in which he can cook a great many bushels at one time, by the hot steam. He says that apples and potatoes with a little grain, fattens hogs very fast.

Unless the orchards are replenished very soon with new trees, however, we will not long complain of a superabundance of fruit. It is fearful to see how rapidly the fruit trees (apples, especially) are dying out in all parts of the State. I see many orchards that but a few years ago were the pride of the State, and fortunes to their owners, now but wrecks of what they once were. Many of the trees are dead, others dying, and the fern, weeds and brush are about to smother out the remainder. Apple trees seem to be very short lived in this climate, and there is great difference of opinion in regard to the best manner of treatment to increase their longevity. Some think they do best and live longer without cultivation, while others are of the adverse opinion, and think cultivation best, which is doubtless true. I have now seen the greater number of orchards in Oregon and Washington, and I am quite well convinced by actual observation, that good cultivation is the best mode, not only to produce good crops of large, handsome and highly flavored fruit, but also to prolong the life of the trees. The richest land and deepest soil is the best for orchards, and trees die soonest on low wet lands. Not more than one-third of the orchards in the State are now cultivated. One-fifth, if not more of the apple trees of the State are dead. Some orchards are almost entirely gone; others have

the trees living. At least one-fourth of the trees that are alive are injured or dying. At the present rate of decrease in orchards, it will only be six or seven years until Oregon will not produce fruit enough to supply the home consumption. Any one who travels through the State with his eyes open, can see that such is bound to be the result unless means are immediately adopted to prevent it. The lives of many of the orchards may be prolonged by careful pruning and culture. But with the best attention, the present stock of trees will soon become insufficient to supply the demand. New trees will have to be planted and they are yet to be grown. There are almost no nurseries in the State—they have nearly all been allowed to run down—so it is a good time for somebody to go into the nursery business. But whoever does so, should be thoroughly experienced fruit-growers, persons who are capable of profiting by the experience of the past few years of fruit growing in Oregon. It is now pretty well known what sorts are best adapted to this climate and soil, as well as what are favorites in market. There are but very few new trees being planted, almost none, after you get away a short distance from the great fruit markets. Pear and cherry trees live longer than apple. But of cherries, there are not half enough in the State to supply the home demand at reasonable rates. Not one half of the people of Oregon are able to get as much of this delicious fruit as they can use. Why don't you plant more cherry trees. P. W. G.

(FROM OUR TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.)

CORVALLIS, Nov. 4, 1867.

The breadth of fall sown wheat is small throughout the State, perhaps considerably less than usual, but what there is looks very promising. It is generally conceded that fall sown wheat is less liable to be affected by drouth, &c., and is, therefore, the surest crop for all seasons. And yet it is never very extensively sown, (particularly in the great prairies) on account of the depredations of wild geese, which come in countless numbers to feed upon the fields. They often destroy whole fields. Farmers have to keep sentinels in the fields during the day to keep them off, and even then they alight in the night and do great damage. Some farmers prevent them from alighting in the night by planting sticks or poles, eight or ten feet high, a rod or so apart over the field. As they descend, they come down with a long clank, and not being able to see these stakes in the darkness, come in contact with them, and abandon their purpose and fly away. These stakes are pulled up in the spring and put away for the next crop, and so may be used several years.

Much of our prairie land is too flat to be well adapted to the cultivation of winter wheat without a system of thorough draining—"under draining," such as is used in the older States. It is an expensive operation, but when accomplished, it doubles the value of those low, wet lands.

A great part of the Albany prairie extending from the Santiam to the McKenzie, is very flat, but has sufficient descent for easy and thorough draining. It contains an area nearly half as large as the State of Rhode Island, and if it was thoroughly drained and put into the highest state of cultivation, would almost produce bread enough for a nation. A great part of the country between Eugene and Corvallis on the west side of the river is quite low and flat, a considerable part of which will remain almost worthless until it is drained. During the great flood of 1862 much of this land was overflowed, and the river, in some places was near 20 miles in width. This land is generally very rich, and shows unmistakable evidence that it has at some time been the bed of the river. In digging wells large logs, sticks and leaves are found many feet below the surface. The

## COURT

in Lane county is now in session, and it is a noteworthy fact that 26 out of the 31 jurors drawn were Democrats, and the most of them are of the Long Tom stripe. At the recent court in Linn county the same was the case; there were but 5 Union men drawn out of the 31 jurors. It must be remembered that the county officers in these counties are Democratic. Not long since a vote was taken among the convicts in the Penitentiary of this State, which showed that about nineteen twentieths of them were Democrats. A Democrat explained that, by saying that the Republican counties would not convict any but Democrats. They cannot now make that sort of a plea, should there be any convictions in these courts. And as yet, I have heard of no Democratic convicts. The

HON. J. E. P. WITHERS,

a Democratic member of the late Legislature from Lane county, was indicted for arson. It seems the Hon. J. E. P. Withers was desirous of buying a piece of land of a neighbor, but was unwilling to pay the price asked. Another party was about to make the purchase, when suddenly the house upon said land took fire and was burned down. The house was unoccupied at the time. Well, now, just because it so happened that the track of the horse that was ridden up and hitched to the fence near the said house on the night of its burning was just exactly the size and shape of the track of a horse owned by Mr. Withers' boots, and because his boots made tracks precisely the size and shape made of those worn by the person who walked from the horse to the house and back to the horse; and because, after similarity of tracks had caused some remarks, Withers bought himself a new pair of boots; because his old ones were found, with the broiled heel cut off, and placed where it would be found; and simply because he, Mr. W., soon disappeared from the county and was seen elsewhere under the assumed name of Mr. Tompkins and on account of a few other trifling circumstances like these, therefore, he, the Hon. J. Withers, was accused of burning the house! No had it been a man from the humbler grade of society, or a person of doubtful character, this might have been a great deal of plausibility in the accusation. But, to accuse him, the favorite of classic Long Tom, and the representative of Lane county Democracy, of such an atrocious crime, is simply preposterous! For it was before the Court that he was an honorable man, high-minded gentleman and a person of good character. Besides, everybody knew the Hon. Mr. Withers. How could he do so unkind a thing?

But lucky it was for this unfortunate gentleman that he was tried before a jury of twelve of partisan friends, many of whom were from the sluggish shores of Long Tom—true as steel. It was that the circumstantial evidence was fully against him; that the tracks, &c., bore particular and striking exactness. But how could it be for the tracks of two men to be exactly alike and what if a high-minded and honorable gentleman should leave home when a painful and disagreeable subject in regard to himself is agitated. Has not he a right to do so? &c. Eleven of the twelve jurymen saw it in this light, and were for acquittal. But one stupid, obstinate fellow hung out against him, and would not acquit. So the jury were dismissed and a new one ordered from the remote parts of the county. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Withers will be so fortunate as to get another jury of equal clearness of sight, and acuteness of judgment. He probably will, for I am told that a prominent Democratic member of the bar said, "The Republicans are anxious to see Withers convicted, but the Democratic party will throw a shield around him strong as hell!"

## LANCASTER

Is a little town about 12 miles north of Eugene standing in the midst of a beautiful country at present, she is rather unfortunate. She has the schedule of post offices of the daily over mail route, but the stage passes by her a mile or two on the right, and her mail is left at a house. Sometimes she gets her mail and sometimes she does not. It ought to be corrected, it is just as near for the stage to go through Lancaster as to go around her. To add to her fortunes the river has shifted its channel and left her without a landing. P. W.

## A HIGH OFFICIAL'S VISIT.

Chief Clerk Tweedale, of the War Department, in Astoria.

Yesterday afternoon President Boyd of the Chamber of Commerce, received a letter from Major Handbury stating that John Tweedale, Chief Clerk of the War department, accompanied by a party of Portland people would arrive in Astoria on the Telephone and visit the Chamber. He invited the members of the Chamber to accompany the party. When the Telephone arrived Chief Clerk Tweedale, W. H. Murrill, P. W. Gillett and Col. J. McCracken and wife, M. Lydecker, Capt. J. W. Symons and R. B. Knapp and wife and F. K. Arnold and wife, stepped aboard the Mendall which was in waiting. They were accompanied to Fort Stevens by Mayor Crosby, Captain George Flavel, Alex Campbell, H. Thatcher, S. Elmore and others. As they neared the fort the guns at Fort Stevens boomed a salute in honor of Mr. Tweedale, who is next in authority to Secretary Proctor. After taking a run up the jetty the party returned to Astoria and after taking dinner returned to land.



the profits and losses in the crop in your county, I ask for a square in your paper to state facts wheat crop in Oregon.

Wheat is the great staple product of Oregon in this State. We ship it to Europe, China and the islands. We lay our wheat down in Liverpool less than it can be done from the west of Illinois. Twenty-one bushels per acre is the average yield of the whole State. This includes all kinds of wheat; and we have many very successful farmers, who rolled out the Western frontiers at an early day and who crossed the plains to Oregon with ox teams. The average yield is among what you would call farmers, is twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre, while the average per acre among the very best farmers is thirty-five to forty bushels per acre. It is not uncommon to get fifty bushels per acre from large fields; sixty bushels per acre is sometimes obtained. I earnestly and truly believe that the average yield per acre for the whole State could easily be made to reach forty bushels. We do not manure, clover, or let our lands rest. This treatment, of course, is not doing the land justice, but the soil seems to be inexhaustible. Throughout a great part of the Willamette Valley, the soil is so that the earth taken five, or ten, or twenty feet below the surface, being exposed to the sun and air, will produce as well, or better than that upon the surface. Now, for cost of producing, harvesting, &c., per acre:

ing, harrowing and sowing.....	\$ 3 50
ing, hauling and threshing.....	1 50
est on team, tools, wear and repairs.....	3 25
Total.....	\$10 25

allow no interest on land, because of rapid increase in value, far more than it pays the interest. Our lands have increased in value in the last seven years, and will do so again in the next ten years.

#### CREDIT.

by 21 bushels (the lowest average yield) \$1 per bushel, \$21.00 leaving a profit of \$10.75 per acre. At 40 bushels per acre, the net profit is \$17.50 about enough to pay for the land, each crop. About the same profit is realized from oats, the yield being about double, and the price about one-half that of wheat, (although oats are now selling at 75c. per bushel.)

A wheat crop requires less labor and expense than corn, while it is far less exhaustive to the soil.

Improved farms, principally prairie, are worth \$15 to \$40 per acre, depending upon location, improvements, &c.

A good, live, judicious farmer can make clear the price of a farm in three or four years.

Two years ago, I sold a farm of 460 acres, 300 of which is prairie, to two industrious Pennsylvanians. The farm had been rented out, for eight years, to worthless tenants, and was as badly run down as a farm could be. Last year, being their second crop, they cleared \$3,000 in gold coin; being a little more than one-third of the cost of the farm. And the place has not been worked up to but little more than half of its capacity. The price of unimproved lands, and, especially timbered lands, is low, ranging from \$1.25 to \$12 per acre.

I often wonder that more of your intelligent farmers from the Ohio Valley do not sell out, and come here, and get rid of the drudgery of the corn and potato fields, of the long scorching, dreary summer days, sultry nights and hungry mosquitoes—what a contrast to our summer, so delicious are the days, fanned by the pure, fresh breath of the great Pacific ocean, with nights so cool, that rest and sleep become the greatest luxury. Could they but behold our elegant landscapes, teeming with wealth and beauty, our majestic river and our grand, old mountains, clad in perpetual snow, they could but wonder, admire and love.

If desirable, I will tell you, at some other time, of our fruits, flax, hops, wool and mineral products, fisheries,

## CRANBERRY RAISING

### NEW PRODUCT FOR THE COAST

Plantation Near Long Beach Yielding Berries Superior to Those Raised in the East.

LONG BEACH, Wash., Sept. 23.—[TO THE EDITOR.]—It may interest some of your readers to know something of the first successful attempt at cranberry culture on this North Pacific coast. Yesterday I visited the "Cabot" cranberry plantation, or "bog," as it is called in the East. I prefer to say plantation, for it does not resemble a bog in the least. It is a beautiful level field, smooth as a meadow, and covered with the delicate vines, laden with ripe and ripening fruit. Remi Cabot, the founder of this plantation, made an examination of all of the natural cranberry land from San Diego to Victoria, and finally settled upon this as the best, considering everything—soil, climate and irrigation.

The tract embraces 800 acres, much of which is natural cranberry marsh or "bog," producing quite an abundance of wild cranberries. These marshes, in their natural state, are covered with water more than half of the year, and very much resemble what we call "beaver-dam land," the "muck" or decayed vegetation being from one to several feet deep, making a soil unsurpassed in purity. The preparation of this land for cranberries is very expensive. In the first place it must be thoroughly ditched, and these ditches must be so arranged by means of flood gates that the land can be flooded or irrigated when necessary. Then the heavy sod of wild cranberries and coarse grass must be removed, and the ground covered with sand to a depth of from six to 10 inches, after which the cranberry cuttings are planted. The sand prevents the land becoming foul with weeds or grass. The cranberry roots soon strike down into the rich muck, and within three to four years the ground is a mass of these delicate and beautiful vines, which are at that age capable of bearing full crops of fruit.

Mr. Cabot had to send to Massachusetts for the cuttings to make his plantation. With an ordinary good crop they yield 150 bushels per acre. The fruit is sound and beautiful, and I have carefully compared it with fruit from Eastern marshes, and find that this is more solid and juicy, better flavored, and has a thinner skin.

Mrs. Remi Cabot, the present owner, has 30 acres in full bearing, and at the rate of 150 bushels per acre I will not undertake to estimate how many Thanksgiving turkeys this crop would furnish sauce for. But the present is not a full crop. In this locality all berries fall far below an average yield. The salmon berries, wild blackberries, whortleberries all are short of an average, caused, as is supposed, by the cold late spring. The picking season is now on, and Mrs. Cabot has all the white men, women and children that she can get, and numbers of Chinamen picking. It is a pretty and busy scene to watch the nimble fingers of the scores of pickers, and to see the tiny little cars trundling along over the narrow portable railroad, laden with boxes of the crimson berries. In the packing-house, too, amidst hundreds of boxes and barrels, are busy hands winnowing, screening, assorting, packing and getting ready for market. Fifty-five cents per bushel is paid for picking.

It is to be hoped that this pioneer plantation is but the beginning of what is to come of this beautiful business. Here and all along the coast are thousands upon thousands of acres of as good cranberry land as can be found anywhere, waiting for enterprise and capital to develop. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are sent East every year to pay for cranberries for our tables, which we should and doubtless will save by producing them here.

P. W. GILLETTE.

DEATH OF H. N. GILLET, -Hon. H. N. Gillett died at his home in Proctorville last Friday, after three weeks' sickness. The disease which carried him off was ventral hernia. He was in his 51st year. Capt. Gillett came to Lawrence county about 1818, and has lived here ever since. His old farm in Quaker Bottom, he occupied for nearly 60 years. He was a man of great information and varied experience. In his younger days, he used to boat a great deal, and knew the river from here to New Orleans. Afterwards he settled down to farming, and he largely added to the agricultural development of this county. He took great interest in these matters up to the days of his last sickness. He was one of the founders of the Rome and Union Farmers Club, and was a member when he died. He was at one time President of the Lawrence County Agricultural Society. In 1850, he was elected a member of the Convention which framed the present Constitution of Ohio. In many respects, Capt. Gillett was a remarkable man. He read much, and had intelligent views on all public and practical topics. He was an entertaining talker, and a man of great industry and strong will. No man was better posted on the fruits of Lawrence county than he, while his knowledge of soils and agricultural processes was extensive. Of late years, the Captain's old age has prevented him from taking active part in the affairs of the county, so that only the older inhabitants can realize that one of our best and greatest citizens has departed. Sweet and revered to them will be the memory of o

### OLD TIMES.

#### FIRST AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY IN LAWRENCE COUNTY.

No. 14.

For the Register.]

The Lawrence County Gazette of date May 8th 1847 has this:

#### NOTICE.

We the undersigned citizens of Lawrence county deeming it of importance to form an Agricultural Society for the said County, under the provisions of the statute made for such purpose, earnestly request the farmers and other citizens of the county to assemble at Burlington on the 27th day of May 1847, for the purpose of organizing such a society. The object is one of importance especially to the farmers, and it is hoped they will attend that there may be a full and interesting meeting.

[Signed by H. N. Gillet, Wm. D. Morrison, George N. Kemp, John Newton, Sam'l W. Dempsey, Rollen Brammer, Thos. Gardner, Asa Kimball, T. R. Stanley, H. R. Davis, J. Hambleton, John Bryan, Joseph S. Peebles, Salmon Reckard, B. Johnston, Joseph Wheeler.]

Pursuant to the call published a large number of the citizens met at the Court House in Burlington. The meeting was called to order by Hon. Benjamin Johnson, and on his motion H. N. Gillet was called to the chair; T. R. Stanley, Secretary. On motion of S. M. Browning, the constitution furnished by the State Agricultural board be adopted, and the name Lawrence County Agricultural Society. 37 names were enrolled as members.

The following officers were elected: President H. N. Gillet; Vice President, John Newton; Treasurer, Benjamin Johnson; Secretary, S. M. Browning; Managers, John Bryan, William Lambhart, Thomas Gardner, Salmon Reckard



1872

December

My connection with the Oregonian & Co's business and financial agent continued until Sept 1872 when my interest connection with that paper ceased. From that time until the June following I had no particular business, but during the time made several profitable transactions in real estate.

In June last I entered the firm of Ferry Woodward & Co in equal partnership in the Real estate and Money Brokering business. During the last three years I have operated considerably in real estate, and having commenced at a hot the right time was quite successful in the most of my transactions. My first purchase was a Block in McMillens addition to East Portland, for which I paid \$450. In 20 months I sold it for \$1,800. Next, I lot a Block No 127, Crocker's addition to the city for \$1463.75 in. About 18 months I disposed of it for \$6,750. I also made other transactions nearly as good. About that time property (real estate) took a sudden rise on account of the building of R Roads from Portland.

Sales in land & lots, remained active until about <sup>the</sup> middle of 1871, when it slackened and for the last year has been very dull. In April 1871, I lot an undivided interest in fine farm in Yamhill County containing 460 acres. But we have not found farming a very profitable business. But we expect to realize a handsome profit on the sale of the land in a year or so. The scarcity of money, the low price of wheat and the check in currency have tended to reduce, rather than elevate prices of farming. We paid \$15 per acre, and



January 1873

It also invested about three thousand  
land in different parts of Washington Territory  
but as yet have realized no profit from any  
of them. Indeed I feel quite certain that  
I could not now sell some of those lands  
for what they cost me. But time will prob-  
ably make it all right. I have sold all of  
my property in Astoria, excepting 2 lots, and  
they are of but little value. The greater part of  
my property is in this city, and I am sorry  
that I have any money invested anywhere else  
as I am satisfied that property will increase  
in value faster in Portland than any other  
place on the North West coast.

I have made more money in the last 5-  
years, than I ever expected to be worth in my  
life, when I lived on my ranch in Clatsop County.  
And yet I do not seem to be much richer, as  
I always find use for it all, and seem to be in  
as much need for it, as when I only made \$30  
to 60 per year by hard work on my farm.

I now keep all invested in land, and have  
interest, tax, and improvement to pay for, that  
seems to require all of my ready cash.

But I think if I can hold on to all that I  
have in the course of ten years it will make  
me rich.

February 1873

While spending the evening with some friends  
the pleasant, yet difficult amusement of hidden  
cities, (or making "beeried cities" as it is called) came  
upon me. You make a conceit, or verse, and hide your  
city among its words. Wherever the first letter  
of your city commences, no matter if it be in  
middle or at the end of the word it must  
be spelled out without intervening letters, as  
in these following which I have got up for  
my own amusement. I will explain so  
that any one may find them; thus in the first  
conceit, "Cairo is hidden, it begins in the last  
letter of "Arctur" air sur. &c

Though Arctic air our Eastern Cities chill,  
In Oregon its warm and pleasant still.

So! the Western Sky has quiet  
One by one the stars are lit  
Then comes the Moon, the Queen of night  
The Landscape kinalling up with light.

Now shall I make a ditty  
With ~~reason~~ beauty, reason, wit,  
In which to hide city.

Get them the meter first.  
Do it this; First your town select,  
Next your thoughts and words prepare  
Then, as you spell on do not neglect  
To have both rhyme and reason there.

To sound the drum, you bang or thump it,  
But wind it takes to blow the trumpet.

The last ant on out hill saw  
With deep consternation  
A greedy gobbler fill his crow



There lived a lad in olden days  
 Bright active, nice, with winning ways;  
 A noble boy, his said was he  
 For when he cut that royal tree  
 His father asked what'd been so bad?  
 He said "twas I, I did it dead."

Who can tell, and tell it right  
 The length of time, from day to night.

I've gazed upon the broad blue sky  
 Spread out from either pole  
 I've seen a cur with watchful eye  
 Chase a chipmunk to his hole.

In all the parish none's so true;  
 And none so charming miss or juve.

14 This has been one of the most fruitful  
 and pleasant years that I have ever  
 witnessed. Spring, Summer and Autumn  
 were elegant. But we are <sup>having</sup> winter begin  
 earlier than usual. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> of this  
 month it snowed and the ground has been  
 covered ever since, though the weather  
 has been clear and pleasant, and not very  
 cold. 15° above zero is the coldest it  
 has been.

29 The snow had all disappeared by the 19<sup>th</sup>  
 and since that time the weather has been  
 mild and pleasant excepting about 3 or 4 days  
 of rain. During the cold weather, navigation  
 between here and the sea was stopped for about  
 5 days. Which has occasioned great inconvenience to  
 the shipping interest. Many vessels arrived in the

December 4. 1873

this place, but in consequence of ice could not reach here; others already here had their cargo ~~stuck~~ in, but could not proceed, for the same reason thus completely checking both exports and imports.

The Wheat crop of the past season was enormous. — Far greater than ever before had in the State, and nearly all of it shipped directly for Europe. I have seen 15 ships here at one time the most of which were loading with wheat. Until within three or four years, we had shipped no wheat direct to Europe, nor was Oregon known to the world as a wheat growing State until very recently. But now the fact is known and we will always have plenty of vessels to carry off our grain. I might say that Oregon is just entering her first stage of Prosperity. She has now, completely, about 200 miles to the N., and is constantly <sup>receiving</sup> additions to her population from other States. The unprecedented cold winter last year in the N. W. States, has turned the attention of thousands of people to our regular and mild climate. Last winter there were so many letters of inquiry concerning our climate &c, that I and others found it impossible to answer all, so I succeeded in procuring enough money by subscription to employ W. L. Adams, to write a pamphlet, which I had published (10,000 Copies.) Many of which <sup>are</sup> scattered through the Eastern and Western States. My (our firm) have sent off over 20,000.

The book, is entitled "Oregon as it is"; is very readable, and contains much valuable information of our State, <sup>and</sup> is awakening a great interest in the Western & North Western States, and will be the means of bringing thousands of people here.

So I shall feel that I have done some good for the State, and as have considerable land,



January 1874.

We have had ~~very~~<sup>heavy</sup> rains during the last few days, and today it is snowing but is melting off about as fast as it falls. But this has been the most disagreeable day of the season. There are today 19 ships here more than were ever here at <sup>one</sup> time before. Last season our firm took the agency of the Phoenix fire Insurance Co. I have added, thereby, a knowledge of another branch of business, to my State business sense. After the great fire of the 2<sup>nd</sup> of May, 1873, at which time 20 blocks of the city were burnt, our business increased, and has been pretty good ever since.

The weather is still cool and cloudy with occasional rain. The Malamet river is now high <sup>enough</sup> for boats to go as far as as Harrisburg for the first time this winter. It has been mild all the week, with but two frosts. About half the days have been pleasant. The remainder rainy. One day was very stormy with high wind and heavy rain.

Last night, and on the 16<sup>th</sup> the wind blew very hard, reaching a velocity of 80 miles per hour, which is very unusual here. There was but one light frost during the week and 3 pleasant days out of the 16. The port is nearly cleared of ships, all but ~~from~~ having departed with the cargoes for Europe.

The ground has been covered with snow the greater part of the <sup>week</sup>. Have frequent snow storms and showers of rain, and 3 or 4 frosty nights during the week. Have answered a number of letters from people wishing information about Oregon.

February 1874

- 1 The past week has been warm - without even the slightest frost. But we have had more rain than usual.
- 8 There has been but one light frost during the week, but an abundance of rain, having descended more or less every day.

March 8. It has rained or snowed almost every day since my last writing. The snow melts off nearly as fast as it falls, on the low lands, but the hills have been covered the most of the time for the last two weeks. This morning the ground was covered with snow - 2 or 3 inches deep, but this morn'g it is nearly all gone. It would be hard to find worse weather than we are now having. Everybody are complaining of dull times. But it is a dull season of the year - just before the opening of the Spring trade.

- " 29. The same miserable weather continued until about the middle of the month; since which it has been perfectly charming - bright sunny, balmy Spring days. Today I took a long stroll in the woods. The sweet Spring flowers, the rich wood Mosses, and the elegant Ferns, are as beautiful, as when I was a boy.

Apr 4 The weather is still fine. We have had a shower, just enough to keep vegetation growing rapidly.

- " 11 Still we have fine weather - warm and pleasant, with occasional Shower. We could ask no better.

" 30 Almost the entire month has been pleasant.



May 1874

I have just received a long letter from my father, the first for more than a year. He is now about 74 years old. He appears to enjoy himself, and he writes I can detect no consciousness in his hand which indicates that age is getting the better of his powers. I fear that he has been nearly driven out of his mind ~~by the~~ by the 11 last week I met Mrs. Major Stewart, formerly Miss Catherine Morrison of my early friends and my home in Glendale. It has been 18 years since we last saw her. She has left her foot-prints upon her tomb here. Her youthful bloom has faded.

June 1874

Rainy season has been for 5 or 10 days. But fine & sunny weather. I do not remember to have seen a more promising season.

August 1874

So far this has been a very cool summer. I might say, unusually so.

The 1st 2 weeks of this month has been cool and damp, with occasional showers. But yesterday it cleared off and now bids fair to be warm and dry. Many persons attribute the cool weather to the "Comet" which passed near the Earth in July. It was the largest and brightest I ever saw, and is known as Neowise's Comet.

Part of the following is from page 28. I have made some additions, and insert all here.

I love the Spring, replete with joy

Now, as there in days of Old

When I, a happy thoughtless boy

Basked beneath its rays of gold.

Her balmy winds, her clouds and Showers

~~Her birds that sing~~ so cheerly,

Her bright green fields, her buds and flowers

I love them all so dearly;

I love her fresh & sweet mornings too,

With countless dew drop gleaming

When laughing Sunshines golden hue

O'er all the land is streaming.

I love the wild woods, Kotarus bowers

Where crystal Streams are flowing

Where mighty trees and tiny flowers

Harmoniously are growing.

I love the Ocean's surf beat shore

Its snowy billows too

The murmur of whose ceaseless roar

To me is ever new.

The grand old mountains there I love

Whence dashing streamlets flow.

From dizzy heights so far above

Where lives eternal Snow.

With me the world is full of love

There's beauty everywhere -

Where'er I be, where'er I move

I find a pleasure there.

Nov 25<sup>th</sup> 1897 Now other ones give greater joy,  
Than these, ~~and~~ <sup>than</sup> all the rest  
My dearest wife, and darling boy -

Each one, I love the best.

A thousand pleasures do they give

A thousand joys have brought

And makes me tell, for them I live,



November 1874

15. For ten days the weather has been stormy with almost constant rain, but up to that time we had had a very dry fall. As yet there has been but 3 or 4 moderate frosts.

2 On the 16<sup>th</sup> it turned cold and for four days it <sup>was</sup> clear and quite cold for the season the coldest time being about 4° below freezing point. But now, Oregon is ~~her~~ herself again and it is raining. Drizzling rain today. At 12 P.M. today the New-Trinity Church took fire from a defective place, and burnt off the greater portion of the roof. Ruined their fine organ, carpets &c and greatly damaged the building.

December 1874

20. At least two thirds of this month so far has been pleasant. It has rained only about 4 days. This is quite unusual. I hold this to be <sup>the</sup> worst, the most unpleasant and stormy month of the year, as a rule. We have had a few frosty mornings with mild days.

31 No cold weather yet, and only about 8 raining days during the whole month. I have seen it rain or snow every day during the month. But this has really been a pleasant December. There are roses, carnations and pansies as well as other flowers in full bloom in the open garden.

Nov 14, 1875!

24

- The weather continued warm and pleasant until the 8<sup>th</sup> inst when it turned cold, and grew colder until the 13<sup>th</sup> when it reached the coldest, and this was the most disagreeable day I ever knew. A gale of wind from the North East, swept over the city with velocity of 30 miles an hour, while the thermometer stood 30 to 40 above zero all day. Navigation in the rivers ceased on the 13<sup>th</sup> or 16<sup>th</sup> and the ice the Willamette has been used as a bridge for pedestrians over some. Notwithstanding the weather moderated on the 20<sup>th</sup> and has been warm, with frosty mornings and an occasional rain or snow. During the weather about 4 1/2 inches of snow fell, which made good ~~sleeting~~ sleighing. The rivers are still closed. The water pipes in more than half of the houses in the city burst and did considerable damage, and made a world of trouble to housewives.

Feb

- 7 Since my last writing the weather has continued very pleasant, no rain with bright days and warm with sharp frosty nights. The Columbia was closed between here and Astoria until yesterday, it is still closed between here and the Dalles.
- " 14 Still warm and pleasant, Has rained but once since my last writing.
- " 28 As a whole, this has been a very pleasant month. More so than the average February. Since my stay in Oregon.



March 1873-

- 7 So far this has been regular March weather—Exceedingly variable—Sunshine and rain with the rain predominating.
- 31 Taken altogether, this has been one of the wettest months we ever have. A great deal of rain has fallen.

April

- 30 This has been a very pleasant month. Along towards the last it was almost too dry. Two or three days, it <sup>was</sup> quite warm.
- 15 Since my last writing the weather has been about average for the season. Neither unusually wet or dry, hot or cold. The fruit crop of the State at large, was considerably below the average, owing to the late spring frost, but there was far more than enough for home use. And the crop has yielded more money, perhaps, than in years when there is a full crop, owing in part to the great scarcity of fruit in California, and in part to the introduction of the new, Golden and Plummer prom of drying. The grain crop was a full average and the price has been from 80c to \$1.10 per bushel.

31. Since the middle of Oct, it has rained almost constantly. I am quite sure that I have never seen so much rain during the same time. Almost the entire month November was rainy. We have had probably eight or 9 good days this month. There has been no cold weather, but few frosts. Roses are still in bloom in the open gardens. Grass and clover are green everywhere.

January 1876

- 23 The first 10 days of this month was warm and wet, from the 10<sup>th</sup> to 13<sup>th</sup> it was clear with sharp frosty night, then raining until the 20<sup>th</sup> when it cleared off and froze a little. On the 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> it snowed to the depth of 2 1/2 inches of dry light snow.
- 31 The snow remained on the ground about 6 days

- 6 The weather has been warm, with considerable rain. The grass is growing, and daisies are in bloom in the open yard.
- 14 So far it has rained the most of the time this month. All old settlers with whom I have conversed agree in the opinion that we have had more rain since the middle of Oct than ever before in the same length of time. But now it has cleared off and the weather is warm and spring like.
- Apr 16 Since my last writing, the rainy weather has continued, giving us only now and then a fine day. About the first of April we had a week of good weather, but it rained much since. The ground has been kept so wet that in the flat lands no plowing <sup>has</sup> yet been accomplished. It is feared by many that the long continued rains will produce short grain crops. The weather is warm and the Cherry and Peach trees are in full bloom and the fields green with young grass.
- I took a trip up the South Yamhill River far as the Grande Ronde, a part of that river before visited. It is a district of almost incredible beauty and fertility. I went to see some lands belonging to Lieutenant Phil H. Shuridan, which

I never had the pleasure of meeting  
in Shuridan, but he knew me  
though Gen'l Geo. Crook, and gave me  
all power of Attorney to sell his land



wants me to tell for him. He has given me power of Attorney to sell, lease, or do anything that he could do himself were he here.

- 30 Still the greater part of the weather is rainy, keeping the ground, ~~and~~ especially the flat land too wet to plow.
- 14 Since about the first of the month it has been beautiful weather, part of the time rather cool. The prospect for a heavy fruit crop was never better.
- 21 The weather still keep cool, with occasional showers. It is thought to be very favorable for the grain crops. The winter was so very wet, that but little seeding was done until within the last month, and hence it is thought that cold damp is quite favorable. The Columbia is very high from the melting snow, and is much higher than usual at this season. But it is now falling slowly.
- 11 The weather has been cool and cloudy with occasional light showers the most of the time since my last writing. The river is now as high as it was in 1871. It is now 3 inches deep in the street gutter in front of the Cosmopolite Hotel, and is still rising. Clear and pleasant.
- 18 Since my last date the weather has been fearfully hot, <sup>hot</sup> but the thermometer stood 94° in the shade. The water is all over front of the Cosmopolite Hotel down, it is on the ~~floor~~ floor of the Grand Hotel, and still rising fast.
- 24 The water reached its highest this morning, and is now at a stand

1876

D. M. C.

- 24 It is now ~~Eleven~~<sup>4 1/2</sup> inches higher than the great flood of 1862. It was on the side walk at the corner of Alder and First St. I extended back ~~to~~<sup>or</sup> Stark St to 4<sup>th</sup> in the gutter, and went beyond Mt Park on "G." St. I cannot state the amount of damage to the streets until it recedes.
25. The water has fallen 3 inches today.

July

- 2 The water has fallen over 2 feet and is ~~got~~<sup>now</sup> front street from Stark down. According to a measurement made by Mr. Berge it was Eleven  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches above the flood of 1862.

September

- 23 Fall has come again — The past has been the coolest September that I have ever seen in Portland. It was however just the sort of season that we needed to follow such a late wet Spring.

Oct 22. Heavy warm South wind, with rain commenced raining on the 16<sup>th</sup> and has kept up ever since pretty continuously. We hope to have some fine weather yet before Winter sets in. We are now just the midst of an exciting Presidential Campaign. The Democratic rebel elements of the South, and their Copperhead brethren of the North, are making a desperate effort to get Control of the government again. We hope to beat them with R. B. Hayes at O.



29 It has been almost a continuous rain storm, with unusual high wind for the season, and remarkably <sup>one</sup> more of December at Astoria than of October at Portland. The ground is thoroughly saturated, the creeks all full, and the river rising. If this is the beginning of the "raining season", it has made an earnest and vigorous commencement.

I suppose that I should remark here, that we still have hard times. But from all I can learn, not so hard as in the Atlantic States.

5 Since my last writing the most of the time has been fine weather.

9 The Presidential Election took place on the 7<sup>th</sup> of this month, and as yet we do not know who is elected. Both parties claim Florida South Carolina and Louisiana. I feel confident that Mr. Hayes, the Republican Candidate, is elected, but we will not know certainly until the canvassing boards of those States make their final report. The Democrats and Rebels are howling about frauds, and are threatening war but I think they want no war yet. They are determined to get Tilden into the Presidential Chair if possible, by any means.

It has rained the most of the time this month so far.

10 Since about the 20<sup>th</sup> of November the ~~time~~ weather has been delightful, only one rainy day during that time. It has given farmers an excellent opportunity for putting a large crop of wheat. Growers here, of Oregon committed a very unprecedented outrage on the people of Oregon by giving a certificate of election of Grover

December 18<sup>th</sup>

as one of the Presidential electors, W.  
 He was beaten fairly by nearly 1100 votes.  
 The feeling of indignation against him thro-  
 ugh the State is intense. Yet with all  
 their illegality and fraud I am satisfied  
 that Hayes will be our next President.

Dec 30 The fine weather still continues, for about  
<sup>days</sup> 10, past the night, have been frosty, the  
 thermometer reaching as low as  $5^{\circ}$  below  
 freezing point. But I can safely say that  
 this has been the pleasantest December that  
 I have ever witnessed in this State, and  
 I might further say that it has been pleas-  
 ant enough for that month in any part  
 of the temperate zone.



January 1877.

7. The year has begun most propitious  
so far as the weather is concerned.  
It has <sup>been</sup> beautiful every day yet, and there  
has not been the slightest frost. I saw roses  
in full bloom in the open gardens  
today. Last week I was up in Yamhill  
County, and the prospect for the most  
abundant crop is very encouraging.  
Farmers are plowing every day.

14 On the 8<sup>th</sup> day of this month I passed Barker  
addys place, and found his gardeners mowing the lawn.  
On the same day I found in my yard a  
dandelion in full bloom. The weather  
has been delightful, with only sharp frosts  
until this morning there was a little snow  
which lay on the hills 2 or 3 hours, but ~~the~~  
<sup>and it</sup> since has but quite pleasant.

21 Bright sunny days and frosty nights all week.  
We are having <sup>been</sup> just as fine weather as any  
one could wish.

28 Still clear bright days, and warm and  
very pleasant, occasionally a frosty morning.  
The streets are getting dusty, something  
that seldom occurs in Oregon. It is quite  
warm enough to sit without fire today.  
It has the appearance of rain.

February.

11 Since my last writing, the weather has been  
almost continuously pleasant. On the 9<sup>th</sup> of this  
month it turned colder, and froze a little  
during the night, and this morning it is  
snowing. Being the first snow we have  
had this winter.

28 The weather continued very fine up almost to  
the very last of the month. The fruit buds are  
swelling and the fields are green with the

March 1877

11 It has been raining almost continuously ever since the first of the month. It has rained more or less every day, and much of the time continuously. I was up to Dallas in Park County the last of Feb. The wheat fields look exceedingly promising. I saw yellow violets in full bloom by the roadside, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February.

25. Still Warm rainy weather - Peach and Plum trees in full bloom. Cherries coming out. No frost so far this month.

Weather very warm and spring like -

Mar 31 Warm and pleasant - no rain since my last writing - Plum & Cherry trees in full bloom. There has been no frost this month. From present appearance there will be an abundant fruit and grain crop.

### April

Apr 15 A warm gentle spring rain has been falling since last night. The month ~~so far~~ has been very pleasant so far. Last week I paid Salem a visit, and while there, called at Mr. J. K. Gilbert's farm 2 miles back of the city - where I stayed over night nearly 25 years ago. Then the lived in a small log cabin in the middle of great prairie, with no house near; and only had one small field fenced. Now the live in a fine house, and have sold off much of the land at \$100 to \$150 per acre, and are surrounded by houses, and gardens orchards, &c. How the country has changed.

30 The month has closed with a continuation of the fine weather to the very last.



285  
May 1877

6 I took a delightful horseback ride into the country today. The weather has been pretty dry for the last few days, a little rain would be beneficial. We'll have the appearance of rain today.

26 This month has been about as seasonable as anyone could ask, and the prospect for the greatest grain crop ever grown in the state is excellent. I took a trip two weeks ago through part of Clackamas, Marion, Polk, Yamhill, and Washington counties, and I never saw the country looking so fine. Oregon never had so bright a future in view, as now. The immigrants are pouring in at the rate of 2500 per month, and are rapidly filling up the vacant and waste places.

June

3 Since my last writing, the weather has been somewhat cloudy the greater part of the time, with light showers occasionally, making it very seasonable. I met a gentleman from Chicago Ill, by the name of P. M. Gillette. He is a heavy manufacturer, and from what he says, his grandfather, and mine, were brothers.

24 There has been no rain from the 4<sup>th</sup> until the 22<sup>nd</sup>, for two days ~~it~~ there have been light refreshing showers.

October

7 From my last writing until the first of Sept it was very seasonable - But very little hot weather, with a few rains, But from the 1<sup>st</sup> of Sept to the present time, there has been too much rain, a great deal of wheat has been entirely lost, on account

1877

October

6 But the ground is thoroughly wet, and, if the rain stops now for a month, as it should, it will give ample time to put in large crop of Fall wheat; and this compensate in part for the great loss of the present crop.

In August last, I visited Astoria, to my old home on the Lewis & Clark River. I enjoyed the visit very much, and it was a great pleasure to witness the wonderful growth of the trees, and shrubs that I planted 25 years ago, and to see the changes that time have made upon the place.

29 It has rained more than half of the time since my last writing.

I have commenced a house in North 15<sup>th</sup> & C<sup>th</sup> St. which I have rented at \$800 per month. It is to cost \$2300.

Nov 24 It has rained three fourths of the time since my last writing. But there has not been frost enough to kill verbena and other tender plants in the garden.

Dec 2 Today I plucked a handful of beautiful flowers in the open garden, and found Raspberries in bloom, and fruit on the same bush nearly ripe.

" 16 Weather very warm and pleasant. It has rained but little during the week. But on the 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> it rained continuously, and almost made a flood in the small streams in the locality.

Many roses and other tender flowers are in full bloom in the gardens; and Geraniums and Hibiscus have stood out, far, without injury from frost.

I am building a large dwelling



237  
house on the N. E. Corner of North 15<sup>th</sup> and  
"C" Sts, which will cost me about \$2800.  
I have leased it for the term of 3 years at  
\$50. per month.

The past has been one of the most  
prosperous years that Oregon has ever had.  
The grain crop was very large and the  
price good. Wool was high, and in short all  
of <sup>the</sup> products of the State, were abundant, and  
sold at good prices.

The Immigration has been greater than  
that of any other year, since the ~~sett~~  
Settlement of the State, and her future  
seems brighter now than ever.

1878

January

6 The weather is clear and cold. But very pleasant. This weather has lasted about 8 days. The coldest it has been, was  $20^{\circ}$  above 0.

March 11 I have just finished a two story house on the S. W. <sup>corner of</sup> Block 104 Couch ad' to the city. (Cor of N. 15<sup>th</sup> & "C") It which has cost, including fence, grading ground and all about \$2800, and I have leased it 3 years, at \$50. per month. It has "modern improvements"

Dec 31 The rains of last Spring continued late and it then turned dry and remained so all summer, making the driest summer that I have yet seen in Oregon. Consequently the crop was unusually short. I think there was not more than a half crop of wheat. The price is below the average and so money is rather tight, and people are complaining — Yet this has been the most prosperous year that Portland has ever had, over 1000 buildings have been erected, many of which, both business, and dwellings are costly and elegant. Large sums have also been expended in improving streets, and putting down sewers.

The month has been pleasant, nearly half, having been clear and pleasant. and the remainder not very bad,

My business for the year has been only tolerable good.



## January

I am almost entirely neglecting my journal, and I do not know but it would be better to quit altogether, than to do so little. Nearly the entire month has been pleasant. Clear and moderately cold. The ~~cold~~ weather was  $20^{\circ}$  above zero.

I received a letter from my father in which he informs me that he is 80 years old, and is enjoying good health.

28 February has ~~has~~ given us as bad weather as December gave us good. In December, I look for but little, if any good weather, while we usually ~~to~~ expect to see the principal part of February fine. But this has been an exception, nearly the entire month was stormy and rainy.

29 Almost every day of March so far has been very stormy. On the 5<sup>th</sup> we had the heaviest wind storm I have ever seen in Portland.

25 Having neglected to make any record of the past year, I can now only give some general remarks. The season for farmers, was not very good. Owing to the long wet spring, and the sudden change from cool, to hot weather, the wheat, and particularly the spring sown, was attacked by rust, which in some cases quite ruined the crop, and I have heard it generally throughout Western Oregon. In Eastern Oregon, such was not the case, there the yield was good.

Owing to short crops in Europe the price was good. In June I took a trip to Walla Walla, and was surprised and delighted to see the change made by the advance of civilization, since my last visit to that part of the State in 1862. That vast tract of unpopulated country

1877.

December

including the foot hills, and the long slopes of the mountains is now, almost one vast wheat field. So great is the quantity of wheat grown in this part of the State and Washington, that the Steamboats were not able to bring near all of it down, before the river was closed with ice a few days ago. Walla Walla, has grown to be a city of 3000, and numerous other towns have sprung up all over the country. Thus civilization and industry stretch forth their generous hands soon to clasp a Continent.

Within the past few months, the C. & N. Co. have sold out all their boats R.R. and to properly to the "Oregon Railway and Navigation Co", who are to construct immediately a R.R. from the Mouth of Snake river to the Valley and Lake, as soon as possible Eastern connection. The N. P. R.R. have let a contract, and are building 100 miles of road East - from their new town of Astoria at the Mouth of Snake river.

And so it looks, as if we old pioneers would get soon to see R.R. communication with our old homes in the East. Our city - has been exceedingly prosperous, having <sup>grown</sup> as much, or more than last year. I took my usual summer trip to the Sea Shore, and my old home in Clatsop, which I always enjoy - but this time more than ever. On the 20<sup>th</sup> of month it began to snow and already the upper Columbia is frozen up, and navigation to the Sea will be closed in a day or two unless it moderates.

Dec 31 The weather has moderated, and navigation to Astoria has not been interrupted. The old year is going out with a rain.



On the fifth and sixth of the month we had one of the heaviest snows I ever knew. Nearly every cotton in the city was killed, partially killed with water and on the 7th the greatest wind storm ever known here. While this blizzard lasted about 2 1/2 hours. I here append a description from the Oregonian. Having neglected to append the paper's account of the storm, I will say, that it blew down a number of houses, killed one man, and wounded others in this city, took the tin roofing off from the most of the great Brick Blocks, including the Thaler and Covert houses. In all parts of the Willamette valley and Western Washington, it did great damage. It is thought that it has destroyed one third of the timber in the Willamette. Where ever I look towards the hills, I can see the loss of timber.

22 The weather has continued stormy and cold with snow and sleet up to within three days. It has certainly been one of <sup>the</sup> most disagreeable winters I ever knew.

To day I called on J. P. Powers of Astoria, one of my oldest Oregon acquaintances. He used to be a neighbor of mine on the Good & Clark river, in Clatsop County. He is ~~not~~ at the Hospital in this city - being treated for a lame foot. He is 77 years of age - poor old man his days are nearly numbered. He crossed the plains in 1848, and has lived here ever since.

## "CHINOOK" EXPLAINED AGAIN.

The True Origin of the Word as Applied to Winds.

PORTLAND, Jan. 17.—[To the Editor.]—Perhaps no one knows the meaning of the word "Chinook," save that it was the name of a small tribe of Indians (now extinct) who inhabited the north shore of the Columbia river, at and near its mouth, of whom Concomly was the chief when John Jacob Astor established his fur trading post at Astoria, in 1808.

As applied to wind, the word "Chinook" was local, and had its origin at Astoria long before the Inland Empire was known to any but the adventurous trapper. Chinook village was at Chinook point, about seven miles northwest of Astoria. The northwest summer wind, which prevails all along the North Pacific coast during the summer months, fall upon Astoria in a direct line from Chinook point, hence the Hudson Bay Company people at Astoria, and into whose habits Astoria had fallen, grew into the habit of calling the cool summer wind from the northwest a "Chinook wind," simply because it came to them directly from Chinook point. Chinook was at one time an important place to Astoria, as McDougall, her head man, married the Chinook, princess, the daughter of the cunning old Concomly.

Later on, the Hudson Bay Company established a trading post at Vancouver, now in Clarke county, Wash., and they called the cool summer wind a Chinook, having learned it in their intercourse with the Astorians.

This is the correct origin of the word as applied to the wind. I have it direct from Major Birnie, the "old Hudson bay man," who lived at Astoria eighty years ago, and who afterwards removed to Cathlamet, where he died.

So the real Chinook wind is the cool northwest summer wind, and not the warm south wind, that sometimes, and often, in winter, rolls up from the south, and, taking the northeasterly course of the great Columbia valley, sweeps with its warm breath the snow from the boundless plains of the Inland Empire, and breaks up the icy fetters of her rivers. So "Chinook wind" has become a misnomer.

But there is no more harm in calling the warm south winter winds that sweep the snow from the fields of Eastern Oregon by this name than there is in calling white black—nor is there any more sense in one than in the other; but it sounds very absurd to one familiar with its true meaning.

P. W. GILLETTE.

## LONG BEACH'S RISE

SOMETHING OF THE HISTORY OF THIS SUMMER RESORT.

**Ilwaco Was Named After an Indian Chief Who Lived There Before Boston Man Claimed It.**

North Beach, so called because it lies immediately north of the mouth of the Columbia river, has become so noted as a summer resort that it may interest some of the readers of The Oregonian to know something of its history and progress.

In later years it is more generally known as Long Beach, and the government has confirmed this by naming the postoffice here Long Beach. This beach extends from the "Rocks" at the northern extremity of Cape Hancock to the mouth of Shoalwater bay, a distance of about 25 miles, running almost due north. It is strictly a sand beach, and is unsurpassed as a beach drive.

Judge John Briscow claims to be the first permanent settler. He came here in 1853 and settled a little north of what is now Tioga station. Captain Easterbrook came about the same time and settled still farther north, and his family yet live on the place. H. Lupton took up the land now owned by L. A. Loomis, and Caruthers after living on his place many years sold out and removed to Oysterville. In 1857 I went from Baker's bay to Oysterville, at which time there were but three families on the beach. Ten years later I passed over the same ground and these three families—Briscow, Caruthers and Easterbrook—were still the only inhabitants. In 1871 L. D. Holman of Portland

number of lots to people in Portland, some of whom built summer cottages on the shore of Baker's bay. Ilwaco was named for an Indian chief who lived there before the "Boston man" claimed it. Poor old Ilwaco survived the greater portion of his tribe, the most of whom were destroyed by the touch of civilization, and served out the balance of a miserable existence in eating oysters at Shoalwater bay. He died only a few years ago at Nasel, in Pacific county, and but few know that he ever lived.

In 1882 J. L. Stout laid out Seaview and commenced selling lots at \$25 to \$50 each. Previous to this time land along the beach had but little value. Almost any of it could have been had at \$5 to \$10 per acre, and it had not been considered as a summer resort. The Clatsop beach, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, became a popular place of summer resort many years before the North (or Long) beach was thought of for such purpose. From this time it began to grow, and addition after addition was laid out and many cottages were built each year. Now over eight miles of the beach between Ilwaco and Sealand is laid out in town lots, and thousands of them have been sold. Lots in the most favored locations have been sold as high as \$300 each. I took the pains to count carefully every cottage and building between the "Rocks" at the north side of the cape and the Crowley cottage, just north of the Tioga hotel, a distance of 4 or 4½ miles, and there are 356 besides one church and school. Of these, all but 25 or 30 are summer homes of people living in Portland. In this count I did not include the houses of farmers living on the road leading from Ilwaco to the head of Shoalwater bay. A few of the cottages counted are mere shanties, but the most of them have cost from \$300 to \$4500 each. Quite a number of the cottages in the town of Ilwaco, on Baker's bay, are owned by people in Portland and used only for summer homes. Besides these, there are perhaps 30 cottages at Ocean Park and a few at Oceanside that I did not count. Including those in Ilwaco and all on the North Beach, there must be at least 400 cottages owned by people of Portland, and nearly all of them have been built within the past 12 years; while land has advanced from \$8 to \$12 per acre to \$150 to \$1000 per acre. In some of the best locations it is worth more than \$1000 per acre. Hundreds of Portland people who have not built cottages own lots here, many of whom encamp on them during the hot weather.

During "the season" people here are well served. The butcher, baker, grocer, fruit and vegetable wagons come daily and take orders and deliver as promptly as they do in a city. Vegetables of all kinds grown here are of the best quality and are delivered to the consumer every day fresh from the garden or farm, and are a luxury compared to the withered stuff furnished by our groceries in Portland. Its adoption by Portland people as a summer resort has increased its value tenfold, and made it what it is now—the most popular summer resort on the North Pacific coast. It is impossible to estimate the number of people who visited here this season, but it was much larger than ever before and will reach away up into the thousands. Considering the great amount of travel on that route and the price charged, the travelers are poorly served. But the business here is growing so fast and becoming so enormous that it will soon court and gain the attention of other transportation companies. It is astonishing how far the influence of a wealthy and growing city is felt by the country surrounding it. But Long Beach is not the only place benefited by Portland. The energizing touch of her enterprise, industry and push extends far and wide, and in a thousand ways she benefits the country as the country benefits and helps her. The country cannot prosper without the city, and the city cannot live without the country. Then why should they not be friends?

P. W. GILLETTE.



August My Wedding day

11 I have almost entirely neglected <sup>my</sup> Journal for years. But I must record the most important event of my life. On August 11<sup>th</sup> at "Lisson," in Northern California I was married to Miss Mary Mac Lake, of Portland Oregon, with whom I had been acquainted several years, long enough to find her to be a true and lovely woman, one who, I can love and trust as a man should a wife. While the South bound train was stopping for dinner, we were married at the Hotel in presence of her sister, Ida, and a few other persons, and proceeded immediately on to San Francisco. My wife had been spending a month or two at Yreka with her sister and they made all the arrangements for the wedding, so that it could transpire without any detention. We spent several days in San Francisco, Santa Cruz and Monterey, stopping at the famous Hotel "El Monte." We had a very enjoyable time being wife's first visit to those places. We returned home by Ocean Steamer, which was also her first sea voyage. When we arrived at home we went into my bachelor quarters, where we remained until we moved into our new house on the 24<sup>th</sup> of Nov 1889. We selected this place to build upon, on account of the fine view, and healthful locality. The house cost us about \$10,000, and with our purpose very well. We had to grub the stumps and clear the logs and brush off the ground before we could build, besides we had to expend hundreds of dollars in shaping and grading

1891 to make that poor clay point, fit for grass  
and shrubbery. But we did not mind this  
expense, as we were preparing a home where  
we expected to spend our lives.

Another important event of my life, I must not  
neglect to chronicle. On the third day of Oct.  
1891, Wife and myself started East over the R.R.  
to visit my old home and friends in Ohio. We took  
the O.R. because I wished to see as much of the old  
emigrant road as I could again, but I was greatly  
disappointed, as I saw but few points that I could  
recognize. It had been nearly 40 years since  
I passed over the country, and of course the R.R.  
only occasionally touches the old emigrant road.

I recognized the Grand Round Valley, and the  
Powder and Big River valleys and a few points  
on Snake river. A great portion of the  
Country is now settled up, making it look very  
different from what it did in its natural condition.

We stayed a few days at Salt Lake City, to see  
that beautiful valley, and the somewhat remarkable  
and energetic people, the Mormans. We were much  
pleased with the city, its broad well paved, well  
shaded streets, and its comfortable homes, well  
substantial stores and business houses. I was  
surprised to find that the Mormons, were outnumbered  
by the gentiles, as they call everybody, not of  
faith. And the gentiles have their full share of  
business of the place, notwithstanding that they  
have not been there nearly so long. We found  
common Mormon people, ignorant, seemingly honest,  
industrious, and almost entirely under the control  
of the leaders. They are almost universally church-going  
people, and their preachers, are their leaders, and  
always preach to the importance of their followers  
and obeying the instructions from the pulpit.

There was little of interest to see in passing  
the many hundreds of long, weary miles, through



# STORIES OF CLATSOP

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES BY  
AN EARLY SETTLER THERE.

Stories, Facts, Records and Anecdotes of People of the  
Early Time.

PORTLAND, Nov. 18.—(To the Editor.)—Clatsop is the oldest settled county, and Astoria the oldest town in the state. The exploring expedition sent out by the government of the United States, under command of Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, erected log houses on the west bank of the river "Netdle," at a point named by them "Port Clatsop," where they spent the winter of 1805 and 1806. Remains of some of their cabins could be seen as late as 1850, and in 1852 I walked from Clatsop Plains to the place of their encampment on the same trail opened and used by them in going to and from the ocean. It had ever since been kept open by use of Indians, elk and other wild animals. The Indian name of this beautiful little river Netdle has long since been dropped, and is only known and remembered by a few of the oldest settlers. It has taken the name of "Lewis & Clark," which it will doubtless forever keep. Indian names, like themselves, will be soon forgotten.

But the first permanent settlement in Clatsop county was not made until April 12, 1811, when the ship "Tonquin," a vessel sent out from New York by John Jacob Astor, disembarked 16 men with tools, provisions, utensils and supplies, who were to co-operate with a large force of men, sent across the plains by Mr. Astor for the purpose of establishing an extensive fur-trading business at the mouth of the Columbia river. These men immediately set to work clearing land, planting seeds, constructing a fort for protection against Indians, and houses in which to live. They named the place Astoria in honor of its founder. In 1813, the British took possession of Astoria and Mr. Astor's property was transferred to the "Northwest Company," an English company. Later on Astoria fell into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, also an English company, in whose hands it remained until the home-seekers of the United States came and took up the lands under treaty stipulation between the two countries. After taking Astoria, the British named it "Fort George," and when I went there in 1852 all of the Indians and some of the old white settlers still called it Fort George. The peninsula on which Astoria stands, or "Smith's Point" (now Taylor's Point), was known as "Point George" in 1811, when the Tonquin arrived there.

In 1841, the Methodists established a mission on Clatsop Plains, at a place afterwards owned and patented by W. H. Gray, but they remained there but a short time, leaving the place in the charge of Rev. J. L. Parrish, who sold it to W. H. Gray in 1846.

In the early part of 1843, A. Trask, W. T. Perry and W. W. Raymond came to Clatsop Plains, and later in the same year came William Hobson and family, Thomas Owens and family, N. Eberman, George Summers and Samuel Hall. Trask and Perry remained but a few years in Clatsop county. Trask moved to and became a pioneer in Tillamook county, and "Trask River" now perpetuates his name. W. W. Raymond settled at "Tansy Point," now the embryo city of Flavel. Raymond was Indian agent there, and in 1852 claimed to have over 600 Indians under his care. All of those Indians and their offspring have disappeared from the face of the earth, and now I do not know of a living one of the tribe to tell the tale of their departure. It is but justice to say of the Clatsop Indians that they were always peaceable and friendly with the white people, and never gave them any serious trouble. The white people, as usual, brought contagious diseases among them, which they were not able to control, but which finally annihilated the natives.

Samuel Hall was a bachelor, and made rather a dramatic episode in the early history of Clatsop by falling desperately in love with an attractive schoolteacher, who taught in the southern school district on Clatsop Plains. His suit was ruthlessly rejected by the fair one. Hall went hopelessly away to California, where he died, leaving a will, giving all of his property to the school district in which he had so ardently and fatally loved. The school district still enjoys the fruits of his folly.

The immigration of 1843 was the first of any magnitude that ever crossed the plains. It consisted of 111 wagons, with 300 males over 16 years of age, and numbering in all about 1000 persons. Many of these never reached Oregon; some died on the road, some became disheartened and turned back, others went to California. Peter H. Burnett was elected captain of this company. Dr. Whitman, on his return from Washington, overtook the company about the time it reached the South Platte river, and traveled through with it, volunteering his service as guide. Among this company were many sterling men, who later on took prominent part in organizing the new territory and state—the Applegates, Waldos, Hembrees, John Hobson, Peter H. Burnett, J. W. Nesmith and many others, who have held important positions and been valuable citizens in building up a new empire.

H. H. Hunt and Ben Woods crossed the plains in 1843, but did not go to Clatsop until 1844, when they built "Hunt's Mill." This was the first sawmill ever built on the Columbia river. It stood near the place now known as Clifton (J. W. & V. Cook's cannery), and I think they own the old millsite. Mr. Hunt selected this place on account of the water-power there. He hauled the mill irons for this mill across the plains, which, considering the great distance, the many dangers and almost insurmountable obstacles to meet and overcome, the road in many places to locate and build, was an Herculean task to perform. The old French ship Sylvia de Grasse, early in 1850, loaded with lumber at this mill for San Francisco. On her way down the river, at high tide, she struck on a sunken rock, a short distance above Upper Astoria, and when the tide fell the ship's back was broken. Her great hull hung on this rock more than a quarter of a century, a mournful signal of the hidden danger. Had she made quick dispatch, her cargo of lumber would have brought the enormous sum of \$150 to \$200 per 1000 feet. A government buoy now marks the danger spot, and the old Sylvia de Grasse, as well as the old mill, are forever gone.

In 1843 and 1844, all of the land from old Point George (Smith's point) to Tongue point, was taken up. C. S. Smith, commonly known as "Ticky Smith," took up Smith's point. Colonel John McClure took the next claim on the eastern boundary of Smith's claim, and the main business part of Astoria now stands on the McClure claim. Colonel McClure was an Indian, and of good family, and I was informed by one who claimed distant kinship with him that he was at one time collector of customs at New Orleans, but for reasons best known to himself he sought a home in the wilderness of Clatsop county. He took a Chinook squaw for a companion, by whom he had one son, John. In about 1866 he sold the townsite of Astoria to Judge Cyrus Olney, for about \$10,000. He, with his son, returned to Indiana, where he died a few years later. His old squaw, without seeming regret, went back to live and die with her "tillcums" (friends) on the classic shores of the Chinooks. J. M. Shiveley settled on Astor Hill, the original Astoria. It had been occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company's people up to about the time Shiveley took possession. Soon after setting up his claim to this land, Shiveley went East to get married, leaving James Welch in charge of his land. On his return, Welch claimed the land by actual occupation. A lawsuit almost as tedious as Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce followed, but was finally settled by compromise, and the land was divided between the two. Portions of the walls of the old fort and a number of the old houses of the company's people were standing when I first went to Astoria, which gave the place an ancient, though dilapidated, appearance.

E. A. Wilson took possession of the next claim east of Shiveley, holding it till 1849, when he sold it to General John Adair, who was sent by President Taylor as collector of customs for the port of Astoria. General Adair had been there but a short time when he platted a portion of his land into town lots, to which place he took the custom-house, and by his influence at Washington had the postoffice also removed there, greatly to the disgust, discomfort and inconvenience of the people of Astoria, as his place was about two miles from Astoria, and the two places were unconnected by road. When an Astorian had business at the custom-house, or wished to drop a letter in the postoffice, or get one out, he had to embark in his boat or canoe and fight his way against wind, waves and tides to these offices. Complaint after complaint, remonstrance after remonstrance went up to Washington, but only to reach deaf ears. This state of things lasted until the long reign of democracy was ended by the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1861, when both custom-house and postoffice were returned to Astoria, and the people again made happy. Astoria and Upper Astoria have

Robert Shortess took up the next claim, which extended east from the Adair land almost to Tongue point. Shortess was one of Oregon's earliest settlers. He crossed the plains in 1837, but did not go to Clatsop county until 1843. He was a good citizen, a thoroughly honest man, but very eccentric; a warm friend, a bitter hater, very profane, and could quote Shakespeare from lid to lid. In about 1856 I met him on Parker's wharf, the first wharf of any sort ever built in Astoria. He was very angry, and stood there swearing fiercely at the very air. I asked him what the matter was, and he said: "Damn it! In early times, Colonel McClure and myself went into the fruitgrowing business here, and as soon as it was found to be profitable, every damned fool in the country went to raising fruit, and now, damn it! I can't sell my apples!" pointing down to his little skiff, moored at the foot of the steps. I saw that he had about five bushels of little seedling apples in the bottom of his boat, none of them much larger than walnuts. It was true that he and Colonel McClure each had about six or seven seedling apple trees in bearing, but they were miserable little things, scarcely fit for use, and, of course, as soon as grafted apples were introduced, they would not sell. P. W. GILLETTE.

## An Offer.

QUAKER BOTTOM, April 15, 1857.

Ed Register:—I paid last Spring one dollar for six mammoth Squash seeds, one of which survived the ravages of the striped bug, and produced five squashes which weighed as follows: 212, 185, 169, 169, 80; total 815.

The small one was accidentally torn off the vine before the squashes were half grown. Three others were also torn off and the vines tramped to death by gangs of men and boys who came miles to see and to try and lift them before fully grown.

I propose to give a dozen seeds to each and every applicant who will pay 25 cents to the Lawrence Co. Agricultural Society. Apply for seed to Rev. J. M. Kelley, Ironton, or to H. N. Gillett, Quaker Bottom. H. N. G.

## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Government Officials and Prominent  
Citizens

PAY A VISIT TO THE JETTY.

Yesterday afternoon the Telephone brought a number of government officers and leading citizens of Portland, who came to make a trip to the jetty. The government steamer *George H. Mendell*, Capt. John W. Brown, met the Telephone at her dock and took from her the following passengers: John Tweedale, chief clerk of the War Department, Washington, D. C., and his wife; Major Lydecker, U. S. Engineers, Vancouver, Wash.; Capt. T. W. Symonds, U. S. Engineers, and Mrs. Symonds; Major and Mrs. H. H. Northup, Col. John McCracken, Mrs. James R. McCracken, P. W. Gillette and wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Arnold and James E. Bangs, dramatic and society editor *Oregonian*, Portland.

They were joined here by Major T. H. Handbury, United States Engineers, Mrs. Handbury, Miss Virginia Lewis, H. B. Hegardt, assistant engineer, Mayor M. C. Crosby, Capt. Geo. Flavel, Samuel Elmore, H. M. Thatcher, Alex. Campbell, Capt. Thos. Crang, of the Telephone, Geo. Hibbert, of the Town Talk, and a representative of THE ASTORIAN.

The Mendell was only thirty-five minutes in making the run to the pier at Port Stevens, where J. W. Stone-man, overseer of the work, had an engine and two cars in readiness for the party, who were soon seated on the open cars.

On we go across the wharf, passing several wharves now many rods inland but which were once standing in deep water, as the sand has gradually ac-

Stories of Clatsop, Continued on page 1359 & 1360 & 1361



dear morning. It seemed to me a night  
frost boundless falling country.

We spent a day in Denver, and

was delighted with this young, beautiful, rich  
and vigorous city. Here we found more life,  
activity, progress and burning thrift, than  
we had seen anywhere on our trip. We found  
Shyan in the night and only saw  
Omaha, as <sup>we</sup> passed by it. The great Missouri  
River was a great disappointment to me. I  
traveled hundreds of miles upon its turbulent  
waters, and was greatly impressed with its  
magnitude, but upon seeing it ~~after~~ after  
a lapse of 40 years, it seemed to have  
shrunk into quite diminutive proportions.  
It did not seem to me more than half so large  
a river, as I thought it to be. Since I have  
seen so much of the magnificent Columbia  
the Missouri does not seem to be much of  
a river. We entered the State of Iowa just  
before dark, and before midnight it was through  
it, and in Ill. We stopped a week at Astoria  
Ill. to visit my Cousin Mrs. E. P. Emerson.  
My Uncle Andrew Wilson's daughter. She  
was married a number of years after I left Ohio,  
and she has reared a large family, all of whom  
were married excepting the two younger ones.

Mr. Emerson is a banker and large land  
owner. They treated us royally, and after a  
pleasant week, we took train for Ohio,  
going through Peoria, Indianapolis,  
Columbus & Portsmouth. We stopped  
a day in Columbus, and found it to be  
a beautiful city, the capital of my Mother  
Ohio. From Astoria Ill. to Portsmouth, the coun-  
try was new to me having never seen it before.  
At Portsmouth we took train for Huntington  
Miss. A part of this city is built upon  
land once owned by my Kenton folks, and has been



now it is much changed - towns, and great  
manufacturing establishments, on each side of  
the Ohio river, where there used to be <sup>but</sup> nothing but fields  
and woody. We reached Huntington in West Va.  
this evening, and put up at the Hotel. Hun-  
tington is situated about 3 miles south of Guy-  
andotte West Va, and about 8 miles south of  
my old home. It is a R.R. city all laid out and  
built since I left that country, and part of it  
land once owned by some of my  
relatives, and land that I have played for  
- my boyhood. Next morning we took the  
electric car for Guyandotte, the first town I ever  
saw, and when very young, the nearest one to my  
home. Here we crossed the Ohio river on the  
same ferry that I used to cross 60 years ago,  
and in a few moments we were in the  
house of Mrs. Loggin Rachel Reekitts, and  
saw for the first time in almost 40 years  
some of my own kindred. They lived in  
West Va. a small town which sprang up after I was  
all grown up. We made Mr. Reekitts our head quarters  
and visited around. The whole country was much changed,  
the timber is nearly all gone, Farms have been divided  
to smaller ones, Old houses & orchards have disappeared  
and new <sup>ones</sup> taking their places. The young people have all  
grown old, and the old ones, gone, to return no more.  
I found one old friend, J. Proctor, 94 years old &  
Wilgas 90, and my aunt Phoebe 87. The whole  
country seemed different to me, to what I expected it would -  
distances were shorter - Roads that seemed long when I was  
a boy, seemed very short. The Ohio river, which I used to  
think large, seemed small, and the <sup>high</sup> hills seemed to  
be low, and the hills that I used to climb, and think so  
high, seemed so small. Everything on the Pacific  
side is on so much larger scale, that it seemingly  
diminished things in my old home. My oldest sister  
looked much older to ~~than~~ me, than myself, or

278 as others see me. I could recognize the farm and home, but it was so greatly changed that it did not look natural. I did not see more than 15 or 18 people who I really knew. Yet when I left home, I knew everybody for miles around. A few knew me from my resemblance of my father.

I was somewhat disappointed in the amount of pleasure that I expected to gain from my visit. But I think I did not stay long enough to get acquainted, and become interested in them. We only remained about a month. We took train for Cincinnati, leaving Huntington at 12 M, and reaching the city at 6 P.M. It was all new to me, to see a Rail Road running along the banks of a good river like the Ohio. I remember to have heard my father say that Rail Roads could never compete with river, or water transportation. But the cheapness with which they can be built and operated has proved the contrary to be true. We stayed a few days in Cincinnati, and I found the city had grown so much, that I hardly knew it.

We had intended to go to New Orleans by boat, but the rivers were so low that this was impossible. So we took the "Queen & Crescent" R.R., running through Ky, Tenn, Ga, Ala, Miss and La, to New Orleans. I found New Orleans much as it was 40 years ago. Only that it had grown some. But I did <sup>not</sup> find one shop here now, to where there was 10, then. There are two reasons for this, and the principal reason is that Rail Roads have diverted the trade, and have carried the vast productions of the Mississippi Valley to other points; and now, Steamers are more and more numerous, and make trips more frequently, and do not require so many to do the business. New Orleans, is an old city, and hardly like an American city. Her streets are much neglected, her sewerage is bad, and the houses and buildings have a neglected look. She has no electric cable cars. Her street cars are all drawn by forlorn looking mules. The St Charles Hotel built 42 years ago



The seat of the great Slave Aristocracy. But  
the mighty have fallen. Their wealth and  
grandeur were all swept away by the war, they inaugurated  
the American Union. We stopped several  
times at Frankel in St Mary Parish on Bayou  
Lac, in the heart of the rich Sugar producing  
part of the State. Forty years ago I knew nearly all  
the Sugar planters on Bayou Lache. Now, none of  
them can be found, or almost none. Now the land  
is all changed. It has all changed hands, and is most  
generally owned by Northern people. The progress made  
in the cultivation and manufacture of Sugar has been  
enormous. The land is made to produce for greater crops,  
and at least 25 per cent more Sugar is made from  
the same. We visited one Sugar house, where they  
are making 250,000 lbs of Sugar per day. It is all done  
by machinery and steam; the three great boiling kettles in  
which the cane juice used to be reduced, are no longer  
seen. Now the cane juice passes through an almost endless  
series of iron pipes heated by steam ~~steam~~, and when  
it emerges from this battery into a series of pipes, away at the other  
end of the immense structure, it is pure bright golden  
brown Sugar. All of these improvements in the culture  
and manufacture of Sugar, are the result of changing  
ownership of the land. The enterprising Northerner, has  
wrought this almost magical change. If Slavery still  
existed there, the old method of planting, in all these  
industries would still exist. At Frankel, I  
saw the grand children, and children of the old  
storied Slave owners, occupying manual positions.  
- Lady, a daughter of a wealthy planter in the early  
times, kept a boarding house, and wife and I stopped with  
her. A grand daughter of a rich planter (that I knew in  
1850) was employed by this land lady to wait on the  
table. Her grand father old Dick Donoh, as he was  
called, owned a fine plantation at the mouth of Bayou  
Lache. Had one dared to intimate to him in those days,  
that a grand daughter of his would some day be a table

The whole country is so much changed, hardly recognize it. The great Live Oaks, on the banks, the sluggish bayou, were still there, the same as ever, but nearly all of the old sugar houses ~~are~~ gone, and dense rail roads now run through the great plantations, carrying the cane to the great factories where it is brought and manufactured into sugar. The negro is still the larger part of the population, his condition is changed, he is free, or safer free. But I think he is still as low and degraded as in slave condition, ~~even more~~, then he had a master to look after him and be responsible for him, now <sup>he</sup> has none but the public, or the Law. As a ruler, he is unfit to look after himself, and he has but little regard for law. So is a frequent violator. The fine old aristocratic Society that existed here before the war is gone; Not a vestige of it remains to indicate its former grandeur. The whole country has a weary, forlorn look to me, and I can almost hear a dreary wail of the departed age. I found but one sugar plantation in the hands of that old aristocratic class, and that is the Foster plantation just south of the town of Franklin. We met Mr. Foster and his son, who is now the governor of Louisiana. We left Franklin at 9 P.M. and awoke up next morning in Texas. There is so little of interest to be along the road through this State, that I will make no mention of it save to say, a long dreary ride of about 1000 miles that one would never care to take again.

The same night he said of Oregon. At El Paso we see the Republic of Mexico just across the Rio Grande river. But the whole country until we reached Los Angeles was dreary barren and uninteresting. We stopped a few days at Los Angeles, visiting Santa Monica, Pasadena, San Gabriel and other places. Then we made a few days stop at San Francisco, and reached home on Thanksgiving day, having been away from home 62 days. I had not seen my old home, or any of my kindred for almost 40 years. It was almost like, going



27. 1893.

Another very important  
event of my life, happened at our house. A Son  
was born to us; and before he was half an old  
good Mamma, an anacnee, that he was named  
Olson Wilson. Of course I fully appreciated the  
fact that my dear wife consoled on the, by naming  
him for me. It was my greatest desire to have  
a son, and I can truly say that I am perfectly  
satisfied with him. He seems to be all that  
the fondest parents could wish. He is a  
beautiful baby, well formed and perfectly  
healthy. He was born at 9 o'clock P. M., Dec  
27<sup>th</sup> 1893. May God give us the wisdom  
and patience to bring him up aright.  
Olson is now nearly 16 months old. Has had  
most perfect health ever since his birth. Is strong  
a active, good size for his age and unusually  
bright. He did not commence to walk alone, until  
he was past 15 months old. I have often heard  
a good Mother say, that I walked well, alone,  
before I was 7 months old. But very few children  
ever accomplish such feats. Not one in ten thousand  
as I am, in this respect, going to write up  
my trip across the plains. I will here state  
what first put me in notion of going to  
Oregon. When I was a boy at home, I heard  
Father read a very glowing letter from  
"Oregon", published in the "New York Ex-  
press", a New York paper, describing the  
beautiful, and healthful climate, the  
regent scenery, the Great Columbia, the  
fir trees, many of which were 800 feet high,  
the unsurpassed fertility of the soil, and the bril-  
liant and promising <sup>future</sup> of the new and wonderful coun-  
try. Although but a boy of 12 or 14 years, this fired  
my brain, and set me wild to go to Oregon. I tell  
to illustrate, how small a thing frames the destiny

# My journey to Oregon, across the 1853 Plains in the year 1852.

Oct 24 My good Wife has often requested me to write for her, a brief history of "trips" across the plains; which I have to do from memory, having lost my carefully kept diary, many years ago. In the autumn of 1851, having determined to make a lawyer of myself, I went to Burlington, the County Seat of Lawrence County Ohio, and entered the <sup>Law</sup> office of Col Elias Nigh, and commenced reading Law. Some time in February, I saw in a Newspaper, an account of an expedition fitting out for Oregon, called "The Presbyterian Colony"; and extending an invitation to all persons of "good moral character" who desired to immigrate to that distant territory to join them. I made up my <sup>mind</sup> instantly to go to Oregon, and immediately wrote to my Father informing him of my determination, and also to the Rev A. J. Hanna, the prime mover in the enterprise. In a few days I received a very cordial letter from him, urging me to join the "Colony" and to meet him in Cincinnati on the 12<sup>th</sup> day of March following. So I shut up my Law books, bid Col Nigh, and my Burlington friends good, and went home to prepare for my departure to the "for West". On the 10<sup>th</sup> day of March 1852 amidst numerous caresses to him, who had called to see <sup>me</sup> off, I took a last farewell of home, kinsmen and friends, and embarked on board a steamer for Cincinnati, where I met Mr Hanna and party of 12 to 15 persons. We spent several days in Cincinnati, during which time, I visited my Father's old friend Dr A. W. Warder, a famous Horticulturist. He took me home to his house - to <sup>the</sup> Cincinnati Horticultural Society Room and introduced me to many of the members, among whom <sup>was</sup> Nicholas Longworth, who manufactured the celebrated <sup>new</sup> <sup>the</sup> Sparkling Catawba Wine.



who, was the first true Millionaire, I ever saw. He went  
to Cincinnati, a poor boy, worked, saved money, bought land  
on the hills back of the city, and held on to them, planted  
extensive vineyards, and became a Millionaire.  
Also visited Jim Weaver at Walnut Hills, back  
of the city; he had a fine nursery and great gardens,  
and much of the fine shrubbery and roses that my  
father sent to me in the following year, came  
his place. I will mention here, the "Old Nick Long-  
worth" <sup>as he was called,</sup> was one of the six or seven Millionaires,  
in <sup>the</sup> whole United States <sup>at that time</sup>. It is a singular fact, there  
are now as many Millionaires in this small  
city, as there were at that time, in the whole of this  
West country. In those days, any man who was worth  
\$15,000 to \$20,000, was considered very rich, and \$10,000  
was considered a good fortune. Then common labor,  
commanded \$7 to \$10 per month with board, women in  
house & kitchen got 25 cts to \$1. & sometimes \$1.25  
per week. Skilled labor, Carpenters, &c got \$1, ~~to \$1.50~~  
per day. Farm products of all sorts were much  
below present prices, in many instances not half  
the price of some products now. Then,  
tools, implements, dry goods, tea, coffee, sugar,  
drugs, Crockery, hardware and almost  
everything used in house or shop or store  
or on the farm, cost more than the  
same articles do now. In those days, Money  
was always scarce, and "times" seemed "hard" all  
the time. Yet notwithstanding, every body  
seemed reasonably happy and contented. There were no  
strikes, no "Labor Unions" no "Knights of Labor", no  
complaints against "Monopolies" - No "Gold bugs", no  
speculation, no down trodden "Laborers", as now. The  
people then seemed to have the sense and patience  
& patriotism, to take things as they were, and to make  
the best they could out of the situation, although the  
people were much poorer ~~than~~ <sup>they</sup> are now,  
they were more contented. The laborer now, enjoys as many

of the Comforts, and over luxuries of life, as the people who owned their own homes and farms, did them — people who were considered in good circumstances. It would be a valuable lesson to the laborers of today, if they could see and realize <sup>the situation</sup> of their class of people in the country 45 or 50 years ago. Now all are educated of public expense, — then there were no free schools, and each had to pay for his own education, or go without.

The trouble now is, that no one is satisfied with poverty. All want to be rich, and to enjoy all that the rich have. But ~~only~~, ~~but~~ few, few of them are willing to work and save, and deny themselves the luxuries, until they are able to enjoy them. Too few have the ambition, industry, patience and perseverance to accumulate wealth, and save it.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> day of March 1852 our party took passage on a comfortable steamer for Saint Louis Mo. It was an elegant trip, down the beautiful Ohio to its mouth, and up the turbulent Mississippi to St Louis. I enjoyed every moment of it as only can a young healthy, ambitious man when just beginning the first great enterprise of his life. I was full of hope, health, life and ambition. I had cut loose from every friend and acquaintance, and was just entering upon a new life, alone in the world. But I enjoyed it. I had never left my Father's roof before, and must say, that I felt more like a man, than I ever had ~~before~~. I liked ~~the~~ my seeming freedom & independence. It aroused in me, a self reliance; that I had never before felt, or conceived.

Our trip occupied five or six days, and was a good opportunity to make, each others acquaintances. I found my traveling companions a very respectable lot of people, and above average intelligence. They were generally young, none but over 34 years of age. Few of them had more money than was necessary to defray their travel



expected to take up land, under the general  
Donation Law; When we reached Saint  
Louis, we all put up at "Scott's Hotel",  
expecting to remain in St. Louis long enough  
to buy our wagons, provisions, and outfit  
for our journey across the plains.

I was very much interested in the city of  
St. Louis, especially the old French part, with  
its narrow streets only 10 or 15 feet wide, and  
such narrow sidewalks, scarcely wide enough  
for two persons to walk abreast. This part of the  
city reminded me so much of the old French part  
of New Orleans. Before we reached Saint Louis  
I had selected my "men" or immediate companions.  
They were A. H. Zahmiedger, W. J. Beggs,  
and Thomas Gilfillan, all from Penn-  
sylvania. Each one was supposed to furnish  
his part of the cash for the outfit, and we were  
to own it in common. But when we came  
to settle up, it was found that Mr. Beggs could  
furnish but a small part of his share of the  
expense. He was a fine young fellow, only 19  
years old, and we concluded to let him on  
just as if ~~had~~ he had paid his full share.

About the 25<sup>th</sup> day of March we embarked  
on board the Steamer Pontiac for St. Joseph  
Mo., where we expected to buy our teams, and  
make our final start "across the plains". The  
boat was literally black with people. Not only  
were all the state rooms full, but at night the  
cabin floors were covered with sleepers; and  
such was the case with all steamers, going up  
the river, there being a large emigration to  
Oregon and California. The steamer was so much  
crowded to be enjoyable. But I was satisfied, even  
with all of the discomfort of the overcrowded boat,  
so long as ~~as~~ I was on my way to Oregon. About the <sup>10</sup><sup>th</sup> day  
after leaving St. Louis, it was announced that two of the  
cabin passengers were down with small pox.

This piece of news did not concern me much, but many of the passengers were greatly ~~surprised~~ frightened. When we had arrived

within 5 miles of our destination, we met large quantities of floating ice in the river, this ice was very heavy, being  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet thick. Here we had to tie up and wait until the ice ran by, which took five days. This delay being unlooked for, we soon found ourselves short of provisions, and for three days we were compelled to live on coffee, hard tack and beans. Another passenger steamer just ahead of us met with the same obstacle that we had, and was tied up, a half mile above us. Passengers from the boats, to the number of 4 or 500, assembled on a great sand bar to witness a war dance, given for our benefit by 40 or 50 Pawnee Indians. This was the largest number of Indians that I had ever seen, nor had I ever witnessed a war dance before, so I was much interested. After the performance was over, two of the Indians passed "the hat" around Methodist fashion and "took up a collection." Leaving our stay, John Myself, and two of my companions, went hunting in the woods, a broad Missourian river bottom. We had not proceeded far until we came upon the tracks of dozens of "wild turkeys." There was a little snow on the ground, and we hunted diligently for our game until nearly night, but did not succeed in finding them. This was my last wild turkey hunt, tho I had often hunted them before. This was in Kansas territory, and at that time had no white settlers except possibly a few "square men." I forgot to mention, that as we <sup>were</sup> coming up the river, we stopped at "Kansan Landing" as it was then called and discharged a small lot of freight, and I remember that a man came down the steep river bank with a load of ore, and a sled, and <sup>took</sup> away the freight. The same place is now "Kansas City," a city of one hundred and fifty thousand population. We stopped just below the city, and disembarked our



the cabin door as they were carried past ~~me~~  
within a foot of me, I was greatly startled, by  
seeing the pitiable and disgusting objects, and  
shall always believe that just at <sup>that</sup> moment I inhaled  
the loathsome disease. During the long passage  
up the river, the married ladies of our party, pro-  
posed to the young men of the colony, that if we, the  
young men, would rent a house, and furnish the  
provisions, that they would cook and keep the house,  
to which we readily assented, and I was selected to  
do and find the house. This measure was considered  
necessary, in a financial way, as we <sup>were</sup> all, or nearly  
all poor. As soon as the steamer landed I sat  
down on my mission, and was ~~soon~~ directed to  
go to Mr Rubodeau, whom it was said, owned  
many houses. I soon found him, an old Frenchman,  
nicknamed "Santa Fe trader". He had made a fortune  
trading with the Indians, and Mexicans. For the  
last few years, his principal trade had been in  
buffalo-hides. He had great caravans on  
the plains, hauling in these hides; they were dried  
and when a wagon was loaded with them, it  
resembled a load of dark colored hay in the  
distance. But now the buffalo is exterminated and  
Rubodeau's occupation is gone. The old man  
lived in a miserable garret, surrounded by furs  
and hides. I soon ~~soon~~ closed a bargain  
with him, and paid him twenty five dollars for  
tenement in "Rubodeau's Block", and in  
less than an hour we were moving into it. We  
took the house for one month. A cooking stove  
was rented, rude furniture improvised, and in a short  
time we were housekeeping. St Joseph had a  
population of about 800, and was crowded with em-  
igrants, all busily preparing for the long journey.  
We purchased stoves and made over our own tents and  
wagon covers. I went into the country, and  
bought 5 yokes of Oxen, as it was thought it would  
be that large a team to haul our wagon.

When we had been in N. Joseph 6 or 7 days I was attacked with a severe headache, pain in my back and limbs. This continued two days, and grew worse all the time. At the end of two days I had to succumb, and go to bed. A Doctor was summoned and upon examination, it was found that I had Small Pox. This news sent consternation through the house, much less time than it takes to write. More than half of the people were moving out. The jolly, happy, and rather popular young gentleman, was transformed in a moment, to a disgusting, loathsome Small Pox patient. My own "mess" to which, Jerry Welch, had been added, the Bobb family, the Sharps family, and an old lady by name of "Bar" from Cincinnati, were all who remained. Those who had seemed to be most attached to me, who seemed to be my best friends, were the first to leave, and so badly were they frightened, that they did not venture near enough to the house, to enquire after me during my illness. I was determined to go to Oregon, and was more determined to get through with the Small Pox as fast and easily as possible. I was removed to a room in the garret of the house, where I remained alone all of these 12 weary days of my illness, excepting a few moments <sup>at a time</sup> about a dozen times a day, when I called my nurse Mr Zahmiser, by thumping on the floor with a cane. He stayed in the room below, and came when I gave the signal; if he happened to be awake. Those nights seemed years long, and the days, not much shorter. I was partially delirious, during four or five days. And my suffering was such as only he who has tried this plague, can realize.

My Doctor came to see me twice a day, and on the 13<sup>th</sup> day he gave me permission to go out. I recovered my strength very rapidly, and on the seventh day of May 1842, we loaded up our wagons, hitched in our teams, and made a start for Oregon. We drove out six miles up the river and camped for the night. Here our trouble began. The Oxen were wild, <sup>and</sup> only half broken excepting two. We chained them to trees, thinking them to be



On the 1st of them got loose, and started  
back, with all the speed that such stock could  
make. We made chase and at length captured  
and brought them back. Zechniser and myself  
were the only persons in our men, that had ever  
handled or driven oxen, and I was still weak  
from my sickness. But we managed to get along  
with them pretty well. We soon taught the other boys  
to drive, and in fact the cattle themselves  
very soon learned their duties, and soon became  
very tractable. They soon took to this kind of  
life, and learned all the routine of it. The next  
morning we drove on to Elizabethtown, where we  
were to cross the turbulent Minnesota River. It was  
a tiresome and dangerous job getting our heavily  
laden wagons and wild cattle into the little and  
inadequate ferry boat. But all - 22 wagons  
with their teams, and about 65 people safely  
crossed the river before dark. The ferry boat was  
propelled by oars - a feeble force to contend with such  
a current as that of the Minnesota. It was Saturday;  
that night a meeting was called, and the Presbyterian  
along, adapted bylaws, to regulate our mode of  
travel and elected a Captain, of our company.

A man by name of Galbreath, was elected Capt.  
Among the rules regulating travel, was one  
prohibiting the company from traveling on Sun-  
day. We were encamped in the river bottom, and  
between us and the high land, were two or three very  
bad sloughs, and hundreds of teams with heavily  
laden wagons were constantly crossing the river,  
and moving across these sloughs. So on Sunday  
morning Capt Galbreath, ordered the company to hitch  
up, and move across these bad places before they  
became quite impassable; and himself and six, out of  
the 22 wagons moved, but the most ultra Presbyterian  
part of the company refused to go, and here the second  
day, the company separated and we never  
saw our Captain again. Those with whom





drawn with care. <sup>Get</sup> our cargo was  
wing lighter every day. Five healthy, young  
men, ~~with~~ with a potter's such as we had, would  
begin to tell an easy wagon load.  
We started with 3 barrels of hard tack, 1 barrel  
Boston butter crackers, 350 pounds of flour, 130  
pounds of white beans, 75 pounds of dried apples,  
pounds of dried beef, 60 pounds of cheese  
5 pounds of bacon, besides tea, coffee, sugar  
etc. Not one of us (in my men) knew  
anything about cooking, and so we had all this to  
learn. We arranged it so, that each one should take  
his turn at cooking, which should be <sup>one</sup> week  
during the <sup>time</sup> he was cooking he <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ exempted  
from all other duties, but guard duty at night.  
The others of the men, took turns in driving  
the team, which was one day each. They had also  
to provide the cook with fuel and water. We  
even learned to do the cooking, beans, bread, bacon  
tea & coffee, and dried apples was <sup>all</sup> there was to  
cook. Each man in the train had to take  
his turn as night guard. We kept 2 men on  
guard at night, to keep the Indians from  
stealing our stock, and taking our scalps.  
Our wagons being heavily loaded we all  
had to walk, excepting the driver, who  
if the roads were level ~~he~~ was allowed to ride  
in the wagon part of the time. On this part  
of the route we drove 20 to 25 miles per day.  
I must say that even this distance all  
days found me tired at night. Occasionally  
we made 30 miles a day. From Fort Kearney  
we kept up the South side of the Platte river.  
This river is broad, exceedingly shallow, and its water  
very muddy, and has the appearance of a rapid and  
other dangerous stream. It is full of small whirls, or  
whirlpools, which make it seem dangerous. One warm  
day some of us concluded to take a swim, in this river.  
We entered the water with great caution, expecting  
at any step, to reach unfathomable depths, we kept

292 feeling our way, until, reached the neck of  
the river without finding water knee deep. Its  
sandy bottom, was somewhat uneven, these clumps  
sand on the bottom, were what caused these dangerous  
looking whirl pools. We found that we could wade  
across the river almost anywhere. Some times  
quick sands were found, which are dangerous to  
teams or horses in passing. The river bottom lands  
are broad and level, and seemed to be fertile. The high  
lands, on either side, are undulating and beau-  
tiful, and abounded in game. The Platte, runs  
through the great Buffalo range, and in former  
years, it teemed with countless numbers of these  
animals. Innumerable deep cut trails, or paths  
made by buffalo, stretch down the sloping hills  
to the river, where these vast herds go to drink.

They always travel "Indian file", and these  
paths are often a foot deep, and for complete  
strips the country on both sides of the river. Some  
times these <sup>herds</sup> appear in such vast numbers, so to  
darken the landscape as far as the eye can reach.

But their numbers ~~of~~ ~~fast~~ ~~diminishing~~ even then, in  
1852, were fast diminishing, and now, are  
almost extinct. They were shot down by the thousands  
for their hides, a reckless waste, that the government  
should not have allowed. They are all gone, and  
the Horned Oryx Seal, is fast following. It too  
will soon be a thing of the past unless most vig-  
orous measures are adopted to protect it. We tried  
hard to kill some of them, <sup>buffalo</sup> but could not get  
near enough to shoot them. We killed May Antelope  
and prairie chickens, and relished them very much.  
A much of desirable change from side bacon.

We crossed the South Platte, a large river at  
its confluence with the North Platte. We still  
remained on the South side of the river, and  
we advanced the river bottoms became narrower  
and the high lands higher. "Chimney Rock"  
and "Scotts Bluff" could be seen 40 miles



away resembled a city - in the distance  
three of us walked to Chimney rock, and were  
really deceived as to the distance; it seemed  
to be but two or three miles away, when it was  
or 14 miles, perhaps more. The country was so  
vel and the atmosphere so clear, that it  
could be seen a great distance. Short time  
after we passed Death bluffs we passed down  
through a <sup>"Canyon"</sup> ~~"Canyon"~~ or <sup>"Canyon"</sup> ~~"Canyon"~~ known as  
Ash hollow - the little valley was only 400 or  
500 feet wide, and each side was walled in by  
high rocky <sup>or cliffs</sup> walls. It was my day to drive,  
and my team was "in the lead". We had gotten  
quite into the little valley, when, at the  
same instant, every one in the whole train  
made a sudden dash or jump, as instantaneous  
as if ~~it~~ had been sent off by an electric shock.  
As quick as thought, I sprang in front  
of my team, and by lashing them soundly  
on their faces stopped them, else we would  
have had a general runaway. We never  
could discover the cause of this stampede, but  
we attributed it to indians hidden among the  
rocks above. If it were indians the signal  
or fright was given in such a manner  
that every animal in the whole train  
received it at the same instant. It might have  
been a sudden earthquake shock, but none of  
us detected it. I remember that all of us were  
struck with awe or fear, or a sort of indescribable  
gloom, that hung over us for  
several hours. About this part of our  
journey, our Company agreed, unceremoniously de-  
cided. It was in this wise - At noon we camped  
in a lovely spot, affording the greatest abun-  
dances of wood, water and grass. It seemed to be  
a good place to occupy but an hour, so some  
proposed that we remain there until Sunday  
noon and then drive half day on Sunday

to make up for the loss of half of our  
 no affectings were made, and it was thought  
 that general consent was given to the proposition  
 But such was not the case. After lunch at noon  
 Sunday, orders were given, and the stock all driven  
 up, and people were busy hitching up, and  
 when we were ready to start (our mess) we found  
 that about half of the Company were making  
 no preparations to go. Those of us who had harnes-  
 ed up, moved out of camp, and I do not believe  
 a word was passed by one on the camp. No  
 good bys or fare you wells - passing lips.  
 There had been no disagreements, or any un-  
 pleasantness between us. It seemed to be a mutual  
 and involuntary separation. Six wagons of  
 us moved on, and six remained, among them  
 were the Rev A. J. Hanna, and those who were  
 really Presbyterians. When our little Company  
 camped that evening 12 or 14 miles ahead of our  
 friends, we resolved in future, to be governed  
 by common sense, and to use our best endeavor  
 to save and protect the life & strength of stock, as  
 our own lives depended upon the preservation  
 of the deer. After that we always rested one  
 day each week, but never stopped unless we  
 had a good camp, with plenty of food &  
 water for the teams. Before I left St Louis  
 I bought a "guide book" published by Gen. Joel  
 Palmer, who had twice crossed the plains by the  
 route. We found it to be of great service to us. Gen  
 Palmer was a very truthful and conscientious man,  
 and his book could be relied upon. Years after this  
 in 1862, He and I served together in the Oregon  
 Legislature, He from Jewell County and I  
 from Clatsop. Neither of us had ever had any ex-  
 perience in legislative matters before. Knowing  
 his honesty of purpose, and that he was a man of fair  
 ability, I nominated him for "Speaker", to which position  
 he was elected on the first ballot. He gave general  
 satisfaction, and was a fair, honest and competent



loss of so many men out of our company, and  
rest about doubled over night guard duty, and  
this I believe was the hardest duty we to perform.

The loss of a half night's sleep, after a continuous  
march all day in <sup>the</sup> hot sun, and dust, we felt sorely.  
One day away above Fort Laramie, John  
Baker and myself, were off some distance hunting,  
and I remember stumbling over a pair of old  
boots, the tops of the boots were fast in the  
ground, the soles were warped and twisted by the  
sun, and I saw that the pegs were drawn out  
in places by the shrinking. And I am quite  
certain, they were on a little mound; we  
were walking rapidly, and I <sup>never</sup> think to con-  
sider how they came to be there in so lonely  
a spot. I am satisfied that some unfortunate  
had been hurried there with his boots on.

I forgot to mention "Fort Laramie", where  
we saw a few U. S. troops, and large numbers  
of Indians, aimlessly loitering around the Fort.  
A very picture of sloth, degradation and  
worthlessness. The Laramie river empties into  
the Platte River, and there is a bridge across  
it, and a "free" bridge too, constructed by the  
Government. This is the first and only free  
bridge that we saw on the whole trip.

Away towards ~~the~~ the South West, we  
could see Laramie Mountain, and the  
famous "Pike's peak" which had some snow  
in sight. We saw this Mountain for weeks  
as we moved on up the Platte.

Some where on the Platte, we camped  
alongside of 300 "Soci" Indian warriors, who  
were just returning from a campaign against  
the Pawnees. Many of the warriors carried long rods  
on which they carried the "scalps" they had taken.  
Some had as high as three, others one, and two  
of these ghastly trophies. They were very friendly  
with us, and not at all troublesome. Biggs had a

6 a Copy of Harpers Weekly we had  
illustration of an indian <sup>battle</sup>, which we gave to the  
and Biggs told the boys, that those Indians who  
seemed to have the best of the fight, were doing so.  
This delighted them. We had a small spy-  
glass, that cost in St Louis \$5. To this we let the  
look through, and they were ~~so~~ much pleased  
with it, that they gave us a fine large dressed  
Buffalo robe, beautifully embroidered with beads, &  
other ornaments, for the glass, which was worth ~~for~~

These fellows, must have made a successful  
campaign, for they were in fine spirits, and  
seemed quite satisfied with themselves.

Three of us, were out hunting one day, and when it was time to find our "train" ("train" is what we call our company) we turned our course down a creek which led to the river. It was a good large stream and proved to be Le Bonte Creek. We had followed down it bank in the shade of fine large cottonwood trees for a distance of two miles, when we came into a large village of "Crow" Indians. There must have been 75 lodges, or more. We passed directly through the village, containing several hundreds of men, women, children and dogs, not one of whom appeared to see us, although we passed within a foot of some of them. I stopped, and looked into several of the lodges, in ~~which~~ <sup>one</sup> of which were several men, ("braves") all lying on the ground, some asleep, and others just lounging. But none of them seemed to be us. All utterly ignored us. The dogs did not bark at us. When we had gotten almost through the village, I discovered a white man or he had been one some time in the past. Even he did not recognize us. I advanced towards him, but he did not look at me, until I spoke to him. Then he looked up and said "Bonjour" in French. I found that he was a



He had lived with that tribe 34 years,  
Not his name was "Le Bontee", he had a squaw  
if, and a large family of children, many  
whom were grown up. He dressed as the Indians  
did, and had it not been for his fairer skin  
would not have been able to distinguish him  
from a Crow Indian. He was not very much  
disposed to talk, and did not look at me as he  
spoke to me. I thought he acted as if it were  
not exactly the proper thing to be too familiar  
with "outsiders." We could not determine whether this  
reception, was a hostile, or friendly demon-  
stration, nor did we care much, we were all well  
armed, and had no fear of Indians.

When we reached the camp at the mouth of  
the creek we found our company camped for  
dinner. Here we found a grave, just made  
the day before, with the history of a tragedy  
written on a small board at the head of the  
grave. It seemed that a large train of Missour-  
ians passed the day before us, and one of the  
men, had a quarrel with the Capt of the train.  
There had been a feud between them for some  
time. This man became so ~~exasperated~~ <sup>exasperated</sup> that  
he seized his rifle, and shot the Captain, and as  
he fell, caught him by the hair of the head, and  
drew his head back, and with a sheath knife  
almost severed the head from the body. The  
murderer then quietly commenced packing up  
some food and clothing, and was packing a horse,  
intending to leave the train, and return to Mo.  
But just at this time, another company came  
along the road, and upon learning of this cold  
blooded murder, had the man arrested. They  
stopped two or three trains, elected a judge,  
and empanelled a jury, tried, condemned,  
and hung the murderer. These stupid Missour-  
ians, would have let him escape.

When we reached the crossing of the North Platte

298 We found a ferry, established by  
Mormons from Salt Lake City. The river was too deep  
ford, consequently we had to ferry the wagons and  
ourselves. We paid five dollars each for the wagons,  
and fifty cents each for ourselves. We swam the  
stock. I have not mentioned the fact that Cholera  
had been in this large emigration from the time  
it started. We counted from one to eight or ten new  
graves, every day ~~since~~ since we started from  
Mo. Its victims suddenly recovered, as they could  
not have proper attention. We were now approaching  
the Rocky Mountains, and soon entered the valley  
of the Sweet Water river, a tributary of the Platte, a  
beautiful, rapid little river, whose valley in  
many places, was a near Canyon. We had to  
cross it three times in less than an mile. Its  
deep rapid current and rocky bottom made ford-  
ing quite dangerous. In some places the rocky  
walls along its bank, were hundreds of feet in  
height. But we saw nothing here so grand as the  
Canyon of the Platte which we had already passed.  
Our "guide book" informed us that it was possible  
to pass through the "Canyon" on foot, and that the  
distance through, was shorter than to <sup>the</sup> around.  
Myself and two of my companions concluded  
to go through the Canyon, and so kept up the  
river and soon entered the mouth of the Canyon.  
We had only just made a start towards entering  
it, when we overtook two ladies of our company  
Mrs. Rabb, and a sister of Mrs. Coulter, whose  
name, I have forgotten. We remonstrated with  
them, for undertaking so dangerous a trip, but they  
seemed determined to go. Two of us, assisted the  
ladies and the other gentleman carried the three  
guns. It was almost impossible to climb along  
the rocky walls, had we missed a footing, a fall of  
several hundred feet into the foaming waters  
of the Platte, would have been inevitable. The  
scenery in the Canyon was indiscoverably grand. It took  
so long to get through the Canyon, that we did



on the Sweet Water river, we found a "Salaratus Lake". Ten or fifteen acres of low land covered to a depth of 1 to 7 inches of "Salaratus" is called "Salaratus Lake". The soil, all along for many miles, is exceedingly alkaline, and in winter this lake is covered with a thick water crust feet deep. The salt seen of summer evaporates the water, and leaves a crust of pure Salaratus on the ground, many of the people gathered Salaratus here, and used it in making bread. We encamped at "Independence Rock" over Sunday. I have forgotten how this great "Rock" got its name, it is a solid block of granite, and has rolled down from the Moontain on the North side of the Sweet Water river some day. It is about 1500 feet long by 450 feet wide, and about 200 feet high. Innumerable names are engraved, painted and written upon it. There is one point from which it may be ascended. Here are the "Rocky Moontains" truly! On either side of us, as far as the eye can reach, are Moontains of solid granite, utterly bare, the soil all having been washed away, if there had ever been any. A few scrubby ~~willow~~ <sup>cedar</sup> trees, grow from the crevices of the rocky. Well, were they named "Rocky Moontains", about a mile West of Independence Rock is the Devil's Gate. Here is a fall in the river of 70 or 80 feet, and it has cut a channel through solid granite 150 feet deep for a distance of half a mile. Here we found skeletons of the "Moontain Sheep" the first we had seen. Their horns are immense and resemble a ram's horns, excepting that they are much larger than ordinary ram's horns. Here we found cedar wood for fuel, we had to carry it from the foot of the Moontain a mile away. But we often had to bring our wood a long way. In fact we had no wood for many weeks and used "Buffalo Chips," instead.

300 It was the latter part of the altitude was so great that  
this neighborhood, and the altitude was so great that  
we occasionally found snow drifts, in the shady sides of the  
hills. We soon left the Sweet Water, and kept  
on almost due west, nearly a days drive, up a broad  
sloping plain, and at noon, on the first day  
of July we were in "the South Pass" of the Rocky  
Mountains. The ascent was so gradual, and the  
"pass" so broad, that it was almost impossible  
without instruments, to know when were on the Sum-  
mit. We camped and had dinner at Pacific Spring.  
This Spring is almost exactly on the highest  
land, but just enough beyond the Summit for its  
waters to flow west. This water flows into, and  
forms a part of the Colorado river. This was quite  
an epoch in our journey. We were on the "Western  
Slope", and seemed to realize more clearly that  
we were approaching our destination. From  
Pacific Spring we drove west down a broad sloping  
plain to the "Sandy", a good sized Mill  
Stream and camped for the night. We remained  
here until 4 P.M. next day. There were six wagons  
in all, and we had traveled all this distance  
together. At this incampment, Robb's, Corners  
and our wagons, drove a little down the  
"Sandy", when we reached it, and the other the  
wagons drove a little way up the stream  
and camped, forming two separate camps, this  
seemed to be accidental. and so far as I ever knew  
it was. But, be that as it may, it was a final sep-  
aration; and we never traveled together any more.  
Indeed we never saw them again. We had never  
had any trouble with these people, but I think  
a mutual dislike had grown up between us.

At four O'clock P.M. we started out for an all-  
night drive across a desert of 45 miles. This was called  
"Sublette's Cutoff", and covered 25 or 30 miles in distance.  
We could have kept around by the great Salt Lake, and  
avoided this drive. We knew there was no water on  
this road, so we filled every thing with water that  
we could. We had 25 five gallons of water, to supply



we stopped. Here we gathered up sage brush and made the  
the teams rest, and pick such food as they could  
among the sage, and made hot coffee for  
ranches. Then we drove on all day until 4 P. M.  
when we reached Green River. The day was  
roasting hot, and our stock as well as ourselves,  
suffered dreadfully from heat, dust and thirst. Our  
little smelt water two miles away, and quickened  
their pace, and so ravenous were they for water, that  
when we came in sight of Green River, it was  
with the greatest difficulty that we could dislodge  
them from the wagons. No sooner were they  
drove from the wagons, than they rushed pell  
mell down into the river. We tried to stop them  
drinking all they wanted at once, but we could  
do nothing with them. They drank all they  
could, and yet, not one of them received any injury.  
As the grass seemed to be the best on the North  
side of the river, we tried to swim the teams  
across the stream, but found it utterly impossible.  
The sun was directly in their <sup>eyes</sup>, and being 4.30, P.  
M., the reflection from the water was so strong,  
they could not see the land on the other side,  
and would not go, so we had to wait until  
morning, when they ~~swam~~ <sup>swam</sup> across without  
any objections. Here we learned a lesson, never  
ever to try to make cattle swim when  
the sun and reflection from the water  
is in their faces. They cannot see where you  
wish them to go, and wisely refuse to go at all.  
Some Mormons have a ferry across Green  
River, and charged us \$6.00 per wagon, and 50¢  
for each person, horse or ox, but we swam  
our stock. In crossing the desert just above men-  
tioned passed herds of deer, horses and oxen, that were  
able to stand the fearful trip. We also saw several  
abandoned wagons, and a great many heavy articles  
that people were trying to bring with them, such as cooking  
utensils, tools, machinery, heavy rifles, and hundreds of things.

302 that, it cannot be remembered, that the loads  
to weaken, it was absolutely imperative, that the loads  
must be reduced, or <sup>all</sup> would be lost. Many people undertook  
to carry too much with them, as we found from here  
to the end of the journey.

I forgot to mention, that at  
Pacific Spring at the summit of the South pass, I  
had my first view of "perpetual snow". When a small  
boy, I had a small Geography, published by Will. Barreth  
Becher, afterwards the famous Mrs. "Barreth Becher"  
Stowe. Therein I read of very high mountains, whose  
tops were covered with "perpetual snow". This was one  
of the world, wonder, to me, and I had always  
longed to see one of <sup>these</sup> grand monuments. Well here  
it was, I chanced to turn my eyes to the north, and  
there it stood in all its splendor. It was far  
away to the north, but I instantly knew what it  
was. I was transfixed with wonder, awe, and  
admiration. I was the first one of our company to see  
it, and probably the last, for I could not keep my  
eyes off of it. We camped on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July on  
Montanillas fork of Green River, and spent the  
day. It was cold, and the snow that had fallen  
the night before still covered the ground on  
near hills. The only fuel we could get to <sup>cook</sup> with or to  
warm ourselves by, was green willow brush.

Young Bees had picked up an old gun barrel  
in the road, for the purpose of firing a Fourth of  
July Salute, and we were all seated on the ground  
around over willow fire smoking some cigars  
that he had hidden away for the occasion. He  
had put the old gun barrel in the fire to burn the  
rust loose from it, never suspecting that <sup>it</sup> was already  
loaded. In the midst of our hilarity, smoking  
and telling stories, the old gun went off, covering  
us with ashes, and filling our eyes and mouths with  
smoke and dirt. It is astonishing how many  
gun barrels we found strewn along the road. Peas  
had been obliged to cast them away, but before doing  
so, they always took off the stock, so as to render  
them useless to the Indians who might do great



the men had curvature of the spine, and consequently  
performed camp duty of any sort. I saw  
eight able bodied men to do night guard  
duty. This made it very hard on us. The continuous  
duty during the day, in heat and dust, and no much  
of sleep, made this anything but a pleasure trip.  
I am not much of a sleeper, and never went to  
sleep while on guard duty. But I often found  
my co-watcher fast asleep. I once found him  
fast asleep, and stole his gun from him,  
and then gave an alarm, as if Indians were  
about to attack us. I did this, hoping to  
wake him more wakeful and careful, but it  
did no good, his sluggish mind yielded to  
the demands of his tired body. This but a  
short distance from Frontier Hills fork to the  
Bear River, before entering Bear River, we had  
passed over some high mountains - do not know  
name of them. On, or near the summit of  
which I saw at short distance to the right a  
grove of small evergreen timber, to which I  
directed my way. This grove of young fir timber  
covered about 6 acres. On the north side of the grove  
was a large snow drift - remains of last  
winter's snow. This was about the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> of  
July. I found beautiful flowers, <sup>in</sup> spite  
of the snow. Among which I remember  
"Columbine" in all its glory. A few feet further  
I found an immense bear track, and it  
resembled the track of a "Grizzly". The track  
was freshly made. Great as was my desire to  
remain longer among these beautiful green  
trees, (so few of which we had seen on the whole  
journey) I took a hasty leave, having no  
sire to encounter a grizzly, with nothing but  
a shot gun loaded with bird shot. It was a splen-  
did sight from the summit of the Bear river  
mountains. The curving valley far below, dotted  
with hundreds of indian horses, the little river

304 like a break of snow, the  
gag was into the distant mountains, the  
home like. Spiral columns of smoke, lazily rising  
from indian lodges in the uncertain distance  
the high rims of mountains on either side of the  
valley, all made of timber, and in many places  
showing vast cliffs of rock of dizzy heights; made  
a picture that I shall never forget, and that still  
glows with ~~with~~ inexpressable beauty on the tablet  
of fond memory. The wagon road from the  
Summit down to river made a detour of several  
miles to make easy grade, but accompanied by two  
actors of the Company, I went straight down the  
mountain, following the old wagon tracks, in the turf  
made years before, ~~before~~ a better road was found.

We reached the valley an hour before the  
train came, during which time we amused our  
selves by watching the movements of a large band  
of Indians, whom we found already encamped  
there. There were not less than 175 to 200 of them.

The men or braves were lounging listlessly about  
the camp - the women were busy getting wood, and  
preparing the meal, while a lot of boys 10 to 15 years  
old were shooting "prairie dogs" with bows and  
arrows. These little animals are a sort of squirrel.

They burrow in the ground in deep holes. They often  
stand in the mouth of their holes and bark like a dog  
with sharp, defiant little bark, and when approached  
too near, they fall back in to hole, and instantly  
disappear. They were very numerous, and the boys  
failed to get one every shot. I shot enough of them  
for a meal, with my shotgun, and dressed and cooked  
them. We did not relish them much, the meat tasted  
too sweet. It is said that Rattle Snakes burrow in  
the same holes, and that they live together in  
the most friendly manner. We found these little  
fellows along the road for many hundreds of miles. As  
"Rattle Snakes", we found all the way from the Mi-  
auri river to the eastern slope of the Cascade  
Mountains. Our indian neighbors were quite  
friendly. They seemed to travel as they had



when they broke up camp and departed. It  
said that all of the men mounted goat horses and  
the women and children, and a few old  
men, to pack and bring the lodge poles, and the  
goods and camp equipment. The draft horses  
were harnessed in <sup>up</sup> by means of a sort of collar  
which two long slender poles were attached, the  
front end being fastened to the collar high up the  
horse's shoulders, the other ends, rested on the  
ground eight or ten feet behind the horse.  
I was so fortunate to get them, as to cause them  
to go along in parallel lines, just far enough behind  
to clear the horses' heels, strips of wood were lashed  
cross the poles three inches apart clear back to the  
end of the poles. Upon these was loaded all of the  
goods <sup>and</sup> belongings of the whole party. Small  
children were tied upon the horse's back. The  
women walked and led the horses, and kept  
watch ~~the~~ that none of the goods were lost.

We could not learn from them where they  
were going, but we thought they were on  
their way to the buffalo grounds, to kill and  
dry their winter's supply of meat. The road  
on Monticello or Harris Fork of Green River was  
very mountainous and steep. The road follows  
down Bear River for <sup>four</sup> or five days travel, at the  
end of which time we came to the "Soda Springs".  
There are a great many of these springs clustered  
together near the North Bank of the River. Some of  
them are very large. All of them are capped over by a  
crystallization <sup>making</sup> <sup>these</sup> a large iron plate, bottom  
side up, with large round holes in the bottom.  
The water is ice cold, clear and sparkling, strongly  
saturated with soda, and is pleasant to the taste. They  
all bubble, rumble, and gush up their sparkling  
water continuously. One large one, on the river  
bank, is called the "Steamboat Spring", owing to  
the puffing sound at regular intervals, resembling  
the passing of a steamboat. At each puff or beneath, its  
boiling water is dashed up to a height of three or  
four feet. We remained at the Springs a day, and

He had to cut for me a  
 hunting and trapping. At this point Bear river makes a  
 sharp angle, turning its course from West to South East  
 and flows away south towards the great Salt Lake. And  
 here, the great <sup>road</sup> comes <sup>road</sup> fork, one branch keeping on  
 North West to Oregon, the other, turning away South  
 to California. From Soda Springs, our road kept  
 a N. Westly course up a small ~~stream~~, called Little  
 Port Neff. The mouth of this valley is probably a  
 mile wide. The road is on the extreme North side,  
 and the land slopes smartly towards the South. About  
 a quarter of a mile South of the road I found a  
 chasm or crack in the earth a half mile or more  
 long, running East & West. This chasm was through  
 Basaltic rock, and was many feet deep. The rock  
 on the edges of the chasm, seemed to have been  
 partially melted by heat at some distant time. Run-  
 ning North & South, and at right angles with the  
 great crack, were streams of lava, that had at  
 some time, in liquid state flowed down this slope  
 plain. It seemed very curious to me, being the  
 first real volcanic evidence that I had ever  
 seen. We camped that evening farther up the  
 valley where the soil was pretty good, and the  
 ground was almost covered with current bushes,  
 full of bright yellow Currants. We gathered some  
 of them and cooked them with sugar. The skins  
 were thick and tough, and not so well flavored  
 as the Red Currant. The next day we crossed over  
 the mountains, dividing the Bear and Snake river  
 valleys. On this mountain we found an abundance  
 of very good "Service berries". From the Summit of  
 these mountains, we had a ~~fine~~ fine line view of the  
 "Three Sisters" away to the North. There are said  
 to be among the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains  
 away to the West of us, and on the North side of  
 Snake river, we could see the "Black Buttes".  
 There are three <sup>of these</sup> great Pyramideal Mountains, apart  
 in a row, but many miles apart. Standing on the  
 great barren plain, stretching along the Snake  
 river on the North side. Away to North of us



and there, were the "Three Fellows," robed in  
eternal snow, to the West, the sombre "Black  
Butter," and the Snake river valley, opening out  
~~down~~ far down towards the sea. It was an ele-  
gant view. In crossing the road stage, plain  
reaches from the foot of these mountains to Snake  
river, we discovered away to the north of us, what  
appeared to be a smoke; but we soon discovered  
it was dust, and after examination with a  
telescope glass, we found that it was an army, or  
army of mounted horsemen, and as they approached  
we found they were Indians, bearing down upon  
us. We of course thought they were hostile, as they seemed  
to be coming directly towards us. We halted, formed  
our wagons and teams into <sup>a sort of</sup> fort, got out all of  
our fire arms, and prepared for an attack. But  
much to our satisfaction, they crossed our road  
about three hundred feet ahead of us, never even  
casting a glance at us, <sup>as far as</sup> for as we could perceive.  
There were about 150 of them - mounted warriors,  
riding at the full speed of their horses, and they  
left up this gate as <sup>far as</sup> we could see them.  
Evidently they were not after us. We were  
only 9 men & one woman, against that number  
of well mounted warriors, we could not have long  
held our ground. We had to cross the Snake  
River before reaching Snake river,  
where we found a ferry, and paid \$3 for  
wagon passage, a small river, not 100  
yards wide. At night we camped near  
Fort Hall, where there was a company of soldiers,  
did not go to the Fort, nor did I learn who was in  
command. The country along Snake River  
is poor and rather uninteresting. We saw  
wild geese, a few miles below Fort Hall, and Jerry  
Loh & myself, tried to shoot them, but after crawling  
through a willow thickets for a half mile in mud  
up to the deep, and through swarms of the most savage  
mosquitoes that I ever encountered, we were forced





wonderful growth and development of this marvelous  
country. Already are there 8 or 10 ~~lines~~ of trans-  
continental lines, besides many thousands of  
miles of local roads, striping the country in  
all directions. The night we camped at "Salmon  
falls", being my turn, with Zahmiser to stand  
guard, he and I drove our stock back  
into a small valley, 2 1/2 or 3 miles from  
camp, to where the feed was pretty good, there  
stood guard all night, and watched them. In  
the night a gang of hungry wolves came &  
rendred us, with their howlings, yelpings  
& barking, making a pandemonium of our  
quiet little valley. It was a bright moonlight  
night and we could see them plainly. They repeatedly  
balanced upon us <sup>as</sup> if to make an attack, but as  
we flourished our guns at them, they would  
not. I felt pretty lonesome that night  
so far away from the road and all  
assistance, surrounded by a band of  
hungry wolves, and in the midst of an  
Indian country, and so near to large numbers  
of them. We kept wide awake all that night,  
and had our guns ready for use at all times. Soon  
after daylight that morning, two of our men came  
and relieved us, and we went to camp for our  
breakfast. That day, a few noon encampment  
and we had a great excitement. Two white men,  
"snaps" undertook to take a salmon from an  
Indian without paying the Indian for his fish.  
He resisted the robbers, and one of them struck  
him with his fist. The Indian ran a short distance  
then turned and fired a shot at his assailant.  
The same time gave "the war whoop." The  
robber missed his mark, and the tramp escaped a  
punishment. This happened within two  
hundred yards of our camp. We know there were  
50 or 300 Indians encamped on the other  
side of the small creek not a mile away.

310 The tramps were so much frightened, <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ people  
refuge, in a train encamped near us, but the people  
the train, knowing the circumstances of the trouble,  
refused them ~~and~~ protection, and drove them away,  
were they treated by all of those in sight. No <sup>one</sup> spoke  
war, of one, and all of the trains in sight, joined  
together for protection and defense, the wagons were  
formed in a circle, all arms were <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>once</sup> ready  
and we waited here two hours, every moment  
expecting to see the Indians advance upon us, but  
as they made no demonstrations, we drove on  
for as <sup>one</sup> could that night before camping. And  
that night kept on a double guard.

We passed the great Shoshone Falls of Snake  
River in the night, as it would have been an  
all day drive without water, the weather <sup>was</sup> ex-  
ceedingly hot, the road, heavy and very des-  
troyed. The road passed over a high rolling country,  
leaving the river several miles to the north  
of us. We could hear the roaring of the high  
falls, all night long, as we proceeded <sup>on</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~  
and tedious journey westward. At daylight  
we reached the first place where we could  
get water, and unyoked the animals and drove  
them down to the river, which was many hun-  
dred feet below us. The trail was of soft drift  
ing sand, and very steep. We had to carry  
our cooking and drinking water up this  
toilsome road. We remained here the most of the  
day. A very curious incident happened to  
us somewhere near this part of our journey.  
One day at noon, we camped on the bank of  
Snake River, and as it was our custom to give  
the stock ~~water~~, before we let them eat, we drove  
them down to the river. Upon reaching the water  
they all plunged into river and swam with all  
their might for the opposite shore. This sudden  
exploit of theirs almost paralyzed us. There were all  
our oxen on the other side of a broad, deep rapid  
river, and we had no boat or any means



of all the men, could swim, so Rob and  
self, and I had a very lame foot, that made  
very hard for me to walk, even on smooth  
roads. Joe and myself had made up our minds, to  
cross the river and try to drive the stock back,  
and was just about ready to plunge into the water  
when two Snake, or Shoshone Indians came into  
camp. Our people soon began to dicker with  
them, as to how much they would help us drive  
the stock <sup>back</sup>, and they finally offered to do it for four  
months. So then the Indians, Joe and myself  
crossed the river and without much trouble drove  
them back. Our people were so much pleased  
that they almost loaded the Indians with presents.  
But they did not even thank Joe and myself.  
I must not omit to say <sup>why</sup> the cattle swam the  
river so unceremoniously. Just opposite where we  
drove them down to the river, there was a  
large willow bar, covered with small green  
yellow brush. It was the sight of this green brush  
that attracted them. They mistook it for green  
grass, which they had not seen for months. They  
had fed on dry brown grass ever since the  
middle of June, which might be a sufficient  
policy for their cash crop. Joe Rob and I,  
were the Snake river a few days later.  
Just for amusement, we swam across  
and back without resting.

All along Snake river we found feed very  
scarce for our stock, and they <sup>were</sup> getting quite thin.  
and weak. Many people had to throw away  
every pound of stuff they could spare, to lighten  
their loads. On Bear river we left four  
large trunks, and packed our clothing in sacks.  
Some were obliged to cut their wagons in two,  
and form a two wheel cart, and a few, had to  
abandon their wagons and depend upon the more  
fortunate ones for their support and transportation.  
Many women and children were compelled to

312 all day, through the  
blinding alkali dust. We lost three out of 10  
head of Oxen. Two of them died from drinking alkali  
water, and the third became so fat that he  
could not keep up. I shall always remember the  
faithful old Dyer, as we called him. His feet gave  
out, and we had to leave him on the road,  
never expecting to see him again. It was my week  
to cook. That night after dark, I was finishing up  
the camp work, when I heard the breathing of an  
ox at the tent door. Upon looking out I saw  
poor old Dyer standing by our wagon. He had  
limped along, until he found us encamped, and  
came directly to our wagon. I was so much touched  
at seeing the poor lame creature, dragging himself  
after us, until away in the night, without food  
or water, and finding our camp, seek out his  
own wagon with which he had toiled for three  
weary months to help drag along, that it was  
almost impossible to keep back my tears. I gave  
him all the bread I cooked for breakfast, and then  
he laid down beside of the wagon. Next day he  
tried to keep up with us but could not, and we  
had to leave the dear old faithful Dyer. He did  
more than his share of work while he was able, and  
stood by us until the last. There was great suffering  
on this part of the road. Many were pretty short of  
food, and nearly all had to walk. The weather  
was very hot, and the dust stifling. It contained  
so much alkali that it almost ruined my face.  
My lips cracked, and <sup>my</sup> hands even did the same.  
Being so long in this alkali dust, caused the  
greater part of my hair to fall off. Besides all  
these troubles and hardships, there was much sick-  
ness. The Cholera still stayed with us, and  
there was not a day that we did not <sup>see</sup> one or  
more ~~new~~ new graves. At the "Crossing of  
Snake River, I counted 21 new made graves.  
I estimated, that not less than 800 persons died  
on the road that season. I did not begin to



...of the month in ...  
...day. We found a number of hot springs  
along the Snake river. Some of them con-  
tained water almost boiling hot. We washed our  
baths. Some of these springs are ...  
...than cold water to wash in.  
About the time we reached the place where  
the town of Huntington Newlands, our  
visions were found to be getting pretty short.  
We concluded that it would be better to let  
some of our boys go on ahead <sup>to</sup> the settlements.  
Berry Melch and Bohner were anxious to  
go, so we fitted them out with what we  
could spare, and they started that morning  
"light and early". Berry had a horse. They could  
travel more than twice as far in a day than  
our jaded team. They left behind three of  
us to cook, drive, and mend deer hides  
and a dog. We were now in the land of  
wild rabbits, and I occasionally shot one with  
my double barreled gun, and they were a great  
eat. They were so numerous, that we could see  
the tracks, or paths all of the hills, where they  
used to sneak. The Burnt River country  
was very barren and desolate, but when we  
reached the Powder River valley we found fine grass  
which our almost starved cattle needed so  
much. We spent the day there in a pretty  
natural meadow as I said ~~was~~ saw.  
We crossed quite a high range of hills between  
Powder River and the Grand Coulee. It was  
a delightful view, from the summit, overlooking  
the Grand Coulee valley. This valley is almost  
a perfect circle, surrounded by high hills or moun-  
tains, and is about 20 miles in circumference, and  
is of unsurpassed fertility. It was a  
very day, the blue sky was spotted with  
white fleecy clouds whose flying shadows,  
much like shadows, each other across the

314 across the peaceful valley section. The valley, in all prairies, and seemed to be dotted with Indian houses as far as they could be seen. We found here a large number of Indians. They had a few articles to sell to us, such as Moccasins, choke cherries, and a few potatoes and ears of Indian corn. Here we found Jerry Miles sick with Mountain fever, but Zahner had pushed on for the "Valley". We remained a day at the place where the city of Grand New stands. Jerry was so ill that we had to make a bed in the wagon for him. We had to haul him up the steep grades of the Blue Mountains. In about four days, he was able to ride on horseback. The road through the Blue Mountains was through a timbered region which was delightful to us, as we had traveled 2000 miles through an almost treeless country. When we emerged from the timber, ~~at~~ the top of the western slope of the Blue Mountains, we beheld the most magnificent view that I had ever ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup>, and that picture still glows in my memory like a living image. The long, brown prairie foot hills of the Mountains, gracefully sloping far down to the river, traced by lines of living green, where brooks and rivers wound their way; the Umatilla river like a verdant fringe to the boundless prairie, that stretched out hundreds of miles away, wound its zigzag way, ~~along~~ <sup>along</sup> the foot hills as far as eye could see. The boundless prairie dotted with countless numbers of Indian houses spread out to the South, to the North and West, until it touched the horizon the sky. The great valley of the "Gard of Eden" could be traced for hundreds of miles being down towards the sea. And there away on the western horizon lay a faint line of blue - the great Cascade range, with Hood's holy head, welcoming us on to the land of promise. This sight gave us new courage. It took us several hours to reach the foot of the mountains and then



...and the new land. Here we met  
Oregonians, who had come out to meet friends,  
to trade with the immigrants. They had driven  
beans to sell to us. We got our first fresh  
b. soy, at 25<sup>cts</sup> per lb. After resting a day  
moved on West over the high rolling country  
lies between the Blue Mountains, and the  
Saddle Range. We kept along about parallel  
with the Columbia river, but several miles south  
of it. We had to make many long drives on the  
road without water, and the desert was almost  
bearable. There was plenty of dry bunch grass  
for the stock. But the long dusty drives without a  
efficient quantity of water made it very hard for  
the poor all over. I hailed with delight the  
first glimpse of the Columbia river, above near  
the mouth of the Snake river. The Snake river was a  
river to ford, the water was deep and current  
swift, and the bottom covered with large boulders.  
When we reached the falls of the Columbia  
could not see the river, from ~~the~~ <sup>the great river</sup> the road, and  
went to look where ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> the great river was. I could  
see from the shape of the country that it must  
flow there, or it must have sunk into the  
earth. But I found it, "The Falls". At the place  
where the falls are - now - stands we found  
small tent stores, belonging to Allen & Mc  
Kenley, of Oregon City. They had brought  
a small lot of provisions to sell to the  
immigrants. We bought 50 lbs of flour for \$1.60,  
a peck of Potatoes for three dollars, and a  
cask bottle of poor Molasses for \$1.00 - and  
a few pounds of meat at 25<sup>cts</sup> per pound.  
We had been on beans straight for three  
days, and were glad to get something to  
eat at any price. I asked the old Scotchman  
Allen, of whom we bought the things, how long  
he had been in Oregon; he turned round and  
pointed towards Mount Hood, saying - "Go you

316 "Do you see that Moccasin, Yeh, Yeh, Yeh?"  
"Well, when I came here, that, was a small hole  
in the ground." But I afterwards learned that  
this was not original with him, but a quotation  
from the famous old hunter, trapper, and general  
humbler, "Joe Meek". These people kept their  
little store, in a tent. We found here a small  
military post, and a few U.S. soldiers. We were  
now so near the settlements, that we considered that  
all danger from Indians was over, and passed on.  
I can now see that we had just passed through  
many perils, although at the time, I did not think  
so. But it was because I knew so little of the savage  
and treacherous nature of the Indian. Later in the  
season, several families were murdered by the  
red devils, and every year after, many were  
killed, until the Indians were expelled by  
soldiers. I have seen many Indians, and of  
many tribes, and in many places, and under all  
sorts of circumstances - have traded with  
them - hired them to work for me - have  
had opportunities to know and study them well.  
And I can truly, and without prejudice say,  
that I never saw a single redeeming trait of char-  
acter in them, or any of them. On the contrary,  
I have found them brutal, savage, treacherous, and  
selfish - they are unfeeling, ungenerous, and  
mean. They impose all labor on their women,  
abuse them besides. In short, I consider them  
utterly unfit to live, and notwithstanding, the  
many tender and eloquent appeals of the kindly-  
hearted sentimentalists in the East who never  
saw an Indian, I do most heartily rejoice, that  
this most vicious and unworthy race, is so fast  
disappearing from the earth. And hope that it will  
be but a short time until they have become  
extinct, and that every trace of their existence  
may be erased by the foot prints of time. I  
have yet to see, the first commendable act  
of an Indian. They are little or no better than the



rove south to the Barlow road across the  
moor mountains. The first night we  
camped in a deep canyon, and that night  
first heard the fierce scream of an Oregon  
weasel. It was the wildest, loudest, fiercest scream  
I had ever heard. "The Barlow Road" across the  
mountains, did not deserve the name of a road,  
it was nearly impassable. The trees had been cut down,  
but the stumps were left so high that wagons could  
not possibly pass over them, and the grades so  
steep that it was almost impossible to get up or  
down them. Yet we were taxed \$5. for each  
wagon and 25¢ for each head of stock to pass over  
the "Barlow" Road. I think we reached the  
summit of the Moor mountains at noon the 11<sup>th</sup>  
day, and here we camped until next morning  
when our teams rested and fed. There was  
a small partly cleared spot of a few acres called  
"Summit Prairie". This is about 3 1/2 or 4 miles  
south of the base of Moorhead, and in  
plain view of the Grand old Moor mountain.  
There was an abundance of a Coeur wile,  
or rather, and we sent a lot of it, and put into  
the wagon to feed the oxen, clearing our pas-  
sage through the heavy timber. But when  
we came to give it to them they would not  
touch it. We found afterwards that it was  
"soap grass" that nothing can eat. The next  
night after passing the Summit, we camped in  
the woods, and our cattle fed on Whortleberries,  
browns, and the bushes being literally loaded with  
the Whortleberries, of the large blue variety,  
our mouths and tongues were stained black with  
the juice of the berries. For today, we descended  
the famous "Laurel Hill", the longest hill and  
steepest grade that I ever attempted to pass  
with a team. Our oxen were so weak, that  
it was all they could do to get us through the Moor mountains.  
In the evening of the 6<sup>th</sup> day, we got through

318 we reached Phil's Hosters, the first house we saw.  
Oregon. Here we camped three days, and  
allowed our faithful, faded cattle to rest.  
(We reached Hosters on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of September.)  
Dear old fellows, their strength, endurance, and  
faithful patience, brought us safely through this  
long, tedious, and dangerous journey. I will honor  
their memory, and cherish their faithfulness.

Myself and Zohniser walked into Oregon City  
to get our letters. I received a letter from my father.  
The first word I had had from home since my  
departure on the 10 of March, over 6 months. We  
arrived at "Hosters" on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of Sept.  
having been one hundred and thirty four  
(134) days en route. Zohniser and myself  
had to wade the Clackamas river both going  
and returning from Oregon City. The stream  
was full of logs. Some of them being  
against our legs, as we waded along over the  
slippery boulders. At Oregon City I presented a  
letter of introduction from Cal. Co. High of Ore.  
to Gen. E. Norridton, who was then Secretary of  
the Territory, and he took me to his house where  
I remained all night, and this was the first house  
that I slept in, in Oregon, and indeed since  
I left St. Joseph Mo. The Gen. and family treated  
me with the greatest kindness, and made my  
visit very pleasant. They lived on the West  
side of the river, in what was then "Linn  
City", the old town has been demolished  
many years. We returned to our teams next  
day. I must not omit to mention, that on  
our way to Oregon City Zohniser and myself  
stopped at the house of a farmer by name  
Arthur for dinner, and while Mrs. A. was  
sitting dinner for us, I took a stroll into  
a fine young orchard that was just com-  
ing to bearing. I found a number of trees  
with apples such as I knew and curious  
prompted me to taste of each variety to



difference. But while I was so  
hardly helping myself, I did not  
know that these same apples were  
worth \$20 per bushel. Such was the  
case as I afterwards learned. A farmer  
in the "French Prairie" in Marion Co. had  
small orchard of seedling apples, which  
he sold <sup>for \$8 per bushel</sup> on the tree, that autumn, the  
men picking them and furnishing boxes,  
and transportation to market. And I may  
also add, that good grafted apples were  
worth on an average for several  
years, \$4 to \$6.00 per bushel. The high  
price of fruit, stimulated and encouraged  
fruit growers to keep their orchards in the  
highest state of cultivation. Consequently their  
fruit was very fine. Fruit pests had not  
made their appearance in this country, and  
did not, for many years after. So the fruit  
was all perfect, and brought high prices in  
the San Francisco Market. We were now in  
Oregon, but where to go, and what to do,  
was the question; we were as ignorant of the  
country as children. We found that every-  
one was moving on "up the valley" and  
so did we. The second day out from "Dorset",  
passed "Old Uncle Sam Allen's" place; The  
man stood at his gate and spoke to us;  
and among other things he said, "Well  
spose you're 'goin' up the valley";  
observed that he said this in a way, that  
indicated that we did not know where we were  
going, and that we did not know that we were  
in about as good a part of Oregon as we  
could find. This was hint enough, and I stopped  
that neighborhood, and turned over poor  
deer deer out on fine natural pasture  
Two or three of us got work at \$2 per day  
in Newson's Saw Mill, on the Redon river

320 After working here a few weeks, J. F. Zahmiser and myself concluded to go to Clatsop Co. He knew Mr. T. Condit, an old settler that, Cocony, and who came from the same place, as himself in Pa. I had been as for some as Corvallis, and could not find land to take up that suited me, indeed it was hard to find vacant land without going to the Land Office, and I did not know enough to do that. As soon as a stranger went into a neighborhood, and enquired for "vacant land" he was at once asked if he had a family; if the answer was in the negative, there was no vacant land in that vicinity. So the poor bachelor, could find no vacant land. The country was then settled, and every body wanted "families" for neighbors. About the 18<sup>th</sup> of Feb 1852 we started for Astoria. We walked from Newsom's Mill in Marion Co to Oregon City. I will mention that the weather was so fine; that the road in some places was dusty. When we reached Oregon City, I was so tired that I took passage on the little Steamer Eagle for Portland but Zahmiser, said he could not earn \$8, easier than to walk, so he, walked, and I paid \$3. to ride 12 miles on a miserable, uncomfortable little Steamerboat. The next morning we embarked on what was then, the fine new Steamer Lot Whitcomb for Astoria. Capt J. A. Samsworth Captain. She was built at Milwaukee the year before for the Astoria trade, but she was found to be too expensive for that place, and so was sent to California to run on the Sacramento. She had a ship to tow down the river and we did not reach Astoria until sometime in the night.

Next morning we were put ashore in the "gaw" as there was no wharf of any sort at this, oldest town in Oregon. That day in the afternoon we crossed Jocony's bay to the Shipenon, and took dinner at the house of Dr. E. Pease, and then went 8 miles South, through the famous Clatsop Plain.



and half farm, or later known as Seaboard  
rk, the ~~was~~ were very kindly received by the  
redit family, and treated royally. Mrs. C. was  
Capital Cook, and the fresh butter, milk,  
eggs, vegetables, &c. seasoned by the wholesome and  
vigorous breath of the great Ocean, gave us  
such voracious appetites that we were ashamed  
to eat half as much as we wanted. Here was my first  
view of the great Ocean, — my first tramp on  
the "Dirk boat Thor" — my first hearing of its  
eternal roar. — Another of the dreams of my boy-  
hood realised, — to see the great Ocean.  
After tramping around the country for a few  
days, I concluded to settle in Clatsop County.  
I bought a place, or bought a man off from  
a place on the Lewis and Clark River 6 miles  
south of Astoria. I will say here, that in  
May, 1858 I received three boxes of fruit trees,  
and seeds and ornamental shrubbery. And this  
was the first importation of Ornamental Shrub-  
bery into the territory. It contained thirty or  
forty varieties of the best sorts of apples,  
several of which were not to be found in  
the coast, and a general assortment of Ornament-  
al Shrubbery; Three varieties of Lilacs; flowering  
Amelanchier, Pyrus Japonica, Mespilus Pyracantha,  
warf box for edging, two sorts of Tree Box, be-  
low tree, Calceolarias, Sweet Center Honeysuckle,  
various sorts of Pine Tree seeds, Black and white  
Walnut, Scotch Broom, Salix roots, Pconas,  
and other sorts of roses. Among which were  
the Old Damask rose, York & Lancaster, Louis  
Phillippe, Agapine, Madam Planter, Queen of the  
Prarie, Yellow Harrison, and many others whose  
names I cannot remember. Among other things,  
of them in Oregon were strawberries, two varieties  
Roxbury, and English Gooseberry. There were the  
first of these small fruits introduced onto the  
coast of Oregon. But three plants of the strawberries.

level, but I watered and pined them so much, that in the fall, I had over 500 fine plants, and next year had a fine ~~fine~~ bed of "Hovey's seedling" strawberries bearing. Of the Raspberries, they were the Yellow and Red Antwerp varieties, and this reminds me, that I saw some Yellow Antwerp, on the "North beach" last summer.

It is a source of great pleasure to me, to see wherever I go on this Coast from Victoria to San Francisco, the offshoots of my importation. It is scarcely a yard or garden in Oregon, Washington, British Columbia or Northern California, that something cannot be found, that sprang from my little stock first planted in my garden on the East bank of the Lewis and Clarke River in Clatsop County. It makes me feel <sup>and</sup> realize that I have been of some use, and have added to the comfort and pleasure of thousands of my fellow men. When I came to Oregon, the territory embracing Oregon, Washington and Idaho, altogether only had a population of about 17,000. At that time <sup>there</sup> was but ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> mails per month from the Eastern States, and that came by way of the Isthmus of ~~Isthmus~~ <sup>Isthmus</sup>, and our letters were ~~sent~~ from 28 to 33 days in transit. There were no telegraphs either, nor for 10 years after. Neither were there any Rail Roads in this North West corner of the United States and when I came here, I did not expect to live long enough to see a rail road in Oregon.

But I was mistaken. The first Rail Road built, was at the "Corvallis", a portage road 6 miles long, and it is on the Washington side of the river, but I think it was built while Washington was a part of Oregon. The next RR built in the State was the O & C, from Portland to Albany, and later on it was extended to California. There was no wharf constructed in Portland or Astoria when I came to Oregon, and I paid \$10 for passage from Portland Astoria the first trip I made there, and \$10 was the regular fare to and from Astoria for several years. It was



Portland was a small town containing only  
about 500 inhabitants. All of the business was  
done on Front St. There were 2 teams in all  
of the street, and no sidewalks, back of Front  
St. And all of the stores and business was  
between Harrison and Stark Sts. I followed  
a wagon road west through the woods and passed  
the place where the Cocony Coast house now  
stands, and found men cutting cordwood  
there. At that time, I think there  
could not have been more than 25 acres  
of land cleared in Portland, and that was not  
fully cleared, for you <sup>could</sup> see stumps everywhere.  
Portland was at that time <sup>the</sup> business center  
of Oregon, and had quite an air of prosperity.  
The Oregonian News paper was published here  
then, and had been probably a year or  
more. The "Statesman" (news paper) was  
published at Oregon City, and afterwards moved to Salem.  
Astoria, though the oldest town in the  
territory, was still very much smaller than  
Portland. It contained at that time (1852) only  
two stores, one poor old saw mill and  
about 20 houses, including the old Boiling  
lathe; or "Astoria Hotel" as it was called.  
The Willamette Valley was the oldest settled  
portion of the country, but it was very  
sparsely settled. In these great prairies, one  
on horse back almost anywhere, could  
be struck by farms or farms. I don't think  
1500 of the country was under fence at that  
time. Then, it was a great sea of grass.  
There was so little stock, that not 1/10 of it  
could be consumed. I paid \$5.00 to go to  
rivers from Butteville in Marion County,  
and three dollars to ride on a very small  
steamer from Oregon City to Portland. At  
that time, you could not buy anything in a store  
less than 25¢. A quarter of a dollar was the

that time, and for several years later. In about 1856, the dime, became the smallest change. This continued to be the smallest change in circulation, until about 1872, a few houses made use of the nickel (5 cts) and it took several years to bring this into general use. About 11 years later, a few houses, gave one cent pieces for change, but this is not yet universally done.

The first Steamboat that ran on the Columbia river was a small boat named the Columbia. The first to run between Portland and Oregon City was the Eagle. Among the very first to run above the falls of the Willamette was the Canemah. In the fall of 1852, the Steamer Lot Watkinson, ran from Portland to Astoria, but only for a short time. She was succeeded by the little Steamer Multnomah. She ran there for many years and was followed by the J. A. Beach. For 10 years after my arrival the boat between Portland and Astoria, made but one trip a week. It was then increased to three trips per week, and finally, the Government established a daily mail between Portland and Astoria, which has been continued ever since.

In 1852, and for many years after, the salmon fishing business of the Columbia river amounted to almost nothing. A few fish were caught in large nets, and then and salted and packed in barrels, but only a few barrels a year, notwithstanding the great abundance of the fish.

The first Canning establishment, was erected in, about 1867, by Hopgood & Heimer. Since that time the Canning business has grown into enormous proportions.

When Canning was first begun, the fishermen got 18 cents apiece for Salmon; the price kept increasing until two years ago, it reached one dollar per fish. Now the fisherman is paid 5 cents per pound, which amounts to more than one dollar a fish. Salmon are not nearly so abundant as they were many years ago, and unless vigorous measures are adopted by the State government, it



ing enough wheat grown in the territory to supply  
demand for bread. Nor was there enough for general  
or after for this purpose, I believe in Clatsop  
and all of the flour used there for many years  
came from Chillicothe way of Longview & Oregon  
not export any wheat for many years after  
arrival. Lumber was the only article  
export that Oregon had when I came, and  
in but small quantities. Apples born  
an to <sup>be</sup> exported, and brought fabulous prices in the  
San Francisco market. They were retailed  
for first, at one dollar a piece.

I will say here for the benefit of my son, or  
any who may wish to know, that when my Father  
moved to Ohio in 1816, that State was as new, and  
with less improvements - less comforts of life, than  
Oregon had when I came here in 1852. My  
Father was born in Connecticut, and my Grand-  
father moved from there to the central part of the  
State of New York when my father was but two  
years old. They remained there 14 years, when they  
moved to Ohio. They traveled in wagons from  
their home in New York over the Alleghany Mountains  
& until they reached the great lumber regions  
the Alleghany river in Western Pennsylvania  
the family embarked on board of a great  
lumber raft, and acted a board of hands, in  
order to live, during the the passage down  
the river, and <sup>then</sup> floated down the Alleghany and  
Ohio rivers to Marietta, the oldest settled point  
Ohio, where they remained two years. They then  
bought a small badge, large enough to carry them  
down the river 140 miles to where my Grandfather  
had bought a piece of cinemprone timber land  
on which they settled, and which my Father, after  
it was purchased, and which was my home until I left  
Oregon. There were but few settlers there at that  
time, and all had to have farms and homes out of  
very timbered lands. There was but little - almost  
money in Ohio at that time, and I have heard

326 per day. But wages soon rose to 25 cts a day. In those days, people had to manufacture all of their own clothing. In fact this custom was continued until I left Ohio for Oregon. We had, grown our wool - spin, weave and make our own clothes. We took our hides - beef & veal hides, to the tanner which <sup>he</sup> tanned, and returned us half the leather. Father hired a Shoemaker to come to the house every fall and make our shoes. In summer the children always went "bare foot." We seldom ever had money to spend except for things that were absolutely necessary. We never received Christmas presents except such as Mother made for us. When I was a boy I have saved up eggs and took to the store, and sold them at 3 cents per dozen, and did not get cash, but had to take goods. We had but few luxuries, never saw a theater or any part of them except a circus and occasional Mangierie, and seldom those. We wore no ornaments or jewelry and had to dress very plainly. And yet I believe people were as happy in those days as they are now, and I am quite sure there was less vice and crime than <sup>is</sup> now.

The Gillette family was of French Oregon. My people were French Huguenots, and were driven out of France during the Religious wars in the latter part of the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Four brothers of them came to America and settled in the Colony of Connecticut. Every person of that name that I have met, trace their ancestry back to these 4 brothers who settled in old Connecticut. My Great Grandfather <sup>he lived to be over 100 years old</sup> name was John, he died in ~~the~~ My Grandfather's name was Zebulon, and he died Aug 15<sup>th</sup> 1825.

My Father's name was Haratio Nelson and he was born Jan 5<sup>th</sup> 1799, and lived to be ~~over~~ 82 yrs, 1 mo, 18 days. He died June 24<sup>th</sup> 1881. He started out in life for himself early, as a boatman on the Ohio River. He first ran on keel boats, before steamboats were introduced on that river. In this capacity he thoroughly learned the channels of the Ohio, and when steamboats came was one of the best Steamboat Pilots on the river.



me, and devoted the remainder of his life to  
farming. He was a Scientist and experimental  
farmer. Was a noted Fruit grower and Horti-  
culturist. He was the first to graft and introduce  
the famous "Rome Beauty" apple, which is now  
extensively grown throughout the West. There  
are more Rome Beauty apples, grown and sold in  
Mississippi and Ohio River valleys than all  
other sorts combined. He was considered by all who  
knew him as one of the most useful, and intelligent,  
well as best of citizens. The whole community was ben-  
efited by his practical and experimental knowl-  
edge. He was a sterling man. - his character  
without a blemish, and above the reach of sus-  
picion - His integrity <sup>was</sup> without reproach.  
My Son may be proud of his grandfather. I had  
Sisters, of whom two are still living, and <sup>one</sup> ~~one~~  
brother Henry Clay. He volunteered his  
services during the late <sup>civil</sup> war, served one two  
years in the Cavalry, in the Army of the  
Union. Had an attack of bleeding at the lungs  
some exposure in battle, and died in a few  
weeks of quick Consumption.

My father was a Member of the Ohio Con-  
stitutional Convention, which assembled at  
Columbus in 1850. My Grand Mother on  
my father's side, was a Griswold. She was of  
an old Connecticut family. But I know little of  
the family, as none of them moved west.  
My Mother's people, she was a Wilson, and  
Grandfather Wilson died when I was an  
infant. My Grand Mother Wilson was a Russell.  
She lived until, was about 20 years of age  
all of my Mother's people were from Vir-  
ginia, and I never knew many of them, excepting  
Russells, who lived in Gabel County West Va.  
owned and lived upon part of the land the  
top of Huntington now stands upon. The  
Russells were an aristocratic family, and all, in  
good circumstances. But have seen none of them

1893. March.

To Preston

As I may not live long enough to teach  
 my dear boy the many things that I wish to,  
 I will write down here a few things that I wish  
 him to do, and some things that I wish he  
 not to do. And it is my most earnest desire  
 that he may study them carefully, and make  
 use of them as a guide, and make them rules  
 of his life. While I cannot write here nearly  
 all that I wish to say to him, yet there is,  
 enough, if properly followed, to make him  
 a good, noble, honest man, and possibly a  
 great man. But to be any, or of all  
 these, he must depend upon himself; on his  
 own exertions, his own industry; his  
 own determination. Well will.

- 1<sup>st</sup> Be honest under all circumstances "Honesty  
 is the best policy" it is the foundation of all  
 responsible human affairs. - The essence of Principle
- 2 Never lie. Lying leads to every thing disreputable.  
 Be honest and truthful, and you will be trusted.
- 3 Be honorable in all of your dealings and  
 relations with men and women, and they  
 will always honor and respect you, and  
 help make your life pleasant and happy.
- 4 Never swear, drink, or use bad language.
- 5 Never under any circumstances do a mean  
 act. You can have a clean conscience,  
 and respect yourself, and gain the respect of others.
- 6 Never do an injury to anyone, to injure others  
 will do you no good, but will degrade you.
- 7 Always treat your parents with great respect,  
 and loving kindness; particularly your  
 Mother. You owe this to them, and it will  
 add greatly to your happiness and self-respect.
- 8 Always respect the rights and privileges of  
 others, and they will be more apt to respect you.
- 9 Always be polite to every one, especially to the aged  
 and women. It will be of great advantage to you.



Whenever you can, speak a pleasant word to everyone. It will cost you nothing, and will benefit you greatly through all your life. Cultivate a cheerful, and pleasant countenance. Be dignified and courteous in your manners; but avoid stiffness and coldness.

When you accidentally slight, injure or insult anyone, hasten to make a polite and appropriate apology. This will lessen the number of your enemies.

Always shun the company of low, depraved and vicious characters of every sort, because the contact with such people will degrade you and tend to drag you down to their level, and lead you into trouble and crime.

Choose your friends and associates from the best class of people, and make it a rule of your life to be in this class.

Honor ~~the~~ and respect the great and good, but never fawn, or play the sycophant.

Be a man, and be manly in all things. And the world will respect you, and honor you.

Treat the sick and afflicted with tender care and kindness. You may be in their place some time. Besides, it is your duty.

Be as generous as your means will allow, but be extremely careful to bestow charity upon only the really deserving. Remember there are many impostors, who would rather beg, than work.

Do not be wasteful or extravagant. Never waste anything. None but the foolish, and imprudent do so. The wasteful are always poor.

Always practice wise economy. This brings peace.

Learn to work, and never be idle. Idleness leads to mischief, vice and crime to poverty.

Be studious. Store your mind with practical useful information, remembering always,

that "Knowledge is power", and is the only road to greatness. This road is open to all.

Remember it is the mind that guides, controls  
and directs everything; therefore be wise—  
cultivate a sound judgement.

Be firm in your opinions and convictions  
but be extremely sure that you are right; and  
if you find that you are wrong, be swift  
to change. It is far better to admit that you  
are in error, than to knowingly adhere  
to a wrong. It is always in order, to change from wrong to right.

Do not be perish I would rather see a  
young person over modest, than be haughty  
or bold and conceited. Neither would  
I have you be vain; vanity is a sure  
mark of great shallowness—mental  
weakness. The vain person is always a  
subject of ridicule and contempt. Remember this.  
I would like to see you have a laudable  
ambition. An ambition to be all that  
you can, as great and good as you  
can attain. But always control your  
ambition, let it be governed by good  
common sense and reason.

I would like you to have pride enough  
to keep yourself thoroughly respectable, but  
avoid a foolish pride that borders on  
vanity. Live so, as to make your friends proud of you.  
24 Avoid familiarity; never be too familiar  
with anyone, nor allow any one to be too  
familiar with you. Familiarity breeds contempt  
on old, but true saying. Cultivate a friend  
affable, but dignified deportment.

Learn to keep your own affairs pretty well  
to yourself, and never meddle with other  
people's business, nor be an indiscreet news  
bearer—Secret is beneath a true gentleman.

25 Dress well, and becomingly. But do not  
be extravagant, and avoid extremes in  
fashion—Leave that to the fashionists.



Make it a point to be neat and strictly  
clean, both your clothes and person.  
Cleanliness is necessary to good health, personal  
appearance, and I might say, decency.  
Do not be conceited, or have too much  
assurance. Modesty is far preferable.  
A conceited, forward, braggart youth is  
very disagreeable - be modest and dignified,  
and you will be respected, and loved.  
Avoid deceitfulness. Be open, frank  
and truthful. Be, be discreet.

I desire particularly that you acquire a  
thorough knowledge of business. How to  
manage and take care of property. I may  
leave an estate that you may have to take  
care of. It consists of land & dwelling houses.  
Dwelling houses need great care to make them  
profitable. Learn at once, to master this  
subject, and make yourself thoroughly com-  
petent to attend to them. What others have  
done, you can do. Let me feel assured  
my son, that you will not fail to execute  
this reasonable request of your loving father.  
What I leave, is the savings of a long life - the  
result of my labor, industry and economy.  
It came through years of toil - Take care  
of it. Never let it grow less.

I feel that it will not be necessary for  
me to ask you to give the tenderest care, and  
most affectionate and loving attention to your  
Mother. No one can ever love and care for  
you, as she has, or do so much for you as she  
has done. A good Mother, as yours is,  
is a priceless jewel. Honor, love, honor  
respect and obey her. Make her life happy, as  
she tries to make yours so. The young  
man who is always attentive and kind to  
his Mother and Sisters, is always held in highest

332 If you should ever marry, and I  
my wish that you do, for I believe that  
the way for men and women to live, provided  
they are properly mated, - be exceedingly  
careful in choosing your wife, remembering  
this is a life time business, and you cannot  
afford to make a mistake. I would like to hear  
you select her from a good family. I am  
a full believer in blood stock. If she is of  
good stock, she will be more apt to be a good  
woman. She should be 6 to 10 years  
younger than yourself. See that she is a  
strong healthy woman. You do not wish  
to rear up sickly short lived children.  
Be sure that she is a thoroughly honest, up-  
right, conscientious, ~~with~~ woman, with good  
sound sense and good principles. - A lady  
not a fashionable, frivolous flirt - This  
sort, you should shun. She should be  
kind, affectionate and loving. Be sure that  
you really love each other, it is not enough  
that you love her, it should be reciprocal.  
More beauty is not a sufficient qualification  
for a good wife, as your own good sense will  
tell you. Marriage is the most important  
event in human life, therefore it needs  
your most earnest and thoughtful con-  
sideration. Never think of marrying from  
simple passion. It is almost sure to be  
failure. You should marry - say from 25 to  
30 years of age. It would do to marry younger, if  
you were sure that you could do so, without making  
only a mistake. If people marry too young they  
are apt to make fatal mistakes. It requires full maturity  
to qualify a man to make a judicious selection  
of a wife, and to know how to appreciate and  
take care of her. Never be a flirt - a mail  
flirt is more contemptible, than a woman  
flirt. When you do marry, your wife should



ways, give her your careful and loving  
attention. Be as polite to her, as to the ~~the~~ greatest  
ady. Never neglect her - for she is young, and  
with such care and attention, she cannot fail  
to honor and respect you. Many good wives  
are spoiled ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> estranged from their husbands,  
neglect, and the ~~lack~~ of the attention and  
love they are entitled to. Get a wife that  
<sup>can</sup> be proud of, and be proud of her,  
and she will be proud of, and honor  
you, and then you will both be  
happy. If husbands and wives, could only  
continue to be as polite, and attentive to each  
other, after marriage, as they were before, there  
would be few divorces, and much more  
happiness, than there is now. I dwell upon  
this subject because of its importance. Suppose that you  
should marry a woman that you could not love, or  
that ~~she~~ did not love you, or one that you were  
shamed of, when you came to find her inferior; or  
one that was unprincipled, untrue, and generally un-  
worthy of you? Therefore be exceedingly careful  
as I said before, this is a life time business.

It is my earnest request, that my dear  
son, shall never use tobacco in any form.  
The use of tobacco is a useless, disgusting and  
harmful habit. Its use does no good, but does  
great harm. I tried the use of tobacco, and  
found it very injurious to my health, and  
abandoned it. And am exceedingly sorry  
that I ever began it, for when the habit is once  
formed, it is hard to get up the courage to break  
off from it. I am sure that ~~it~~ my digestive  
power <sup>was</sup> permanently <sup>injured</sup> by its use. Besides it is very  
disgusting and offensive, to see anyone chew-  
ing and smoking. The smell of tobacco, is  
exceedingly offensive to many. So much  
so that it sickens them. Your dear mother  
cannot endure the smell of it, and I

334 31. I feel that I need not ask you  
refrain from the use of intoxicating  
drinks. For I am quite sure that by the

Some of you are old enough to understand the  
harm, your own good sense, and observation  
will be a sufficient restraint. There is no-  
thing so pernicious, so degrading, so distressing  
so dangerous, and that leads to so many criminal  
results, as drunkenness. It is the destroyer of  
manhood and manliness, of honesty and truth-  
fulness, of character and respectability, of morals  
and morality, of virtue and chastity, of decency  
and self-respect, of wealth, fortune, fame  
and happiness. Its baneful influence  
permeates the whole fabric of society, and  
makes it the most aggressive and threatening  
evil of the ~~age~~ <sup>day</sup>. It is the cause of more crime,  
misery, distress, wickedness, and wretchedness  
than any other one thing. ~~And I would~~  
it then, as your father has, and as your  
grand, and great-grandfathers have; and be  
a sober respectable reliable man, as  
they have been. It is no trouble to keep from  
being a drunkard. Just let intoxicating  
drinks alone. Never go where they are sold  
unless you have important business there.  
Never associate with habitual drinkers,  
for they are not desirable associates.

I feel sure that my son will have to  
much self-respect, and respect for his  
father's good name, than to <sup>be</sup> a drinker. It  
is everything ~~to have~~ that is worth having or  
worth living for, to lose by being a drunkard  
and nothing, and nothing but ruin, degradation,  
misery, poverty wretchedness and crime to gain  
by it. If you live to be of mature age, you  
will see as clearly as your father sees, how per-  
nicious and dangerous is the use of tobacco and in-  
toxicating liquors. And I feel sure that you



author's judgment to believe what he says  
on these subjects. Especially, when it is said  
particularly for your own benefit and guid-  
ance. You will understand, that I have had  
experience and opportunities of a long life,  
and it would be wisdom on your part to make as  
much use of it as possible. It is right and proper  
that you should profit by your father's experience  
and knowledge. And I wish to impress it on  
your mind, that I feel the keenest interest in your  
future welfare and happiness. An interest, such  
only, as a father's tenderest love for his  
son can inspire. I am proud of my son,  
and I hope that my son will ever do anything  
make him unworthy of it.

Another thing I wish you <sup>not</sup> to do, is, to never  
bet or gamble. Gambling is so disrepu-  
table, that I need not warn you against  
it. Your self-respect and decency will keep  
you from it. Yet this is a snare into which man-  
y young men fall. To get something for nothing  
the first inducement to bet or gamble. Then  
it soon becomes a passion, and this leads  
to total ruin. Never bet. Never gamble.  
My son, You are too noble, too generous,  
and will be too much of a man ever to  
be a gambler. It is not honorable. Always be honorable.

I feel it my duty to warn you against  
bad women. Never know them - never go  
after them - but always avoid them, if  
you wish to be clean, and respectable. Bad  
women cause the downfall and ruin of  
many young men, who have not the power  
and strength of will and mind to control  
their passions and desires. No young man can  
venture to associate with them, <sup>without</sup> danger of  
sacrificing character, good name, fortune,  
peace, and honor. My son cannot do this,  
and follow the example of his ancestors.

336 Always remember, my son, that a good clean character, is of greater value than any earthly thing. It is all that is worth living for. Good character is easy to acquire and easy to keep. You cannot fail <sup>to</sup> have, and keep it, if you strictly follow the rules I have written here for you.

34 I wish ~~with~~ more particularly to urge you to cultivate habits of industry. You never can accomplish much without industry and close attention and application to whatever you undertake. This is the foundation of success in all great undertakings, — in everything in fact, in every vocation; professional, ~~Scientific~~ artisan, Manufacturer, Mercantile, Mechanical — all require industry. Besides, it is productive of health. More people rust out, than we need. Of course I don't mean that you should run and overwork. But lead an active, energetic life. It will make you happy and healthy.

35 There is more pleasure and satisfaction, to be derived from an active, industrious life, than from a idle one. The real idler, is a near animal; and soon rusts out, or merges into habits of vice, crime and criminality. I attribute my long life, in part to the active life that I have lead, together with the fact, that I have abstained from bad habits, and excesses.

Idlers, are the drones of society, and are never held in high repute, or considered good or valuable citizens. Therefore, always be busy, and whatever you do, do well. Rich or poor, be busy.

36 Another very important thing I wish to impress upon your mind, is promptness. Always be prompt in all your dealings, and engagements. Never make a promise, that should not be kept. And never under any circumstances break, or fail to keep your promises and engagements. Observe this rule in all business affairs, and all your relations with men and women, and you will find it



men or engagements. This will you  
be standing among business men, and will  
also give you credit if you should need it.  
You promise to pay a bill on a given day,  
or at a given hour, but then, never keep any-  
thing waiting. Punctuality, and promptness  
are absolutely necessary factors in a successful  
business life. It is saying a great deal for a man  
that his word is as good as his bond. You can-  
not wish you to be, just such a man.  
A thoroughly reliable man, is one of the noblest  
examples of good workmanship. This quality  
in a man makes him substantial, solid,  
and it gives him influence, weight,  
character, and respectability. Such men are  
the foundation of society, of government, of human  
affairs of every sort of real, and substantial  
nature. They are like priceless gems. Their  
value to the world cannot be estimated.

7. Be polite and courteous to your superiors,  
and equals - be kind ~~kind~~ and merciful to your  
inferiors. It is mean and cowardly to mal-  
treat your inferiors. Be kind and gentle to  
all, and do not be cruel. Be humane.  
It will ~~will~~ elevate and ennoble you.

Let all your dealings with men, be governed  
by the right, by justice. Deal fairly with  
all, and see that all, deal fairly and justly  
with you. Be on the alert, and allow no one to  
cheat or swindle you. Make good bargains for  
yourself, but make them square, honestly and  
honourably. Never crave, or seek something for  
nothing; but always be ready and willing to pay for  
what you get.

8. Try to understand yourself. Learn to have  
complete control of yourself. Very few men or  
women have complete control of themselves. The  
few who can entirely govern ~~him~~ himself is  
a "King". It takes great thought of mind.

338 marked character, and cool headedness  
to contrall ones self under all circumstances.

Try to do it, it will make you a marked  
man, and will aid and streng then all of your  
undertakings throughout your life. It will keep you out  
of trouble, and help to get you out of trouble, when you  
are in trouble. It will aid your judgment.

40. Avoid vulgarity in speech and actions.

Vulgarity never aids you in anything good; but  
~~on the~~ instead, <sup>tends</sup> to lower your standing among the  
decent and respectable. Let your language and  
actions, always be chaste and pure - clean.

Even keep your thoughts pure. Shun the  
company of the vulgar, as you would shun a  
plague.

A modest, pure minded man, is al-  
ways loved, admired and respected. Be one.  
He always ranks higher, and is more esteemed than  
the vulgar man. Shun vulgarity. Cultivate refinement.

41. Do not be mischievous. It is natural, and right,  
boys and young people <sup>should</sup> wish to have amusement  
fun. But in having fun, never be mischievous.

Never do harm to anyone, or destroy, injure, or  
deface property belonging to others. Many ~~young~~  
boys and young men, in having fun, or a good  
time, as they call it, do great damage to property  
not their own. This is wrong in principle,  
besides, being a violation of the Law. There  
is no fun in doing harm - in violating Law.

Besides, such conduct is undignified, ungentle  
Manly. I hope my son will never engage in  
such fun; But will always be a Gentleman.

42. Before you do, or act in anything, always take time <sup>to</sup> consider  
whether it is proper and right. Always be thoughtful; never act  
do anything without first considering the consequences. A blunderer  
never successful; while the hot headed, impulsive,  
conceited blatherkite, spends half of his time in correcting

his mistakes. My dear boy has a quick, and rather vio-  
lence temper, which I wish him to curb, and contrall. If you  
do not, my son, it will lead you into very serious trouble  
and will be the cause of much annoyance, and unhappiness to  
you. It will cause you to do, and say many things that



life to correct this, and do not let it grow on you. Always  
remember that it is the cool headed man, who is most successful in  
the undertakings of life. Never let your quick temper  
run away with you, or mark yourself an object of ridicule. By letting  
it run away with your better sense. A clear cool head, is the  
safe one. Remember, Preslon, that a hot headed, quick  
tempered man, is irritable, fretful, over impulsive man,  
and has the character and respectability of the clear,  
temperate, cool headed man. Besides, this unruly  
temper always makes its owner, disagreeable. People will shun such  
a person, because they never can tell when he will fly into one  
of his senseless fits of rage. (I am writing this when you are  
a little over 3 years old. March 1897.) Then very passionate  
people, are short lived. Sudden fits of rage are very injurious to ones  
health. I hope you, <sup>will</sup> see and understand, early in life, the  
importance of self control.

Make up your mind early in life, what business, or  
profession you expect to follow, then begin at once  
to make yourself master of it. Be determined to  
succeed: Try and understand every detail of the  
business, and when you undertake it, devote all  
your energy to it. If you prefer to be a business man,  
make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the  
business you are to undertake. If you choose a  
profession, master it, and be ~~and be~~ determined to be  
among the best at the top. If you <sup>are adapted to</sup> ~~are adapted to~~ the  
law, I would prefer to have you choose that,  
you take a profession. By the time you are  
10 years of age you can tell pretty well what  
business you would prefer. The country is over-  
crowded with Lawyers and Doctors, but there is always  
room for one more at the top. Try to be there. There  
are not very many good Lawyers. A good Law-  
yer always does well; Many of them make large  
sums. As a rule a lawyer has a better knowledge  
of business, than a doctor. Has a knowledge of making  
contracts, leases, and all sorts of legal documents, many  
which you might need in managing houses and prop-  
erty. This is my reason for preferring to have you  
choose the law if you take a profession.

340 44. I hope you will <sup>not</sup> be a politician, that  
not what we call a professional politician; a chronic, over  
lasting office seeker, or a miserable tool, used by them, for  
the purpose of getting themselves, or some one else into  
such a business, is very disreputable, contemptible. There  
so many of this class of people, and they resort to so many mean  
and dishonorable tricks to secure office for themselves or their friends  
that it has almost made official positions, as well as office seeking  
in our country disreputable. It used to be, and should  
be, an honor to have an office. It used to be considered an acknowledgment  
of the esteem and confidence of the people, or  
bestowal of the office to the recipient. But it <sup>means</sup> now, only,  
the one who succeeds in getting office, has used more intrigue,  
cunning and perhaps more fraud, than his competitors could  
muster. It is deplorable that such, in these times is  
the case. It is, and should be a great honor to one, to be  
freely and voluntarily chosen by one's countrymen to an  
important office. But such is not often the case in  
times. Few now get office but the political jobbers and  
tricksters. Office holders are now, too often unprincipled  
dishonest politicians. It is my desire, and advice, that  
you should take a deep and vital interest in public affairs.  
It is your duty as a citizen, to use your influence, and  
effort to secure the election of the most reliable and  
best men to fill the offices. And it is the duty of  
every good citizen, if well qualified, to take his  
share of filling official positions, if it be the wish  
of his countrymen. But do not be an "office seeker".  
A habitual office seeker's life is most unsatisfactory. It is  
a life, of constant uncertainty and uneasiness. The office seeker  
is never certain of getting office, or of keeping it when he  
gets it. Only accept office when it is offered to you. Do  
not get a strong desire to hold office. Avoid the "office  
itch", "Let not the office bee buzz in your bonnet".  
It is better to depend upon your own exertions to  
make a living in a legitimate way; you then  
feel more independent. It is your duty to, and I  
would like you to be patriotic, and love your country. Strive  
to maintain the honor of our country, so that you may  
be proud of her, as your ancestors have been. Within the  
life time of your father and Grandfather, this country



the 16th Century. We are Americans. Love and  
love your Country. Learn the principles of our govern-  
ment. Study her institutions, laws and customs; also  
study and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with  
the principles of the dominant parties of the Country, this  
will enable you act and vote intelligently. Your Grandfather  
and myself have been Republicans, ever since the  
organization of that ~~part~~ party. Previous to that time  
we were "Whigs". Neither of us could ever indorse or believe  
the theories of the Democratic party. I hope you will not  
be Democrat, as long as that party adheres to its present  
policy.

# WITHIN ONE HUNDRED YEARS

## A Rapid Review of Progress in the Century.

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 5.—(To the Editor.)—A retrospective view of the enormous growth of the United States in territory, population, wealth, universal progress and general enlightenment, within less time than the continuous lives of a father and son, reveals a subject of most wonderful interest, and stimulates the pride and patriotism of every American. To illustrate, it might be admissible for me to say that just one hundred years ago my father was born. At that time, 1799, the United States had but just passed the 5,000,000 mark in population; the whole country was new, with but few improvements, very poor, and the settlements had only fairly begun to extend beyond the Ohio. There was so little money in circulation that it would scarcely amount to \$4 65 to each person. As a nation, we were so poor and weak, and of so little importance, that some of the great powers of Europe claimed, and exercised, the right to stop, board and search our ships on the high seas, capture and take without ceremony, such sailors or seamen as they might choose to claim as deserters from their own service. Often they took, and kept, our own native-born American sailors, and we had to tamely submit to these and many similar insults and injuries. We seemed to have no rights that powerful nations felt bound to respect; because, in those days more than now, "might made right," and was the governing influence of the world. As a nation, we were but an infant. True, we had gained our independence of England, which we could not have possibly accomplished without the aid of France.

In 1799, our imports of goods and merchandise from foreign countries amounted to \$1,000,000 more than the exports of our own products. In fact, this state of affairs existed in the aggregate, from the formation of the government down to 1856, during which time we imported hundreds of millions of dollars' worth more than we exported. Under such management, neither the country nor people acquired much wealth.

The contrast between the conditions of the country, a hundred years ago and now, is marvelous. Now, the population is 15 times as great, while the money in circulation is so much greater that it would give to each of the 75,000,000 of people, about \$24. From 1856 down to the present time, the exports have, in the aggregate, exceeded the imports. In 1880 our exports reached the enormous sum of \$1,200,000,000, while the imports were but a trifle more than half as much.

### Banks.

One hundred years ago, there were only 25 banks in the United States, with a capital of \$21,000,000, and a circulation of \$10,000,000. Now, there are about 3000 banks, with a capital of \$1,900,000,000. In 1897, the private deposits in the banks of the United States reached the fabulous sum of \$5,200,000,000, about one-fifth of which were savings bank deposits, showing that the wealth of the country has grown very much faster than the population since 1799.

### The National Domain

Of the United States has been enlarged by purchase, annexation and conquest until it is four and one-third times greater than when we became a nation. In 1803 we purchased Louisiana of France, containing 1,100,000 square miles; in 1819 we bought Florida of Spain, with about 60,000 square miles; in 1853 we acquired of Mexico nearly 600,000 square miles, and in 1867 we bought Alaska of Russia, containing about 600,000 square miles. The territory just acquired from Spain makes another considerable addition to our vast domain. Contrary to the advice and counsel of "the fathers" and Washington, we began to acquire territory and enlarge our domain before we were a quarter of a century old, and have kept it up ever since, notwithstanding many of our prominent men have in each case earnestly opposed to extension of territory, on the ground of its being dangerous, and opposed to the theories of the founders of the republic, and against the best interests of the commonwealth. But

were not progressive, did not grow as the country grew, did not keep pace with the times in which they lived. One hundred years ago there were

### Large Cities

In the United States. New York was then, as now, the metropolis of the Western hemisphere, and could count only 60,000 inhabitants. She had no established water system; her people had to use water from springs, wells or cisterns, but that year a charter was granted to the Manhattan Company to supply the city with water. Her streets were lighted by fish-oil lamps, and her dwellings, stores and shops were lighted by tallow, sperm or wax candles or fish oil lamps. Gas or coal oil were not known for lighting purposes for many years later, and electric-lighting remained a hidden mystery for three-quarters of a century.

Philadelphia was the second largest, with 40,000, and Boston next, with but 24,000 inhabitants. New York and Philadelphia both supported daily papers, but Boston had only arisen to tri-weekly papers.

Then Cincinnati was a village of but 700 people, on the bank of the Ohio, while St. Louis and New Orleans were small towns in a foreign country. Portland, Or.; Minneapolis, Kansas City, Chicago and scores of other of our large cities did not exist, and the wildest dreamer had not predicted them. Now New York is the second largest city on the globe, and is less than 300 years old, while London, the largest city, is over 2000 years old. Chicago, the marvel of all cities, claims to be the fourth largest city of the earth, and is only 60 years old. One hundred years ago all ocean-going vessels were propelled by sail only; river craft by sail, oar and the setting pole; all land transportation and travel by means of vehicles, horseback or on foot.

### The First Steamboat

That ever turned a wheel in American waters was the Claremont, built by Robert Fulton. She made her first trip on the Hudson, from New York to Albany, in August, 1807. On account of the total ignorance of the power of steam, but few of the people believed that she could be propelled up stream against the strong river current. The Claremont had only proceeded on her journey a few hundred yards when some of her machinery gave out, and she had to land to make repairs amidst the sneers and jeers of thousands of people who had assembled to witness what they considered a doubtful experiment. But she made a successful trip, and the great era of steamboating and the use of steam as a power in America had begun. In 1893 the steamer Phoenix made the first sea trip ever made by steam, from Hoboken to Philadelphia. The first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in June and July of 1819, an American steamer, from New York to Liverpool. It took her 26 days to make the trip; a part of the distance she had to use her sails. But steamshipping across the Atlantic did not really begin until 1839, when the Great Western astonished the world by making the run from Liverpool to New York in 18 days. Now the trip is made in something over five days.

The Great Western was the pioneer of the great transatlantic liners. In the early days of steamboating, they ran

seven to eight miles an hour. Now boats are built that can make over 30 miles an hour. One hundred years ago the most reckless prophet would not have dared to predict that within a few years this great country of ours would be covered with thousands of miles of

### Railroads,

Carrying millions of passengers, and hundreds of thousands of tons of freight per annum. At that time such a thing would have been considered absolutely impossible, and its consideration only fit for dreamers. In 1830, there were but 23 miles of passenger railroad in the United States. Now we have over 190,000 miles of railroad, not including the tens of thousands of miles of double and slide tracks. We have miles enough of railroad to reach almost eight times around the globe, or, all our railroads, including slide and double track, would make a line long enough to reach to the moon. Since 1830, the people of the United States have built an average of 2734 miles of railroad a year, costing between \$9,000,000,000 and \$10,000,000,000. It is

mileage of the entire world. The railroad era had only been fairly inaugurated until Professor Morse, in 1844, perfected

### The Magnetic Telegraph.

After having given it his most diligent attention for more than a decade. The cost of construction and operating the telegraph was so small, and the benefits derived from its use so great, that it seemed almost instantly to have sprung into general use. Now, we wonder how the world ever got on so long without it. The railroad and telegraph have almost annihilated space. A hundred years ago it took many days for the mails or passengers to go from Boston or Washington to New York. Now the passage is made in a few hours, and communication by telegraph is instantaneous. In those days it took weeks, and even months to get the news from the remotest parts of our country. Now, we read in the morning papers the happenings of yesterday from all parts of the civilized world.

Not content with the achievement of the telegraph, the inventive genius of the age has brought forth the telephone, more wonderful still, by which we can converse with and recognize the voices of friends hundreds of miles away, sit in our offices or homes, and transact almost all kinds of business. The telephone has been in use but 20 years, yet the telephone wires in use would more than span the earth. This instrument saves many a step, and is truly the lazy man's friend. But it may prove to be the enemy of mankind by making life too easy for him, by relieving him of much exercise that he should take. Almost with the telephone came the phonograph, less useful, perhaps, but equally wonderful. This instrument records the human voice on the pages of history, as it were, so that it may be handed down to posterity, repeating speech or song in the exact voice of the one who uttered it ages hence. It may yet give speech to the silent stalking ghost.

### Electricity.

The use of electricity as a power and for lighting purposes, though it has been known some 20 years, is still one of the wonders of this progressive age. It has already made dangerous encroachments on the use of gas and coal-oil for lighting, and is gradually crowding steam power out of many positions that it seemed to have occupied permanently. Already it runs tens of thousands of miles of street and railroad cars, elevators and a great variety of machinery, and is still marching on. Many predict that it will soon supersede steam on the railroad and possibly on steamboats. Including telegraphy, electric lighting and electric power, electricity rivals in importance to the world steam as a power. It is impossible in a newspaper article to mention even a considerable part of the many

### Inventions.

Discoveries, improvements and development in every department of human industry that have been made within the last century. When we look back and see how little our ancestors had, how clumsy and unhandy were all their tools, implements, machinery and household fixtures, how few comforts, conveniences or labor-saving machinery they possessed, we are ready to admit that they had little that we would care to own. Since July 25, 1838, the United States patent office has issued:

Mechanical patents	614,815
Mechanical patents reissued	11,702
Designs	26,724
Trade marks	32,187
Labels	6,720
Prints	55

Prior to 1838 only 957 patents had been issued since the beginning of this century, making a total of 705,198 patents issued since 1799.

The first patent issued by the patent office was in 1790; during that year but three were granted. From 1790 to 1800 there were but 260 patents granted. From 1799 to 1803 the patent office issued an average of only 25 patents a year, but from that time down to 1898 that office issued an average of 11,586 patents a year, or a fraction over 31 each day.

The mind can scarcely comprehend or appreciate the stupendous changes the inventions of the last century have wrought for man; the innumerable benefits and advantages they have conferred upon him, by lightening his burdens and adding to his comforts and pleasure. The inventive age was not fairly on until 1840. One hundred years ago, and for a third of a century later, they had not even the convenience of cooking stoves. Our grandmothers had to do all their cooking by the great open fireplace, with a strong iron crane, swinging from one jamb, on which were iron "pot hooks" to hang the tea-kettle and pots for heating water.



skillet." The skillet was smaller than the oven, with a handle some 10 or 12 inches long. In baking or roasting the food was placed on a pile of live, hardwood coals on the hearth, the heavy iron placed on the fire, and when hot enough was put on, covering in the loaf, and hot coals were heaped upon it to keep it hot. Then it had to be constantly watched to see if it was burning, or cooking properly. The heavy overlid was raised and replaced by use of a long iron pole. Sometimes meats and fowl were roasted suspended by a small chain or cord before the fire, and kept constantly turning until cooked. The frying was done in "frying-pans," with iron handles from 2 to 3½ feet long. It took two or three times as much labor and patience to cook by the open fire as it does by the modern cooking stove or range. Our ancestors knew no other way. If a woman of today had to cook in that way she would pose as the most sadly abused person in the nation. The cooking stove did not make its appearance until after 1833, and did not get into general use until after 1843. I never saw a cook stove until I was about 15 years old, and I must have been 14 years of age before I ever saw a

#### Friction Match.

This simple and seemingly unimportant little thing was invented by an Englishman named John Walker, in 1829, but was not introduced into America until 1832, when it sold at 25 cents a box, containing 100 matches. It was so expensive that it was not much used until an American

discovered a way to manufacture it much cheaper, but it did not get into general use until after 1840.

When matches were first made the work was all done by hand, and could not be sold in this country for less than 1 cent a piece, or 25¢ a box. Now, by the aid of modern inventions and improvements, it is sold retail at the rate of 6000 matches for 25 cents or 240 times cheaper than they were 66 years ago. Down to within my own recollection fires had to be made by use of the flint and steel.

In my boyhood days I often had to make fire that way, and it usually consumed from 10 to 15 minutes to make a fire. How much time our ancestors lost by not having the use of the match! It would take a modern smoker nearly half an hour to light his pipe or cigar if he had to use the old method.

In 1835, Alonzo de Phillips took out the first patent in the United States for making matches. Since then it has been many times improved. In 1891 one match company alone made 27,000,000 feet of pine lumber into matches, making 6,000,000 gross, each containing 14,000 matches. But the match is only one of hundreds of inventions of equal importance.

A hundred years ago all the small grain was cut with the sickle. Perhaps one man in a hundred could cut an acre of

grain in a day, but a half acre a day was a good average day's work with the sickle. I have no information as to when the "cradle" or scythe and cradle came into use, but it was a great improvement on the sickle, and an average day's work with it was about 2½ acres. There was, however, but little improvement made in farming tools and implements until 1833, when Mr. Hussey, of Cincinnati,

#### Invented a Reaper.

That was successful from the start. With it a man and a span of horses could cut 12 to 14 acres a day, while the more recent machines do much more. Our grandfathers threshed their grain by hand with a flail. Now the threshing machine threshes 32 bushels as quickly as the oldtime farmer could thresh one.

Soon after the reaper came the mowing machine, and then followed one invention after another, improvement on improvement in rapid succession, and the world began to move. Soon American implements, tools and machinery began to attract the attention of European nations. As early as 1855, at the Paris exposition, there was a contest between the reaping machines of the world, each cutting one acre of oats near the city of Paris. The American reaper cut one acre in 22 minutes, doing it in 38 minutes less time than any of the other contestants. Since that time great improvements have been, and are constantly being made, and now our implements and machinery are being bought and used in all parts of the civilized world. American ingenuity has asserted itself in such a potential manner that many of our mechanical productions out-rank those of all the world, and seriously threaten the overthrow of all competitors. It was this same ingenuity and skill that destroyed two Spanish fleets with the loss of but one man. It is this same power that has made the United States in the

improvements it might be well to mention that made in the

#### Postal System.

Of the United States. From the organization of this government down to 1816 the postage on a letter "containing a single piece of paper," any distance under 40 miles, was 8¢; under 90 miles, 10¢, and under 150 miles, 12½¢; under 300 miles, 17¢; under 500 miles, 20¢; and over 500 miles, 25¢. I remember well when the postage on a letter from my home in Ohio to New Orleans was 25¢. Between 1816 and 1855 the rate of postage on letters, magazines and newspapers was changed many times, but in 1855 postage on "all inland letters" in our own country was reduced to 3¢, and finally in 1883 it was cut down to 2¢. There is but little doubt that within 10 years a letter can be sent to any part of the United States for one cent. Since 1790 the number of postoffices in our country has increased from about 1000 to 175,000. Since that date the postal routes have grown in length from 15,000 to 500,000 miles, a distance

great enough to reach 20 times around the earth. So Uncle Sam, though usually slow, is keeping pretty well up with the procession.

#### The Planing Machine.

Tonguing and grooving of lumber and making of molding by machinery was not invented until 1828. In 1832, when my father built his home on the bank of the Ohio, all lumber had to be planed, all the flooring had to be tongued and grooved and all the molding had to be dressed and made by hand. The sash and doors also had to be cut out, dressed and made from rough lumber, by hand.

These machines had been invented so recently that they had not reached as far West as Ohio, and were not in general use for years later. I remember that it took the carpenter 18 months to do the woodwork of that house, which was only an ordinary-sized brick farmhouse. One carpenter now could do the woodwork of the same house in less than two months. In every department of human industry where machinery can be used, and it can be used for almost everything, one man now, with the aid of modern machinery, can accomplish as much in one day as 10 could do a hundred years ago, and in some things he can do 50 times as much.

Such a statement may suggest the thought that "machinery" then has thrown hundreds of thousands of people out of employment. But this is not so. Invention and machinery have made the people of this age recklessly extravagant. The new circumstances and surroundings make our wants, needs and demands tenfold greater than those of our grandfathers. Could we look into the homes of this country 100 years ago and compare them with those of today we would find this fact fully corroborated.

Our houses, buildings and surroundings are far better, more expensive and convenient, they contain more and better furniture, fixtures, tools, implements, machinery, ornaments and hundreds of things our ancestors could not have possessed, because they had not been invented. Our wearing apparel is more beautiful, valuable and comfortable; our tables more luxurious, our pleasures, recreations, amusements, travels, sightseeing, etc., etc., are all more than 10 times as great as our forefathers could afford or obtain. They had no electric, gas or even coal oil for lights; they had to be satisfied with fish oil lamps and candles. They had no plumbing in their houses, no hot air, steam or hot water heater, not even cooking stoves, spring beds, washing machines, sewing machines—in fact, they had almost nothing that we would consider good enough to use. As the labor-saving machine increases the wants of man by stimulating his desires for more of the luxuries, comforts and benefits they bring to him, so it increases the demands for more labor to produce or manufacture them for his use.

It is not only untrue that the machine deprives the laborer of an opportunity to earn his living, but it is a fact beyond refutation that the laborer of today is far better paid than he was a hundred or even 60 years ago. He not only gets higher wages, but he works fewer hours for a day's work. I remember when a day's work was from daylight until dark; when the best laborers in the country could get only \$6 to \$8 per month and board, and when women to cook, spin or weave received only 75 cents to \$1 per week. Now eight hours makes a day for the government and nine hours for the individual.

The laborer of today has another great advantage over his predecessor: One hundred, or even 70 years ago, everything he used, save food and fuel, cost two to 15 times as much as it does now. Food and

enough to compensate for the cost of everything else he had to buy. Besides, now he has free schools; then, he did not. The laborer, therefore, of this age is in far better condition than he has ever been since the organization of the government—better doubtless than he ever was in any age of the world. In 1800 there were 62 cotton mills in the United States that manufactured shirtines and sheetings, which sold for 35 cents to 75 cents per yard; tickings at 55 to 90 cents per yard; striped and checked goods at 30 to 40 cents per yard, gingham at 35 to 75 cents per yard.

Now, our factories sell standard calicoes at 3½ cents per yard, standard gingham at 4½ cents per yard, standard ticking at 8 cents per yard, and standard brown muslins at 4½ cents per yard. Almost all manufactured goods show a proportionate decrease in prices. If the laborer of today chose to use the economy that his fathers had to use, he would soon, with ordinary industry, put himself into good circumstances; but not if he did, as so many do, spend half, or more than half, his earnings for tobacco, beer and whisky.

The improvements made in the printing press have kept pace with the most advanced machinery. The old hand press that Benjamin Franklin worked on, in 1725, continued in use until 1817, when George Clymer invented one with a compound lever, which was quite an improvement on the old one. In 1829, Samuel Rust invented one still better. A good workman, with his press, could turn off 2000 sheets a day. Great improvements were made year after year, until seeming perfection of the printing press has been reached. Now the great power presses print on both sides and fold 24,000 to 96,000 eight-page newspapers an hour.

The newspaper, too, has kept up with the art of printing, and is the greatest power in the land, the greatest teacher, educator and expounder. It treats, explains and discusses every subject that human thought has reached; every interest, national, political, social or moral; art, science, literature, religion and every-day life in all its phases. It hunts out, collects, illustrates and compiles the happenings, events, doings and sayings of the day. It handles, deals with and maneuvers the Present—the busy, rushing, thrilling now. He who carefully reads the most and best newspapers is the best informed, the nearest in touch with the movement, thought and spirit of the day. I might truly say that he who lives now lives in the most enlightened, progressive and brilliant age the world has ever known.

One hundred years ago slaves were owned, bought and sold in the city of New York, and the slave trade remained in operation until 1808. Within 60 years the entire navies of the world have been changed from clumsy sail vessels to magnificent steamships, and naval warfare and naval tactics have been remodeled. Less than 40 years ago the slave power, the aristocracy of the South, rebelled against the government of the United States, and inaugurated the most fierce and destructive civil war known in the history of nations, but that aristocracy was overthrown; slavery, the last and foulest relic of barbarism, abolished, and the Union maintained intact. So numerous and vast have been the improvements and devices of the last hundred years, for the betterment and happiness of mankind, that it almost bewilders the understanding to contemplate, and defies the human skill to compute.

P. W. GILLETTE.

## Trouton Register.

P. W. GILLETTE, formerly of this county, now a progressive citizen of Portland Oregon, has in the Oregonian of that city, in its issue of Jan. 5, a four column article giving the general progress and triumphs of genius in the century just closed. It is a very instructive article.



## WIND RIVER COUNTRY.

### Description of Scenery Around Great Hot Springs.

COLLINS SPRINGS, Wash., Sept. 26.—(To the Editor.)—Last Summer I was at St. Martin's hot springs and saw so many curious and interesting things that I was impelled to "write them up," but neglected to do so. Believing it will be of some interest, I will now make a brief mention of the country. "Wind River," the springs—St. Martin's and Collins hot springs.

The Wind River empties into the Columbia about nine miles above the Cascades and is from 70 to 80 miles long. Its valley, from its mouth up to 20 to 30 miles, is 3 to 5 miles wide, of high, rather broken, but well-timbered land. Towards its source it broadens out into a vast meadow eight to ten miles wide, teeming with luxuriant grass that one year ago no shepherd or cowboy had found. For many miles above its mouth, Wind River is shadowed on either side by high mountains, forming most grand and picturesque scenery. The Cascade Mountains in this vicinity and on both sides of the Columbia east of the Cascades are not formed of vast ledges of solid rock, as mountains usually are, and those mountains are at and below the Cascades, but they are composed of a mighty jumble of huge boulders, broken stone, sand, earth and gravel, showing conclusively that at some time the earth in that locality has been terribly convulsed by tremendous upheavals, earthquakes and volcanic action. The noted old landmark, the tall sugarloaf-shaped Wind River Mountain on the shore of both the Columbia and Wind Rivers, is made up of this mixture of broken stone, gravel, sand and earth. It is about 2000 feet high and stands out alone, does "Castle Rock" below the Cascades.

St. Martin's hot spring is on the west shore of Wind River, about two miles from its mouth, in a canyon nearly 100 feet deep. It was accidentally found by Isadore St. Martin many years ago. His hounds started up a cougar and chased it directly down the hill

to Wind River, Mr. St. Martin following their trail, which led him to the hot spring. After some years he found the water to have superior healing qualities, and opened a small house, establishing a price to be paid by "campers" using the water. This business grew, though badly managed, until it became a source of no inconsiderable revenue, making the property very valuable. The spring has a strong flow of hot mineral water, with a temperature of an average of 128 degrees. Its healing qualities are unquestionable. There are several of these springs in the vicinity of St. Martin's spring, and 12 miles further up the Wind River is an immense one coming up in the middle of the river. A few miles above this great spring is a loggers' dam across the river. When the dam is full of logs, a huge gate is thrown open, setting free the pent up flood with its load of logs to find its way down the rapid river, whose shores and bottom are jagged with rocks and boulders. It is a wonderful thing to see and hear this rushing, roaring flood with its mass of jamming, bumping, thumping, tumbling logs, the sound of which fills one with awe, like that produced by an approaching hurricane. When this flood passes over the big spring in the middle of the river its great weight impedes the exit of the spring, so forcing its waters on down the subterranean passage to other places of escape. During those floods the flow of St. Martin's spring is much stronger and the temperature of the water five degrees hotter, showing that all of those hot springs come from the same fountain.

Isadore St. Martin, the owner and discoverer of these springs, is a Canadian Frenchman, and was born on Puget Sound 60 or 70 years ago, when there were not 100 white people in the whole Oregon Country. His parents moved to the French Prairie in Marion County, Oregon, where he grew to manhood. He married an Indian woman who is still alive, and has five or six grown children.

Collins' hot spring is about 12 miles above the Cascades and four miles from the St. Martin's spring on the north bank of the Columbia at "Collins' Landing," so named by old steamboat men in pioneer days for a Mr. Collins who kept wood for the passing steamers away back in the "50s," for which he always got \$10 per cord. Now wood at Collins only brings \$2.75 per cord. This is because hostile Indians are extinct and laborers are more plentiful. Recently an old Klickitat Indian came to Collins on horseback from the Little White Salmon River, where he lives, and in the course of a conversation he asked

me if there were many of the Chinook Indians living. I said: "No, they are nearly all gone." I then asked him: "How about the Klickitats," and with a broad flourish of his right hand he answered, "All dead."

The Collins hot spring has been known and used many years as a health resort, principally by people from The Dalles and east of the mountains, who came here and camped with their families. Many years ago this property fell into the hands of the Old Oregon Steam Navigation Company, but when that company disposed of all of its holdings it went into the possession of the O. R. & N. Co., which still owns it with something over 300 acres of land. Over a year ago Captain C. T. Belcher, of Portland, leased the property of the O. R. & N. Co. and put up a large and commodious hotel and bathhouse. In addition to the hot spring, Collins is supplied with numerous springs of clear, cold water from the mountains back of the hotel; besides there are two small cold-water lakes within a mile of the hotel. These springs are so strong that they afford all the water needed for all purposes about the hotel and camping grounds, as well as for power to manufacture electricity for lighting the hotel, bathhouse and the surrounding grounds. Collins has also a small store, photograph gallery and postoffice, but her mail facilities are atrocious, only a tri-weekly service of the old-fashioned sort. It takes a letter from five to six days to go to and return from Portland, 65 miles, though there are several daily trains passing here and two steamboats a day, leaving Portland in the morning and reaching Collins in six to eight hours. Considering the great number of people at these hot springs during a great part of the year, it is a shame there is no better postal accommodation. A daily mail

by boat, Sunday excepted, would cost the Government but little and it should be granted. I believe an effort is being made to obtain one, and its need is so plain that there should be no difficulty in doing so.

One has only to live at Collins a few days to learn that the O. R. & N. Co.'s road is a great National Highway, whose traffic is prodigious. The road is in full view of Collins, and it is wonderful what a great number of trains pass each day. There is scarcely an hour during the day or night that one cannot see a train, hear its whistle or the rumble of its busy wheels. Many of the trains are enormous, consisting of 75 or 85 cars. The land around Collins is covered with a fine young growth of oak, fir, wild cherry, pine and dogwood, which has taken the place of the great original forest of fir that was cut for steamboat fuel nearly a half century ago. With a little taste and care it can be made an ideal place for a health resort. Indeed, I think it very beautiful now, being in full view of the railroad with its rushing trains, and the river with its passing boats. The scenery about the place is grand and picturesque in the extreme, being almost in the very heart of the great Cascade range and surrounded by many-shaped mountains 2000 to 4000 feet in height with their precipitous sides cut by ravines and chasms of frightful depths, all pouring their pearly waters into the mighty Columbia as it quietly passes through their midst on its irresistible course to the sea.

P. W. GILLETTE



— 1897

PORTLAND, June 15.—(To the Editor.)—  
 most of what I shall say in this  
 er is the result of personal observa-  
 . It is neither my desire or interest  
 misrepresent or calumniate the peo-  
 of the South, as half my blood is  
 there, half my kin of that section.  
 s my purpose to review the old South  
 was, and look at the new South as  
 s. The old South is, of course, a  
 g of the past, and will soon be for-  
 n, save only in history; but it affords  
 most interesting study of human na-  
 , illustrating the wonderful effects  
 surrounding conditions and circum-  
 ces have upon a people. The North-  
 and Southern states were first set-  
 in the main by the same sort of peo-  
 of the same schools, with much the  
 e manners, customs and habits. Slav-  
 came to this country with its set-  
 s, and was general throughout the  
 nies. It was inherited. The Northern  
 es, however, abolished it in the early  
 s of their existence. But its long con-  
 nance in the Southern states completely  
 nged the character of their people.  
 change came naturally and in con-  
 nence of slavery. Few people invested  
 a great power can resist its influence  
 themselves. Note the ship captain,  
 soon he assumes an imperious air,  
 how often he becomes tyrannical and  
 ; the haughty air of the army offi-  
 ; and the austerity of the school-  
 er; even the foreman of a gang of  
 ers soon begins to lord it over his  
 and to feel that he is vastly su-  
 rior to them. Great wealth often culti-  
 s this greed for power, and frequent-  
 makes the possessor haughty and ag-  
 sive. Human nature, as a rule, is  
 weak to resist its influence. So it  
 with the old slaveowners of the  
 h. They were quite as unable, and  
 as unwilling, to resist this influ-  
 upon themselves as the rest of man-  
 . The power over their slaves was  
 e, having absolute ownership,  
 possession and exercise of this power  
 ily changed their nature. They were  
 iginally aristocrats; they were com-  
 people, not in the least superior to  
 e of the Northern states, but, having  
 nership of slaves, who were com-  
 d to call them master and to ren-  
 to them the most obsequious obedi-  
 and homage, soon made them feel  
 importance and power. It flattered  
 v, and so elevated themselves  
 their own opinion that they imagined  
 selves great aristocrats. It whetted  
 appetite for more power, and urged  
 n to rule and govern all about  
 . It seemed to inspire and educate  
 a to believe they were a superior peo-  
 too good to work, and born to rule.  
 learned to consider it disgraceful  
 ork, because the slaves worked, and  
 es who had to work to make a living  
 considered beneath them in rank  
 not suitable associates. The greater  
 of the wealth of those states eventu-  
 fell into the hands of the slave-  
 ers, greatly increasing their power.  
 had complete control of the law-  
 ing power of the slave states, and  
 m ever allowed any one to repre-  
 them in congress who was not obedi-  
 to their wishes. Nearly all of the  
 000 slaves belonged to about 200,000  
 ese people. That 200,000 ruled the en-  
 opulation of the South. Their power  
 and became more despotic and ag-  
 sive with each succeeding generation,  
 they claimed and boasted that they  
 an aristocracy. This aristocracy  
 ad no pains or expense to educate its  
 sons, while it shamelessly neglected  
 e and maintain good, common  
 ls for the education and elevation  
 e poorer classes of their own race.  
 seemed to plan to keep the great  
 of the white people in ignorance,  
 ing that it would be more easily  
 olled. This self-made aristocracy,  
 ng pampered by the cringing obedi-  
 of its slaves and the servile defer-  
 of the ignorant "po' white trash" sur-  
 ling it, became so painfully sensitive  
 it had to be approached in the most  
 ul manner. An unguarded word or a  
 of the eye might cause it to whip  
 its revolver or issue a challenge to  
 it in deadly combat. Indefense of  
 onor" it was often ludicrous in the  
 me. It demanded obedience to all

to its desires. It was always in fighting  
 trim, and prided itself on its chivalry.  
 It did not hesitate to break a senator's  
 head in the halls of congress nor threaten  
 to destroy the Union if its wishes were  
 not complied with; neither did it tolerate  
 free speech within the limit of the slave  
 states. It found it so easy to govern the  
 slave states that it determined to rule or  
 ruin the government of the United States.  
 When it inaugurated the great war of the  
 rebellion, it boasted that one Southern  
 man was equal in prowess to five men in  
 the North, and it verily believed that it  
 could invade the North, take Washington  
 city and conquer a satisfactory peace  
 within a few months. The North had  
 patiently borne for many years its in-  
 sulting bullyings and threatenings, both  
 in and out of congress; had accepted  
 many objectionable compromises, and al-  
 lowed the infamous fugitive-slave law to  
 be forced upon them, in order to keep  
 the peace. Finally, when Mr. Lincoln  
 was elected president, they began the  
 war, believing the people of the North to  
 be a lot of cowards, whose armies would  
 fly at the approach of the valiant South-  
 erners. The results of this great conflict  
 need not be retold. Fifty-seven years ago  
 I heard my schoolteacher, Thomas Pro-  
 ctor, say in a speech: "As true as there  
 is a God, these fire-eating Southerners will  
 some day in the near future plunge the  
 United States in a civil war that will de-  
 luge the land in blood. It will be the most  
 desperate, destructive and bloody conflict  
 that history has ever had to record; but  
 it will forever blot out accursed human  
 slavery, destroy an insolent, arrogant  
 aristocracy, and make this country in deed  
 and in truth the land of the free." No  
 prophet ever spoke more truly than did  
 Thomas Proctor.

At the beginning of the war many of  
 the prominent slaveholders throughout  
 the South were loyal citizens and op-  
 posed to secession; but they were in the  
 minority and had to yield to the  
 will of the majority or suffer certain fi-  
 nancial ruin and banishment. The de-  
 struction of that aristocracy built wholly  
 upon the institutions of slavery was  
 as complete as the destruction of slav-  
 ery itself, and seemingly is another  
 verification of the truth of the old adage,  
 "Whom the gods seek to destroy, they  
 first make mad." The old Southern slave  
 owners were a remarkable people. To  
 equals and superiors they were polite  
 and exceedingly hospitable, but to in-  
 feriors, regardless and haughty. They  
 lived lives of ease, pleasure and indol-  
 ence, but did not live luxuriously simply  
 because they did not know how to do  
 so. They were utterly incompetent. Their  
 women knew nothing of the art of  
 cooking or housekeeping, neither did  
 their slaves, because they had no one to  
 teach them; consequently their tables  
 were usually very poor, especially in the  
 cotton and sugar states. In the more  
 northern slave states the cooking was  
 much better, but even there could  
 not be compared with the cook-  
 ing in the Northern states. They  
 had few conveniences about their  
 houses and premises for the same rea-  
 son they did not know how to get them  
 or to have them constructed. In fact,  
 they had a deep-seated prejudice against  
 what they called "Yankee inventions,"  
 and were more than satisfied to plod  
 along in the good old way their fathers  
 trod. They had no knowledge of the new  
 improvements and inventions and it was  
 too much trouble to learn them and keep  
 pace with the progress of the times.  
 They educated their sons for lawyers  
 and politicians only, while the education  
 of the masses was so much neglected that  
 they were fast growing into an inferior  
 people. Now they can see and realize  
 what a fearful curse and clog slavery  
 was and how it blighted thrift, industry,  
 intelligence and progress.

It would take more space than I can  
 use here to describe all the peculiarities,  
 traits, marks and deformities, that this  
 institution inflicted upon the people of  
 the South; and it will take ages to  
 efface them and put that people on a  
 footing with those of the North. Its  
 influence was felt by every class of white  
 people in the South; from the overbear-  
 ing aristocrat down to the poor white  
 trash, but the old South, with its pecu-  
 liar institution, has passed away. Nothing  
 is left of it save its history and the dam-  
 aging marks it left upon its people.

The new South, growing out of the  
 destruction of the old by a long and  
 disastrous war, had to make its start  
 under the most unfavorable circum-  
 stances. The great expense of the war,  
 together with the freeing of the slaves,  
 totally ruined financially nearly all of  
 the wealthy and ruling classes of people.  
 The poor and middle classes, from lack  
 of experience and want of education, were  
 illy prepared to take the lead in reorgani-  
 zation of state governments, society and  
 the handling of 4,000,000 irresponsible, ig-  
 norant, freed slaves. The whole South  
 was in a state of utter immor-

ing from disastrous defeat, and stunned  
 by the wondrous change. Congress passed  
 the reconstruction act, which helped  
 somewhat in the reorganization of these  
 dilapidated states; but it was greatly re-  
 tard and made odious by a gang of ad-  
 venturers from the North, called carpet-  
 baggers, many of whom were wholly un-  
 principled, who rushed down there in the  
 hope of political promotion or unrighteous  
 gain. Their presence only retarded re-  
 construction, and added fuel to the burn-  
 ing hatred of Northern people. It was  
 many years before the South showed any  
 signs of improvement. As soon as the  
 bitter sectional feeling began to subside  
 Northern capital, backed by Northern ex-  
 perience and energy, began to seek invest-  
 ments there, starting a new life and ac-  
 tivity in a country that had been so  
 long inert. Much has been written and  
 said in lectures of late about the wonder-  
 ful prosperity of the new South. Whether  
 intentionally or not they have neglect-  
 ed to state the true cause of this new  
 life and prosperity. It is due almost  
 wholly to Northern capital, brains, inge-  
 nuity and push. It is not my intention to  
 blame or discredit the people of that sec-  
 tion for what they did not do, because  
 they are more to be pitied than blamed.  
 The old South in its best days was al-  
 ways far behind the North in manufac-  
 tures and all sorts of business enter-  
 prises, and her most successful mechanics,  
 merchants and bankers were men from  
 the North. The old wealthy slave aris-  
 tocracy did not live as well as the com-  
 mon laborer of the North, simply because  
 they did not know how to live well. They  
 were plodders, never keeping pace with  
 the time. The new South grew out of the  
 ruins of the old, and knew no more, and  
 was just as far behind the age of im-  
 provements and progress as the old. They  
 had everything to learn; they were child-  
 ren. Comparatively. The most of the  
 railroads built in the South since the war  
 were built by Northern men; nearly all of  
 the factories started there are the re-  
 sult of Northern enterprise and  
 money. Not long since, when traveling  
 through the state of Mississippi, on a Q.  
 & C. train, I fell into conversation with  
 an intelligent man of that state. He in-  
 troduced the subject himself, and said:  
 "Northern capital is doing wonders for  
 the Southern states. It is coming down  
 here, sir, and picking up things that we  
 have been running over for ages,  
 considering them of no value, and  
 is making fortunes out of them. Look  
 at this timber for in-  
 stance," pointing to the pine forest  
 through which we were passing. "We  
 used to consider it of no value  
 except for the little turpentine it afford-  
 ed. Northern men have come down here,  
 sir, and bought up vast quantities of this  
 timber, built great mills, and are manu-  
 facturing all sorts of lumber, and are  
 making fortunes, sir." He also referred  
 to many other things that Northern capi-  
 tal had been doing for the South. In a  
 letter to me from an officer of the United  
 States army, from a village in the state  
 of North Carolina, he says: "This is a  
 curious young town of Northern people.  
 Most of these families came here be-  
 cause some member of them has been in  
 bad health. Others came, like myself,  
 just to avoid the cold winters of the  
 North, and others for amusement or pos-  
 sible profit, engaging in fruitgrowing,  
 etc.; excepting where the Northern peo-  
 ple have come the country is just a wil-  
 derness, and a very uninviting wilder-  
 ness, too. A Boston man, a millionaire,  
 bought last summer 5000 acres six miles  
 back of this town, and has nearly finished  
 a good hotel, a casino, a store, 20 cot-  
 tages, with electric light and water in  
 all the buildings, and an electric railroad  
 to this place. None of the buildings or  
 ground is for sale—only for rent. He is  
 improving fine parks, one in the pine  
 timber, and one in the oak timber ad-  
 joining." Not long since I visited the  
 rich sugar-growing district of Louisiana  
 in the Bayou Teche country, where I  
 was well acquainted 47 years ago. Then  
 nearly all of that country belonged to  
 wealthy planters, each of whom owned  
 from 50 to 800 slaves. We stopped some  
 days at Franklin, the county seat of St.  
 Mary's parish, and put up at the private  
 boarding-house of Mrs. ——. She was  
 a bright, jolly, talkative woman, and a  
 daughter of one of the old planters. She  
 could think of but one plantation within  
 50 miles that belonged to any of the  
 "old set" or their heirs; and this be-  
 longed to Mrs. Foster, the mother of  
 the present governor of Louisiana. We  
 met Mrs. Foster and her son there. I  
 remember she asked me, "Why do not  
 you Northern people help us put down  
 this dreadful Louisiana Lottery Com-  
 pany?" Mr. Foster ran on the anti-  
 lottery ticket and was elected. Mrs.  
 —, the landlady, informed me that  
 nearly all of the old aristocratic families  
 were ruined by the war, and

most the whole country had changed hands and belonged to Northern people. Save the thousands of ignorant negroes nothing appeared to me as it did in ante-bellum days. Even the sugar-cane fields, so much more extensive and vigorous than they used to be, seemed unnatural. The old wooden mold-board plow, the heavy two-wheeled farm carts, had passed away, and were superseded by the most improved implements and machinery. The old-fashioned sugar-house, with its three huge iron kettles in which to boil down the cane juice, is succeeded by the great factory, where the sugar is made by improved machinery and steam. The lofty air and pomp of the old aristocracy that used to own and rule this country is almost forgotten amid the bustle of this new life, and soon there will be nothing left of its former grandeur. A feeling of inexpressible sadness crept over me as I looked upon these vast plantations and contemplated the utter destruction of this proud and haughty people, possessed of so many excellent qualities and remarkable traits. They were the architects of the cause of their immediate ruin. Of course, the increasing civilization and humane treatment of the world would not much longer have tolerated slavery. But for the war they would still own their slaves and control these states. Neither Mr. Lincoln nor the republican party contemplated, nor would have dared to attempt to abolish slavery, because its existence in these states was legal, and both the president and his party were law-abiding. The South struck the first blow, began the bloody conflict, and made it a necessary war measure for Mr. Lincoln to issue his celebrated emancipation proclamation. The people of the North neither demand nor need it, yet it is proper and right that they should have full credit for all they have done in establishing and building up the New South. This movement of Northern capital, energy and experience to the Southern states is forming

a more enduring bond of union and fellowship between the North and the South than ever before existed. It is making them acquainted with each other, uniting their labor and capital in business, consolidating their most vital interests, making them one people and one nation.

P. W. GILLETTE.



## EARLY SETTLERS.

## TO THE PIONEERS WERE.

## KIND OF LIVES THEY LED.

## Interesting Personal Incidents.

PORTLAND, OREGON May 7, 1897.

he Register.  
Perhaps few people realize that nearly of the population and wealth of the United States has been acquired within time than the length of two human lives. For instance, my father was born in 1799; then the United States had just reached the 5,000,000 mark in population. The income of the government for that year was about \$11,300,000. Now we have a population of 70,000,000, and the annual national income is about \$500,000,000. The increase in wealth has been many fold greater than that of population. Discoveries, inventions and improvements have more than kept pace with the growth in wealth. Steam was not known as a power until it had never turned a wheel; railroads, telephones, electric lights and electric power had never been dreamed of. Then, tens of thousands of important inventions and discoveries have been made, and added to the use, pleasure and comforts of life. So fast has the country grown in power, population, wealth and everything, that it seems much older than it is. It is but a few years since the great state of Ohio was a wilderness in this "far west." In 1816,

my 81 years ago, my grandfather, who had in Central New York, wishing to migrate to Ohio, hired wagons to haul his family and such household goods as he could afford to take so far, and set out on what was then considered a long journey across the Allegheny mountains. When he reached the navigable waters of the Allegheny river, the only transportation offered was a passage down the Ohio on board a pine lumber raft, on which they erected a temporary cabin in which to live during the passage. In this way they reached Marietta quite comfortably on December 12, 1816. The family remained in the neighborhood of Marietta two years, when they removed down the river to Lawrence county in a small flat boat built by themselves for that purpose. There were no steamboats running on the river then. The first steamboat that ever passed down the river, as far as Lawrence county was the "Cyclopaedia." She had the old-fashioned "walking beam" engine, and was a great curiosity to the people. A man stood on the deck constantly casting the lead, and crying the depth of water to the man at the wheel. This was in 1819, and steamboats were not very plentiful on the river for many years.

Among the first settlers in the upper part of Lawrence county were Joel Bowen, who came in 1812. Moses Chapman, "Old Grandpa Fuller" father of Gen'l A. T. F. Fuller, and Judge E. B. Green, came in 1816; between that date and 1818, came Solomon Churchill, Mr. McCann, Joel Gillette father of Capt. Alanson Gillette and Mrs. Thomas Gardner, Wm. Gillette, Hiram Beardsley, Nathaniel Pritchard and sons; Capt. Cyrus Green, John Swain and Zebedee Gillette, father of H. N. Gillette. Nearly all of these had families, some of them large ones well grown up; all of them came from New York and New England, excepting the Beardsleys who came from Pennsylvania. Nearly all the first settlers of Lawrence county were men of character, with great determination and

As late as 1818 there were no roads in the county, nothing but trails and the whole country was covered with timber and much of it was heavily timbered, and the ground beneath the timber was a perfect jungle of underbrush, but cattle eventually exterminated the most of the brush, so that one could ride on horseback pretty comfortably through the woods.

These study pioneers had literally to dig and hew their farms out of the solid forest. There were no prairies, the timber was utterly valueless, had to be chopped down, cut, piled and burned up. It required a vast amount of labor to grub the underbrush that covered the ground before it could be plowed and planted. They had roads and bridges to build, houses and barns to construct fields to clear and orchards to plant; but few of them brought any money, and none of them had much. Their strong arms and determined purpose was their only capital.

I believe Lawrence county was organized in 1816, though the townships were not named until latter. Burlington was the first County seat. David McLaughlin (whose wife was my father's sister, and who is now living in Proctorville, in her 91st year) helped to build the old court house in Burlington in 1817. Mr. McLaughlin, with three other young men, walked all the way from their homes in New Hampshire to Ohio, 1816. The old Court House, which had long been used as a school house, having become unsafe, was torn down about four years ago, was probably the oldest wooden building in Lawrence county.

A Mr. Beachly was the first lawyer in the county and lived at Burlington; Dr. Spooner was the first physician and also lived in Burlington. For many years after the first settlement, the people in the upper end of the county did all of their trading at Guyandotte, Va. "Old Joe Gardner" and Robert Holderby, had the first store there. P. S. Smith came later and started a store in that place. I remember them all very well.

The early settlers sold their maple sugar, molasses, flannels, linens, linseys, gensing, etc., at those stores, always taking goods in exchange. There were almost no money in circulation at that time. A man by the name of Buel started the first store on the Ohio side of the river, where Proctorville now stands, in about 1828. He remained there but a few years. In 1835, Jacob Proctor opened a store in the same place, which he carried on successfully for many years; a village sprang up around him, which soon took the name of Proctorville. Many will remember Jacob Proctor. He lived to be almost 100 years old; a thoroughly honest, honorable, upright man, who never did wrong in all his life, a model citizen, a noble gentleman, a true patriot.

The county improved very slowly for many years on account of the great amount of labor, expense and time consumed in clearing the land. Besides, there was no considerable demand for any surplus that might be produced. As soon as steamboats became plentiful on the Ohio, and when great flat boats began to be built to carry off the surplus to New Orleans, the country began to improve in earnest. The large amount of cord-wood used by the steamboats for fuel, the timber used to construct flat-boats, houses, barns, etc., was a great aid to the farmer in clearing his land.

In those early days there were no mills in the country, and the people had to pound their corn in a sort of mortar made by burning or digging out a stump or section of a large log, forming a mortar large enough to hold about a bushel; a long spring pole was erected, and a heavy wooden pestle suspended over the mortar, by the use of which the grain was partially pulverized; it was then sifted through homemade horse hair sieves, the finer part being used for bread, the remainder for hominy. The first mill built in Rome township, and perhaps the first in the county, was built on Paddy creek by a Mr. Bell, on the place afterwards owned by Capt. Alanson Gillette; but it was only a corn cracker. The name "Bell" brings to my recollection "Old Eunice"

of the Mr. Bell who built the first mill. She had a regular circuit extending up and down the river about 15 miles over which she made semi-monthly trips on an old horse, always very poor, but knew exactly how to accommodate and serve his mistress. She stopped at every house begging something to eat, something to wear or use, or something for her horse. At night she stopped at the nearest house, and was seldom refused lodging. She always returned home well laden. Every one considered it his duty to help take care of "Old Eunice." I will here mention "Old Robert Scottland" an insane man, who was kept in Rome township several years by David McLaughlin. He had been a sailor man, but hopelessly insane. He spent his entire time, when awake, pacing back and forth on a perfectly straight path, about the length of a ship's deck, formed by his constant tread. When asked any question, his answer invariably was "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies." I mention those unfortunate people, not on account of their importance, but to show how such were cared for in pioneer days. Then there were no poor farms, poorhouses, homes for old ladies, homes for old gentlemen, hospitals, nor even asylums for the insane. The county let the keeping of its insane to the lowest responsible bidder.

When my grandfather came to Lawrence county, about the only farms opened, and they were very small, were those of Joel Bowen, Moses Chaplain, E. B. Green, Joel Gillette and "old Grandpa" Fuller. Joel Bowen had the only bearing orchard, and it contained only seedling apples, very small and worthless. This orchard, I remember well—it stood on the bank of the river just below the "Fuller farm" and in front of "Dog Ham" bar in the river. It may interest boatmen to know how this "Bar" got its name. As long as I can remember, I used to hear old keel boatmen say that Bowen once sold to a keel boatman a pair of dog hams, representing to him that it was a saddle of venison. So this shoal or bar, was so named. When my grandfather left Marietta for Lawrence county, he bought 100 apple trees of Gen'l Israel Putnam, of assorted varieties for himself, and the same number, like assorted for Nathaniel, David, William and John Pritchard each. Among the John Pritchard lot was one seedling tree, by mishap, which was a great bearer and good apple. My father having observed for many years, became satisfied that it was a valuable tree, grafted from it and named it the "Rome Beauty" (for Rome township) and offered it for sale among his nursery stock. It has become one of the most famous and valuable apples grown in any country. There are probably more Rome Beauty apples grown in the Mississippi valley than all others combined, and I believe this apple combines more good qualities as a market apple, than any other variety. Many years ago my father published the history of this wonderful apple in some agricultural journal, but, it was so long ago that few remember it, so it may not be amiss for me to mention the matter here.

The prices the pioneers of Lawrence county had to pay for merchandise, will surprise the people of this age. Heavy, coarse unbleached muslins sold at 25c to 35c per yard. Fine bleached muslins 30 to 50c per yard, the cheapest calicoes 30c per yard, better grades 40, 50 to 75c per yard; the prices of all other merchandise were in like proportion. The prices of farm products were extremely low. Corn 10 to 15c per bushel, potatoes 10c per bushel, wheat was not grown because there were no mills to grind it. Labor was as low as the productions of the farm, about 25c per day for common labor, and mechanical labor proportionately low. In those days, there were no idlers, all had to work to live. Each family had to manufacture its own clothing. Flax was grown on the farm and manufactured into linen for summer wear, table linen and towels. Each farmer had sheep,



the wool was carded, spun and wove in the house for winter wear and blankets. The hides from beef, sheep and veal were taken to the tanner, who gave half the leather to the farmer, who hired the shoemaker to come to the house each fall, and make shoes for the family for winter use; in summer the young people and children all went barefoot. No one wore ornaments, jewelry, or fine clothing; no one had luxuries and few had the common necessities of life. It was a desperate struggle these pioneers had against the forces of nature, for existence, for civilization, for empire. Tea and coffee were luxuries that few could afford to use in those days. My aunt McLaughlin, before mentioned in this paper, says "the first coffee I ever tasted was at the house of Mr. John Russell, which stood near what is now the northern boundary of the city of Huntington, and it was bought at the old Joe Gardner store in Guyandotte. The only sugar used then was made from the sugar maple tree. I have heard my father say that he and his brothers made in one week 755 lbs. of good maple sugar, from about 500 maple trees on my grandfather's farm. In those days there were no millinery shops, no dress-making establishments, and but few tailors; every mother made her own bonnets and clothing, as well as that of her family. The woman of today would die in a minute, if she had to do half as much work as her grandmother had to perform, and the man today would not survive as long if he had to carry the burdens his grandfather bore. But it is not necessary. Then there were no cooking stoves, washing machines, sewing machines, nor thousands of other conveniences for the house and kitchen, that have since been invented. Our grandfathers had to plow the ground with home-made wooden shovel plows, and cultivate their fields with the old-fashioned "Nigger Killer" hoe, made by the country blacksmith. Now we ride over our fields cleared and grubbed out by our fathers' hands on the splendid gang plow, on the thresher, the reaper, the cultivator. We do not have to pace across our fields with measured tread, sowing "broad cast" from a sack suspended to our shoulders; we mount the new-fangled "seeder" and whistle as we sow. Our grandfathers had to pound their corn in mortars, and when a boy, I had to go miles and miles away on horseback with a sack of grain "to mill." But these old-fashioned things have passed away and almost seem like forgotten dreams.

Eighty-one years ago, my grandfather had to travel by wagon from New York to the navigable waters of the Ohio, and down that river on a raft to his new home in Ohio, then a wilderness. Forty-five years ago, I left Ohio for Oregon, went as far as St. Joseph, Mo. by steamboat, the balance of the way 2000 miles, by ox team, through a country inhabited only by savages and wild beasts. Now that vast country is striped with railroads, dotted with cities and teeming with the fruits of civilization. The changes wrought within these eighty-one years upon this country, its conditions and people are so vast, that it bewilders the understanding to contemplate them, and defies human wisdom to compute.

P. W. GILLETTE.

Mr. GILLETTE's letter on Old Times is valuable. *editor.*



# RAVED DAYS OF OLD

## ILLETTE AGAIN TAKES UP HIS REMINISCENT PEN.

### Foundations of Today's Social Conditions in California Were Laid There Many Years Ago.

Do not forget the days of old, when all the world went hunting gold and came back in forty-nine. The state of California is 20 years older than Ohio, the first settlement having been made at San Diego in 1768, and people have lived in San Francisco longer than in the city of Cincinnati. The white population of California increased but little until 1845. Between 1843 and 1846 several thousand people emigrated from the States to California. She was yet a part of the republic of Mexico. The first white settlement in San Francisco was made in 1846, and she grew but little until 1848. The discovery of the accidental discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, in February, 1848, spread the news, though news traveled slowly, because there was no telegraph nor even regular mail route to this coast. Hence, it took some time to get news to confirm the report. Colonel Fremont, who was in California at the time, reported to President James K. Polk that there was gold enough in these mines to pay the entire Mexican war debt. This news spread the glorious news, and established the fact beyond a doubt. The discovery of gold, the population of the Pacific coast, San Diego to Alaska, numbered but a few thousand. The most of the country was wild and uninhabited, save by Indians; there was little of anything produced for sale, and no market for the surplus produced. Utter stagnation in business prevailed throughout the country. The people were a slow-going folk and had but little, and were satisfied with little, and being so remote from the centers of commerce and marts of trade, not anticipated any sudden or rapid development of this country. The increase of their herds gave them plenty of meat, and the generous soil gave them abundance of grain and vegetables for food. They led easy, quiet lives, the majority of which was only broken by an occasional "Indian trouble." But the announcement of this great discovery by President of the United States to Congress created the wildest excitement throughout this country, but the civilized world. Distance did not detract from the magnitude of this discovery, for, as the news sped on, it grew to become fabulous. I remember so well the exciting stories. They sounded like fairy tales exaggerated. Then began the mighty rush, the helter skelter, go-up-or-scramble, the never-to-be-forgotten "days of forty-nine."

When many went the isthmus route, some "round the Horn" on ocean main, and many thousands thought, no doubt, it were best to go across the plain. Hundreds of vessels of every description hastily fitted up, laden with merchandise, implements, food and passengers, and started on the long, tedious voyage around Cape Horn. In quest of the Eldorado. Steamships were dispatched in great haste to the Pacific to connect at Panama with steamers for New York, via the Caribbean sea. This soon resulted in the formation of the famous Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Tens of thousands of people started across the plains in all sorts of vehicles, drawn by teams of horses, oxen and mules, restless, expectant and eager to see and grasp the shining ore. Through ignorance of the needed articles and proper equipments for such a journey, all as want of experience in this mode of travel, thousands of their animals died in the desert, their wagons and carts and the cargoes had to be abandoned, and the occupants had to walk and carry the most needed articles on their backs. Many had to beg their way; the ships, privations and strain was so great that many were obliged to yield to the demand for rest, and lay them out by the weary road in eternal rest. It would take volumes to recount the sufferings, dangers, calamities, loss of life and property caused by this mad and reckless rush.

The price of transportation of freight and passengers either by the isthmus or around the Horn ran up enormously, yet the supply was entirely inadequate to the demand. Every vessel from Atlantic ports, bound for California, was filled to its utmost capacity, yet thousands could not get transportation. Every possible route that could lead to California was tried by this adventurous throng. I knew of a company of Ohio boys who went down to New Orleans, where they obtained passage to Vera Cruz, or some other Mexican port; there they purchased donkeys and traveled through Mexico to a Pacific port, where they found an old half seaworthy brig, which they chartered to take them to San Francisco. The war with Mexico had just closed, and the hatred of the Mexicans against the people of the United States was intense and bitter. There were about 25 of these young men, well armed and determined, but their dauntless courage and constant vigilance alone secured their safe passage through Mexico. Many forty-niners will remember the toilsome voyage across the isthmus of Darien, the trip up the Chagros river in canoe, or batteau, propelled by lazy halfbreeds; then on foot or donkeys' backs over muddy roads of almost unfathomable depths, scorched by blazing sun, the air foul with malaria; then the delay of days and days at the filthy little town among the dirty greasers.

All ranks, classes, grades and professions of people went. Among them were many of the most enterprising and substantial business men of the country. Large numbers of them were men possessed with the strongest desire to obtain wealth at all hazards; men of great greed. Next in numbers were the gamblers and roughs, while the whole was intermixed with people of every class and kind. Shiploads soon came from China. All the nations of Europe and South America poured in their thousands. Large numbers of the sturdy pioneers of Oregon were aroused into surprising activity by the thrilling news, and hastily harnessed up their teams and rolled out for the mines, not unfrequently haying to fight their way through the hostile tribes of Rogue river and Shasta Indians, often having to survey, construct and repair roads. But these were small obstacles in the way of such determined purpose.

Up to the time of the discovery of gold, California was plodding along in her usual quiet way. Almost instantly she was electrified. It came like a cyclone; like an irresistible deluge, flooding the country with myriads of men armed with picks, pans, shovels and rockers. Men were rushing everywhere, exploring river beds and bars, valleys, mountains and plains, prospecting, hunting, finding and satiating their greed for gold. San Francisco bay and the Sacramento river, so seldom visited by ships, were soon thronged with steamers and vessels of every description. Puffing steam and snow-white sails might be seen everywhere. Towns grew up in a day, and saloons, gambling houses and restaurants sprang up like mushrooms. San Francisco—well, to say she grew, would not express it. Within a few months she jumped from a quiet little village into an important, busy, bustling city; a great mart of trade, with immense wholesale and retail houses, hotels, banks and ships from every port.

The human mind can scarcely grasp the growth, activity and amazing energy of this most wonderful country. Within 20 months from the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, California had a sufficient

population to entitle her to statehood, had assembled a convention, passed and adopted a constitution. The constitution adopted declared that slavery should never exist in the new state. J. C. Fremont and William M. Gwynne were chosen United States senators, and carried the new constitution to Washington and applied to congress for admission as a free state. Immediately the ever-aggressive and grasping slave power objected to the admission of California as a free state. Long and angry debates ensued, the Southern members declaring that if congress admitted California as a free state the South would destroy the Union. Kentucky's great orator and peacemaker, Henry Clay, at once introduced a "compromise measure," which finally grew into what was known as the "omnibus bill," making great concessions to the South. Yet they were not satisfied. The omnibus bill failed to pass, but compromise measures were agreed upon, and on September 9, 1850, California was admitted into the Union as a free state. Almost immediately the infamous fugitive slave bill was passed, as one of the compromises with the slave power for the admission of another free state. So the discovery of gold in California

gains. It invaded congress, aroused an old and bitter feud which was only settled by the most skillful management of such statesmen as Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

The changes wrought by the opening of these mines in California, and Oregon as well, was marvelous in the extreme. From a bare living condition, the people sprang into a state of plenty and affluence. Homespun and buckskin suits were cast aside, tables, lean in crockery, cutlery and tinware and plain in food, soon showed marks of better times. Home-made chairs and furniture gave place to goods from the best of factories; sewing machines, pianos and other articles of use and ornament soon adorned thousands of homes. New houses were erected, pleasure carriages became common, and a general air of thrift pervaded the country. In both Oregon and California those who remained at home were benefited as much as those who went to the mines, on account of the ready sale, at enormous prices, of all products of the farm, herd or shop. Lumber, shingles, meats, grain, fruits and all sorts of vegetables went up to fabulous prices.

Labor, common and skilled, went up to many times the price it had ever reached in any part of the United States. From 1849 to 1851, mechanics got from \$8 to \$10 per day in the mining regions and San Francisco; common labor, \$4 to \$8, and often more. In those days the price of food at times was incalculable. Potatoes, during those years, sold all the time at \$6 to \$8 per bushel. In 1850, seed potatoes in Oregon were worth \$8 per bushel. A gentleman informed me that he heard a farmer, who lived near St. Helens, on the Columbia river, say that whenever potatoes would not sell for \$3 per bushel, it would not pay to raise them. Now they are pretty well satisfied with 25 cents per bushel. In order to show the difference of the conditions between the Middle West and this coast, it may not be amiss to contrast the prices in Oregon, in 1852, with those in Ohio the previous year. In the summer of 1851, I raised 2500 bushels of potatoes on my father's farm which I sold at 18 cents per bushel; got 18 cents for the corn, and 50 cents per bushel for the wheat I grew, and paid \$2 per month for the labor to cultivate and harvest the crop. Butter was only worth 6 to 8 cents per pound, eggs 3 to 5 cents per dozen, and the best quality of winter apples 80 cents per barrel, the barrel included. The following year, in Oregon, wheat sold at \$5 per bushel, oats \$2.50 to \$3; potatoes, \$2 to \$2.50 per bushel; small seedling apples were sold on the trees at \$8 per bushel, the buyer picking, boxing and shipping them at his own expense; good grafted apples brought more than four times that price in San Francisco.

Of course, "times were good," everybody had money, and a good time. But such prices stimulated and increased production, which, as a matter of course, soon began to reduce prices. Within a few years the values of farm products came down to about what they ought to be. Then many of the farmers, so long pampered by such exorbitant prices, neglected their farms and sat down to wait for the "good old times," that never returned.

Thousands of fine apple orchards, that had been kept in the highest state of cultivation, and which had made Oregon famous as the "land of big red apples and pretty girls," were neglected and allowed to go to utter ruin, and tens of thousands of bushels of fruit was left to rot on the ground because it would not sell for or near old-time prices. All enjoyed the high prices and good times, but only the wise were permanently benefited, and they are always in the minority.

The sudden assemblage in 1849 and a few succeeding years of so vast a multitude of people from all parts of the world, so largely mixed with gamblers, roughs, lawbreakers and reckless characters, soon resulted in lawlessness, outrage and crime, so flagrant and common that it became quite unbearable, especially in San Francisco. In 1851, disorder and outlaws became so rampant there, that if it did not control the arm of the law and permeate the court, it rose above their reach and control. Life was unsafe, property could not be protected, lawlessness ran riot to such an extent that the business men and the determined law-and-order people of the city found it was absolutely necessary to resort to some extreme and vigorous measure to preserve order and make life and property secure.

They secretly organized the famous "vigilance committee," which summarily arrested, tried, convicted, hanged, imprisoned or banished criminals in such a fearless, resolute manner, giving each culprit a fair and impartial trial, that it soon overawed the lawbreakers, and restored order. This vigilance committee, composed of men of great courage and deter-

having accomplished the object for which it was organized, it resigned its power to the civil authorities and closed its remarkable and beneficial career.

I remember well, in the winter of 1854 or 1855, the San Francisco steamer came into Astoria, when the Columbia river was frozen so that she could not proceed to Portland, but returned, leaving her passengers at Astoria, where they had to remain until the river was cleared of ice. Among them were several prominent "gentlemen" and politicians, who had departed suddenly from San Francisco to avoid a very serious and unpleasant meeting with that imperious committee. If the old adage, "blood will tell" be true, it is not surprising that California supports such newspapers as the Examiner, nor that San Francisco is befouled by such notorious church scandals, and produces such characters as Durrant. The vigilance committee did a noble work, but it could only check and punish crime; it could not demolish or purify the bad blood so largely commingled with the good blood in the formation of this wonderful and heterogeneous people. I make not this remark to slur a neighbor state. It is simple fact for a curious and interesting study of human nature.

P. W. GILLETTE,

Portland, April 6, 1897

In 1894, I built a comfortable Cottage at Long Beach, where we could go for a change of climate, and get the pure healthful sea air. I bought a block of land 350 feet long by 200 feet in width, giving us room for a house, yard, garden, stable, meadow and park. I sowed some of the Joerg trees in the yard, and

many of them in the Park. In the Park, I intend to have a variety of trees including what all boys like. The meadow is large enough to make hay for the horse during our stay of 2 to 4 months. I have given my garden in fine condition, and grow all the vegetables we can use as well as plenty of gooseberries, currants & Raspberries as we want.



# OUR PIONEER DAYS

## MINISCENCES OF TIMES AND CONDITIONS AT EARLY PORTLAND.

Mass of Interesting Detail, Com-  
piled by One Who Saw Portland  
Forty-Five Years Ago.

PORTLAND, Feb. 24, 1897.—(To the Ed-  
itor.)—Cities in the Mississippi valley grew  
much faster than those on the Atlantic  
coast, because the country surrounding  
it is so vast and so exceedingly fertile.  
St. Louis is the oldest city west of Pitts-  
burg, save New Orleans, and though only  
about 149 years old, has a population of  
200,000. Cincinnati is 104 years old and has  
120,000; St. Paul and Minneapolis, still  
much younger, together contain over 300,000;  
Chicago, the marvel of all cities in any coun-  
try or in any age, has a population of  
1,600,000, although she is but 67 years  
old. Cities west of the Rocky mountains  
had a slower growth on account of the  
distance from the great hive of popu-  
lation, and the enormous cost of transpor-  
tation. San Francisco is the exception.  
It was the outgrowth of the unprecedented  
rush to the gold fields of California in 1849  
succeeding years, which made her the  
business center of the entire Pacific coast  
a long time. As soon as good roads  
crossed the Alleghany mountains gave  
cheap and speedy transportation, immigra-  
tion poured into the Mississippi valley like  
an irresistible flood, building up populous  
cities and cities almost like magic. But  
the road to the Pacific states, across the  
great plains was so long and toilsome,  
for many years so dangerous that but  
few dared to start, and after railroads were  
constructed the cost of transportation was  
great that not many could afford to  
make the journey, so the growth of out-  
post cities has been comparatively  
slow. Portland is now 52 years old and has  
an average yearly gain in population  
a little more than 1558 each year, esti-  
mating her present population at 80,000, and  
believing it exceeds that.

It might interest the newcomers in the  
city to hear how Portland looked, and was,  
in her early days. When William Sherlock  
reached Portland in the fall of 1850, he  
landed under a large fir tree on the block  
now the "Knapp-Burrell" store now  
is. Soon after he moved into a small  
schoolhouse, which stood on the cor-  
ner of Second and Oak streets. Mr. Sher-  
lock says he could fall a tree into his yard  
and thus have his wood delivered at his  
door free of cost. In 1844, all of Oregon  
north of the Columbia had only a population  
of about 2150. In 1849 Portland's population  
numbered about 100. In 1851, she had grown  
to 100. I saw it first in the fall of 1852,  
when her people were estimated at 700 or  
800. Then she had a brisk, busy air, and  
something of the smack of a city. At that  
time, the tall, dark forest almost over-  
shadowed the little town. But little land  
had been cleared back of Third street, and in  
many places the timber reached quite down  
to Second street, and even to First, and  
then up to the river bank. There were  
improved streets, no pavements of any  
kind, and but few sidewalks; none of the  
streets were free from stumps. That year  
Portland had her first very large immigra-  
tion. I saw many of the newly arrived  
earning their first money in Oregon  
cutting cordwood along and hear the  
river bank south of Jefferson street. Where  
Hotel Portland, the Marquam and the  
other buildings now stand was a jun-  
gle of partially cleared land, covered with  
logs, trees, logs and stumps. No Port-  
land could then have been made to be-  
lieve that within a few years such struc-  
tures as these, costing from \$300,000 to \$500,-  
000 each, would ever be erected here. Some-  
one suggested that I ought to go out and  
see "The Academy," which had just been  
built, and was the pride of the town. Some-  
one about Morrison and Third streets I  
saw a wagon road leading in a south-  
westerly direction; following its zig-zag  
course through fallen trees and brush, I  
found the academy. It looked large  
and all alone in the woods. That old  
building, with its small windows of 10x12  
feet, still stands on the same block—a  
small, humble building now—used for a  
stable. On my way out I crossed quite a  
ravine at or near Third and Salmon  
streets, and I remember the Plaza blocks  
rough, uneven ground, and that there  
was a small dwelling-house on the block  
now the courthouse now stands, and  
that there were no houses back of that.  
The western part of the Couch claim, now  
a Nob hill, and the fine residence dis-

All of the stores, and business of every  
sort, were on Front street, and there were  
but few people living back of Third street.  
I stayed at the "Carter house," a small  
frame building on the northwest corner of  
Front and Washington streets, kept by one  
Colonel Gordon. He was a splendid land-  
lord. Just as the meal was ready, the col-  
onel entered the dining-room with a sort  
of taking flourish, and with a clear ringing  
voice and elegant manner, announced the  
bill of fare. Colonel Gordon did not re-  
main long in Portland. It soon leaked out  
that he was General Hinton, the celebra-  
ted mailrobber from Northern Ohio, for  
whose arrest the United States govern-  
ment was offering a large reward. He  
quietly disappeared, and was last heard  
of in the Sandwich islands. The "Canton  
house," the largest building in Portland,  
stood on the northeast corner of Front  
and Washington. It was built by Stephen  
Coffin for a hotel, and was at that time  
vacant, but afterward became the "Amer-  
ican Exchange hotel." It now stands on  
the bank of the river, at the foot of Jef-  
ferson street, a monument of history.

At that time there were only about three  
steamboats on the Columbia and Willamette  
rivers below the falls at Oregon City. The  
Eagle ran between Oregon City and Port-  
land; the Lot Whitcomb between Milwau-  
kie and Astoria, and some small boat from  
Portland to the Cascades, when there was  
anything for her to do. Portland had one  
newspaper, "The Weekly Oregonian," is-  
sued first on December 4, 1850. It has  
grown with the state and the city, and now  
ranks with the very best newspapers in the  
United States. The history of Oregon and  
that of The Oregonian are closely linked  
together. Then there was a semi-monthly  
steamer running between here and San  
Francisco, carrying the United States mail,  
the only and all the mails Portland had  
from the outside world. She also had a  
weekly mail from Puget sound and the  
Willamette valley. At that time, the mails  
by the California steamer were distributed  
at Astoria.

Portland took her first start in 1850, when  
the Oregonians began to return from the  
gold mines in California with well-filled  
purses. The great swarm of goldseekers  
in California made a sharp demand for all  
sorts of farm produce, fruits, vegetables,  
grain, flour, lumber, etc., and created an  
era of most surpassing prosperity through-  
out Oregon. Everything, including labor,  
went up to fabulous prices; but the popula-  
tion was small, and so many of the men  
went to the mines that there was but little  
produced here to sell.

Portland had many rivals in her early  
days and a continuous struggle for supre-  
macy. Astoria, Vancouver and Oregon City  
were many years her senior in age. Mil-  
waukie, Milton, St. Helens and Rainier  
sprang up and all were rivals. Oregon  
City had an established trade with the great  
valley, had the first newspaper, "The Spec-  
tator," and was the seat of government.  
Milwaukie had the second newspaper, "The  
Western Star," and built a fine steamboat,  
the Lot Whitcomb. Milton had at one  
time in 1851 five ships discharging and re-  
ceiving cargoes at her docks. The Pacific  
Mail Steamship Company ignored Port-  
land, built a large wharf and warehouse  
at St. Helens and refused to send their  
steamers to Portland. Rainier set up her  
claim as being nearer the sea, and at the  
point where the trade and travel to Puget  
sound diverged. Astoria claimed she was  
"in the right place," and all the fates  
could not keep her from being the great  
city. But Oregon City gave it up and  
settled down as the "Village at the falls,"  
with a future. Milwaukie sold her new-  
paper in Portland and sent her steamboat  
to California. Milton is a thing of the  
past, and is almost forgotten. The Pacific  
Mail Steamship Company changed its  
mind and sent its ships to Portland, and  
St. Helens gave up the fight; Rainier had  
to be satisfied with being the half-way  
place between Astoria and Portland. Van-  
couver got the barracks and grew into a  
flourishing country town. Astoria, over-  
whelmed in wealth, population and enter-  
prise more than 10 to 1, still proclaims to  
the world that "she is in the right place,"  
and her final success is only a question of  
time. Front street remained the principal  
business street for years, but as business  
grew, it spread to First street, and that  
street soon took the lead, and became the  
center of retail business, and many believed  
would always remain the fashionable re-  
tail street; but fashion is fickle, and has  
forever deserted First street. Mr. John  
Wilson, one of Portland's early and suc-  
cessful merchants, claims that the firm of  
Wilson & Wakefield in 1858 took out the  
first insurance policy ever taken in Port-  
land. The rate paid was 10 per cent.

In August, 1857, one William Bliss brought  
here from the apiary of William Buck, of

Helens, and two or three other parties in  
that vicinity, took one hive each, and were  
ridiculed by their friends for paying such an  
unreasonable price. But Mr. Blanchard  
says: "We turned the joke on them next  
year, for our bees increased wonderfully,  
and made lots of honey, which sold readily  
for \$1.25 per pound. Our success made a  
great demand for bees, and the next spring  
I was offered \$600 for my three stands,  
and I think Mr. Bozarth sold one or more  
at \$250 per stand." T. J. Dryer, and two  
or three other persons in Portland bought  
bees of this first importation.

It may not be amiss to mention the li-  
brary of Mr. John Wilson, as it is doubtless  
one of the best, if not the best, private  
library on the Pacific coast, and there are  
not many better in the United States. It  
contains 8000 volumes, among which are no  
books of fiction. It contains many rare old  
books of great value, among which are  
several old hand-made books, written on  
vellum before the art of printing was dis-  
covered. One from the library of Sir Isaac  
Newton, with his autograph; one from the  
library of Queen Elizabeth, with the royal  
coat of arms, and many others of great  
value on account of their antiquity and  
former ownership.

Mr. Reuben Weeks, in 1865, opened the  
first store on Third street. Many of his  
friends assured him that he could not do  
any business so far back, and some said  
that was too near town for a "country  
store." R. Porter fitted up an old building  
on the northwest corner of Third and Mor-  
rison streets for him. It had been used as  
a schoolhouse, and later as a Presbyterian  
church. Mr. Weeks remained there 14  
years. Now Third is the street. The Fail-  
ing family lived for many years in a small  
frame house that still stands on First street,  
between Stark and Oak. When Dr. R. B.  
Wilson built his residence on the block  
where the umby house now stands, one of  
the carpenters, who still lives in this city,  
informed me that it was necessary to blaze  
the way through the woods to help them  
find the place. When W. S. Ladd built the  
Ladd residence, there were no improved  
streets near it, nor were there any made  
there for many years. As late as 1867, when  
I came to Portland to live, there were but  
two streets sidewalked to Park street,  
and there were but 11 houses in all the city  
back of that street, and fully half of the  
city that is now thickly built up, was then in  
the woods, and much of it densely tim-  
bered.

Mr. C. P. Bacon, in 1855, paid \$1000 for the  
half-block of land on which the Chamber  
of Commerce now stands. In 1892 he sold it  
for \$175,000. Some time in the early '50s  
D. H. Lowsdale offered to sell to Sher-  
lock & Bacon the block on which the Ar-  
lington Club building and the "Selling  
block" now stand for a span of work horses  
and a wagon worth then about \$600. Mr.  
Lowsdale escorted them out through the  
woods to show the land; after seeing the  
location, Mr. Bacon declined to make the  
trade, remarking that he did not wish "to  
buy town lots away out in Washington  
county." This block is considerably less  
than a half mile from the river, and but a  
few years ago three-fourths of this block  
was sold for \$100,000. I mention these things  
to show the remarkable increase in values  
in a thrifty and growing city. Of Portland's  
great wholesale and retail houses, her  
banks, her splendid electric street-car sys-  
tem and her great transportation com-  
panies that have been so successful and so  
beneficial to the whole state, I need not  
write, as they are already so well known.  
Nor of her public school buildings and  
schools, which are equal or superior to those  
in cities more than twice her size.

When one goes to Puget sound every-  
body that he meets will tell him that  
"Puget sound is the finest body of water  
in the world." Portlanders can truthfully  
say to all who come here that her  
water system is equal to the best,  
and her water flowing direct from the  
perpetual snows of Mount Hood can  
be excelled by none. Portland pays  
40 per cent of the entire state tax,  
doubtless far more than her share. She  
has the greater portion of the enterprise  
and public spirit of the state, and has  
done more to advance the general interest  
and prosperity of the state than all of the  
balance combined. In 1878 the legislature  
passed an act creating a board of immi-  
gration but did not provide a dollar for  
its support. The citizens of Portland vol-  
untarily contributed \$25,000 or \$30,000, and  
kept it running several years, advertising  
the state and distributing many thousands  
of pamphlets. After this fund was ex-  
pended, a single individual continued the  
work for several years answering all in-  
quiries and supplying information at his  
own expense. In 1888, the people of Port-  
land, business men and corporations sub-  
scribed \$25,000; in 1889, \$32,000; in 1890, \$38,-  
000; in 1891, \$41,000; in 1892, \$19,000; in 1893,  
\$8050; in 1894, \$2800, and in 1896, \$12,000 for  
this purpose all of which was honestly  
and judiciously expended. This was not



pended the thousandth part of this sum for that purpose. At the request of Portland, the legislature enacted a law creating the Port of Portland, empowering her to tax her people to raise funds to deepen and keep open the river channel to the sea. This she has accomplished, and now maintains a channel of 22 feet depth at low tide, and expects soon to attain a depth of 25 feet. This does not benefit Portland alone, but the entire Columbia and Willamette valleys are equally benefited in their commercial relation with the outside world, through the Columbia river. This self-imposed tax has already reached the enormous sum of \$400,000 to \$500,000.

For many years after Oregon began to produce a surplus of wool, grain, fish, and, in fact, everything, it was transported to San Francisco and from there sent out to the markets of the world as the productions of California. This state of trade continued down until 1870. On October 8 of that year, the Norwegian bark Lovied, O. Olsen, master, cleared from the Portland custom-house for Queenstown and Falmouth, England, with 24,592 bushels of wheat valued at \$24,591. Six days later she cleared from the Astoria custom-house. This was the first cargo ever shipped directly from here to Europe; the beginning of a great trade, the declaration of our independence of San Francisco and the breaking away from her clutches and blighting influence.

Portland has now reached a stage that makes it absolutely necessary that she must enlarge and establish more factories to give employment to her increasing population, which is already too great. Her people can no longer depend upon store-keeping and trade, house and store building, rentcollecting and banking. It is time that capitalists, property-owners, merchants and bankers should take warning that unless they speedily adopt some means to give profitable employment to her laborers and mechanics their goods mold on the shelves for want of buyers and gold rust in the vault for want of borrowers. Portland must solve this problem soon or go into decline.

P. W. GILLETTE.

**PUBLIC MARKET PLACES.**

**Establishment of One or More in Portland Favored.**

PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(To the Editor.)—As the lease on block 132 is soon to expire and the unsightly old Exposition building is to be torn down and removed, it would seem to be a proper time to begin to consider what use should be made of the ground. Colonel W. W. Chapman gave this block to Portland to be used as a public market place. He foresaw that Portland would soon need a public market, and generously donated this ground to the people of Portland for that express purpose. Why, therefore, should not the wishes of this generous donor be carried out? There is nothing that Portland needs so much, and that would give such positive and immediate benefit to her people as a commodious market house.

There is perhaps no city of the size and importance of Portland that has no public market. Captain A. P. Ankeny once built a small market-house in the city, but it was a failure, because it was started and conducted on the wrong plan. It was built for revenue and profit to the owner. A market-house must be free, or as nearly free as possible to all. The farm, orchard, garden and poultry-yard should have the freest access to the consumer. As this trade is now carried on here, if the farmer brings in a load of his stuff to sell and should chance to call at your house and ask if you would like to buy of him, the answer would generally be, "No, we have just given our order" to the grocer, the butcher or poultryman, as the case might be. The farmer then has to sell to the jobber at his own price, while he, in turn, sells to you at a profit.

Our meat shops all have open fronts, are screened or partially screened, but upon examination it will generally be found that the meat is covered with flies, and in dry weather is always salted and peppered with vile street dust. Our vegetables and fruits, dates, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, cherries, grapes and all sorts of fruits usually sold by the grocer or fruit vender are exposed for sale in the open store doorways and windows, or on low benches or boxes on the sidewalk, where they may be and often are befouled by passing dogs, and are constantly sprinkled with street dust, made up of the sweepings from stores, saloons and brothels, mixed with the droppings of animals and the excretions of thousands of human beings, all dried, compressed together and ground into dust by the tread of feet and breath

tables that we are obliged to buy and eat. Is it any wonder that fatal contagious diseases and sickness so often come among us?

Nor is this the only objection to the manner in which our fruits and vegetables are handled. They are allowed to lay for days and days in the open doorways and on benches on the sidewalks, not only exposed to the street dust, but also to the scorching sun and drying air until they wilt, wither, die, lose their crispness and tenderness, their juices and delicious flavor, become tasteless, unhealthful and unfit to eat. The vegetables and fruits carried around from house to house by Chinese are no better. They are often refuse stuff that the grocer refuses to buy; then they are assorted, turned, handled, fingered and pinched by every kitchen girl or cook on the peddler's route, until they are about worn out. Such is the stuff we have to eat. Have we used it so long that we are satisfied with it, that we do not care to change for the better? Can we prefer stale, wilted, pithy vegetables and fruits to those so fresh, tender and delicious, picked from the stems only 12 hours previously?

Only a few years ago I had an opportunity of visiting the old Third street market in the city of Cincinnati, and was so much impressed with the importance and benefits of public markets that I have ever since intended to agitate the

subject here. That old market-house is not large enough to accommodate the portion of the city, but the city authorities allow the country people to use a part of the streets a few hours each day. By daylight, each market day, the five or six blocks nearest the market-house are surrounded by wagons from the country backed in to the curb as closely as they can stand, all laden with the choicest products of the orchard, garden and farm, all sorts of fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry meat and game, just as fresh, tender and delicious as the most expert growers can produce. In dusty weather, the streets where those wagons stand are thoroughly swept and sprinkled late the morning before to avoid filth and dust. These wagons are required to vacate the street by 9 o'clock in the morning. Tens of thousands of people go there each market day to buy their supplies. All classes, high and low, rich and poor, go to market. The richest ladies in the city, with their fine carriages, drive there, select what they want and take it with them. But most of the people go with their baskets and choose from the hundreds of wagons what they want. You will see nothing poor or unsalable offered for sale. There is such a vast number of competitors for the trade and all side by side that an inferior article would find no buyer.

Could the people of Portland see this magnificent display of cheap, wholesome, delicious food and contrast it with the wilted, filthy, unpalatable trash they have to eat, they would arise en masse and demand commodious public market places. This is a matter of the most vital importance to every inhabitant of Portland. It is their natural right to have the freest access to those who produce and sell their everyday food, that they may get it cheap, clean and wholesome. The people of Portland can no longer afford to put up with this manner of obtaining food. It matters very little to the \$0.000 people of Portland if the adoption of this public market system should cause a few dozen dealers to seek some other business. It is the unquestionable duty of the city to render the greatest possible good to the greatest number. Let the city provide market places where the consumer can get his vegetables, fruits, etc., direct from the producer, that they may no longer be compelled to support a gang of middlemen, pay their shop rent and delivery wagon expenses. These middlemen take so little pains to provide the public with fresh, clean, wholesome food that the public owes them but little consideration.

Portland needs several market-houses. They need not be expensive; large sheds with concrete floors or pavements are all that is needed. Let the city convert the old Exposition block into a market place, and others will follow. It will take time to change our old system of trade, but it will and ought to come soon. It will probably be necessary for the city government to investigate the subject by studying the market systems of different cities, so as to be able to adopt the best possible plan. P. W. GILLETTE.

**MILK TRUST AT THE SEASIDE**

**Charge Portlanders, Who Made Prosperity, More Than Home Folks.**

LONG BEACH, Wash., July 12.—(To the Editor.)—Not more than one-third of the cottages are occupied, although the sea air is as clean and healing as ever, and the weather is delightful. As yet, there are but few at the hotels and boarding-houses, and the permanent residents here, who live principally off the summer visitor, begin to look pretty blue, and seem to suspect that summer visitors are an unreliable and uncertain lot.

I find that "combinations," crushing monopolies and trusts are not confined to New Jersey alone. They have even found their way clear out to the Pacific ocean. There is a new one here on Long Beach, gotten up to fleece the unsuspecting seaside visitors. It is a "milk trust," binding all vendors of milk to sell no milk to outsiders for less than 35 cents per gallon, and to no permanent residents for less than 25 cents per gallon. That is, the people of Portland, who have built up this place, and who have supported this people for years by their patronage, must pay nearly a third more for milk than the people of Ilwaco, and the permanent residents of Long Beach.

Aesop relates that a farmer found under a hedge a serpent, almost dead from cold. Touched by compassion, the kind-hearted farmer took it in and warmed it by the fire; but no sooner was it restored to health and strength than it raised its head and attempted to bite its benefactor. I need not recite Aesop's moral.

It is only a few years since this beach, from and including Ilwaco to Oysterville, contained but three or four families. Their land was unsalable, and would not bring more than \$2 to \$2.50 per acre. The people of Portland finally chose it for one of their summer resorts. They bought land, built cottages and made many improvements, which increased the value of the land along the beach from twenty to a hundred fold, and helped to build up and support the town of Ilwaco. It also brought here quite a considerable permanent population, all of whom live from the patronage of the people of Portland. But now these people have become too greedy. They wish to make those who have given so much value to their lands, and who afford them almost their entire support, pay unjust and unreasonable prices for their productions.

But this combination was not made by the free and unanimous consent of all the people of Long Beach. It was gotten up by two or three persons—persons who have received the lion's share of the patronage of the people of Portland—pets as it were, of Portlanders, and a noble lot of pets! If all summer visitors were rich, it would make but little difference, but many who come here are poor—come with their little ones and their sick, and are not able to pay extortionate prices, nor should they be made to do so. Now I can only suggest to all milk lovers to bring their cows with them. If they have no cows, bring plenty of condensed milk or stay at home.

I have often heard the people of Long Beach spoken of as "beach pirates," and in every case have taken pains to defend them against such charges; but if they choose to resort to extortion, I shall no longer trouble myself in their defense.

P. W. GILLETTE.

*August 20<sup>th</sup> 1898*



# First White Man Who Saw the Willamette River—The Begin- nings of Portland.

—1897

AND, Feb. 10.—(To the Editor.)—  
angular fact that Lewis and Clark,  
great exploring expedition across  
continent in the year 1805, should have  
down the Columbia river to the sea  
finding the Willamette river,  
it is the second largest branch of  
Columbia. And it is more remarkable  
it should have passed it by on their  
the following spring without dis-  
it.

happened that the want of food com-  
to camp at or near the mouth  
Columbia river, about 18 or 20 miles  
the mouth of the Willamette, to  
lay in a supply of food to last  
until they reached the game country  
the Cascade mountains. There  
with an intelligent Indian, who  
them that a large river, the  
mah," (this was the Indian name  
Willamette), which flowed from the  
and emptied into the Columbia, was  
few miles away. A present of a  
beads induced the Indian to guide  
Clark to the river, which they  
did. He ascended the river six or  
eight miles, making frequent soundings.  
report says: "It is deep enough  
for the largest ships. \* \* \*  
regular, gentle current, the  
smoothness and uniformity  
which it rolls its vast body  
proves that its supplies are  
distant and regular; nor, judging  
appearance and course is it rash  
to think that the Mulnomah and its  
streams water the vast extent  
between the Western (Cascade)  
peaks and those of the sea coast, as  
rapids, as the waters of the Gulf  
of Mexico. Of course, he was mis-  
to length.

time Ohio was the most westerly  
and she had only been a state four  
years. From the Mississippi river to the  
ocean lay a vast wilderness, whose  
had never been disturbed by the  
busy civilization, and which was  
wholly unexplored and unknown—  
only of savages and wild beasts.  
William Clark was the first white  
man to enter the Willamette river.  
if he imagined that, by the be-  
ginning of the 20th century, this beautiful  
valley would have become an established  
center of commerce, traversed by ships  
laden with merchandise from  
all quarters, returning with cargoes of the  
products of its extensive and fertile valley;  
that, the emporium of the great  
west, with a population of 100,000,  
had been created within four miles of  
the coast; that the shores of the  
Pacific would be bound to  
carry bands of steel, carrying pas-  
sengers from ocean to ocean in six days,  
and that his party over two years of  
time would make the voyage. Perhaps not,  
but it is true.

ing forward, this great change must  
be deemed to come slowly; but looking  
back, it seems to have come like a  
sudden tempest. At that time the popu-  
lation of the United States did not exceed  
10,000,000.

Now it is over 70,000,000.  
exceedingly interesting to study the  
growth of a nation, state or even a city.  
beginnings are always small, and  
growth usually slow. Such was  
the case with our own city of Portland.  
In November, 1843, A. L. Lovejoy and a  
partner named Overton staked off a  
tract of 640 acres, which was the first  
city of Portland. It extended from  
the river line on the north to the Caruth-  
ers' lands on the south, and to the King  
arter lands on the west. Overton  
was bought by Lovejoy, but took a half-  
interest. In the claim in favor of his wages,  
the latter part of 1844 he sold his in-  
terest to F. W. Pettygrove for \$50. Some  
time during the winter of 1844 the first log  
was erected on this claim. In July,  
1845, Lovejoy and Pettygrove laid out and  
divided into 16 blocks.

In the year they erected a small frame  
building at the foot of Washington  
street, about the southwest corner of  
Washington and Front streets. This was  
the city's first business venture. In the  
year 1845 Lovejoy disposed of his inter-  
est in Portland to Benjamin Stark. About  
the same time D. H. Lowndale located what  
was known as the A. N. King claim and  
erected a small tannery in the creek bot-  
tom near the west end of Morrison  
street and this gave Tanner creek its  
name and made Mr. Lowndale the first  
tanner in Portland, and probably  
the first manufacturer of leather in the  
west.

storing his pay in tanned leather. This  
sale included the first wharf, built at the  
foot of Washington street by Pettygrove  
in 1846. Previous to 1846 the early settlers  
bought and sold lots and lands among  
themselves, although there was no owner-  
ship or legal title possible, as the whole  
country was in dispute, Great Britain and  
the United States both claiming it. Nor  
was there any title or real ownership to  
land until after the enactment of the do-  
nation land law, in 1850, and not then un-  
til the fulfillment of the law by actual  
occupancy of four years by each claimant.

In 1845, Captain William H. Couch staked  
off his claim, joining the Lowndale  
claim on the north, but did nothing with  
it until about 1849, when he laid off a por-  
tion of it into town lots. Next to the  
Lowndale claim, the Couch is the most  
important and valuable portion of the city.  
Lowndale in 1849 sold half his claim to  
Stephen Coffin, and the two, later, sold a  
portion to Colonel W. W. Chapman. Ben-  
jamin Stark, returning from the East,  
claimed a part of the land on account of  
his purchase from Lovejoy. He was given  
the small triangle between Stark and A.  
streets. So the old original Portland had,  
in 1851, four owners. Finice Caruthers  
bought what is known as Caruthers' ad-  
dition of a man named Johnson, who was  
the first white man who lived in the  
present limits of the city of Portland.

When Captain John H. Couch came into  
the Columbia and Willamette rivers in the  
spring of 1843, with the brig Chenamus,  
William L. Higgins, now a resident of  
this city, was with him as ship's carpen-  
ter. Mr. Higgins informs me that John-  
son, who had an Indian wife, and several  
children, was living in a seemingly old  
log cabin on a spot that is now in block  
137, Caruthers' addition, just east of Mil-  
ton W. Smith's residence, on Curry street.  
Johnson was an Englishman. He  
kept whisky for sale in a small "lean-  
to" at the south end of his cabin. The  
brig Chenamus remained at anchor for  
three or four months near the foot of Ross  
island, during which time they saw much  
of Johnson. He told Mr. Higgins his his-  
tory. He had deserted from a British  
man-of-war at Halifax, prior to 1812, and  
enlisted in the United States navy, and  
was on the warship Constitution when she  
had her famous fight with and totally de-  
stroyed the British frigate Guerriere, Au-  
gust 19, 1812. Later he turned hunter and  
trapper, and went into the service of the  
Hudson Bay Company, took an Indian  
wife and settled on the bank of the Wil-  
lamette. Mr. Higgins thinks the cabin  
must have been several years old when he  
first saw it. When J. H. McMillen came to  
Oregon in the fall of 1845, he stopped over  
night with Johnson in this same old cabin.  
But Johnson disappeared and did not get  
the benefit of the donation law.

It may interest many to know what de-  
tained Captain Couch three or four months  
with the brig Chenamus. He had a store  
at Oregon City, and a salmon warehouse  
at Squamaqua, down the Columbia, and  
the Indians at each of those places fur-  
nished him great quantities of salmon.  
The ship's boats were kept constantly ply-  
ing between these points bringing salmon,  
which was packed in barrels brought out  
for that purpose. Captain Couch brought  
with him a cargo of goods and trinkets  
which he bartered to the Indians for sal-  
mon, furs and skins. It was all trade in  
those days. There was no money in cir-  
culation here at that time.

Mr. Higgins remembers that it took  
lots of pluck and muscle to pull one of  
those old-fashioned, blunt-bowed clumsy  
ship's boats up stream against a Colum-  
bia river June fresher, heavily laden with  
fish. On his way down the river Captain  
Couch anchored near St. Helens and went  
in a small boat up to Seappoose plain,  
now in Columbia county, and bought two  
fat beef steers of Mr. McKay, an old  
Hudson Bay man, the father of the well-  
known "Billy McKay," who had a fine  
band of cattle at that early day.

In 1844, James B. Stephens came to Ore-  
gon, and bought a man off the original  
East Portland claim, and during the fol-  
lowing year built a pretty good log house.  
In 1845, Thomas Stephens took up his  
claim, now Fulton and Southern Portland.  
During the same year James Terwilliger  
staked off his claim, next south of Car-  
uthers' addition. Later on G. Tibbells,  
Clinton Kelly, Seldon Murray, Jacob  
Wheeler and J. Delay took up claims  
that now form a part of the city on the  
East Side. D. Ralen, William Black-  
stone and P. Guild made their claims in  
the northern part of the city on the west  
side of the river. The Thomas Carter  
claim is west of the old Lowndale land  
and includes part of Portland Heights.  
There are probably 20,000 acres within the  
city boundary.

There are numerous other additions, but  
these make up the principal part of the  
city. In another paper I will discuss the  
growth of Portland, her struggles with her  
numerous rivals and her final and tri-  
umph. P. W. GILLETTE.

Continued on page 35574356.

## PORTLAND, OREGON,

### OPPOSES PILGRIM'S CHINESE IDEAS

PORTLAND, OREGON, April 29, 1899.

EDITOR REGISTER.—I seldom ever read  
or pay any attention to anonymous ar-  
ticles in newspapers, but I chanced to  
glance at an article in the REGISTER of  
April 14th, from a person who calls  
himself "Pilgrim," and found it so mis-  
leading and utterly untrue as to Chinese  
character in every aspect, that I beg to  
make a few remarks on the subject, as I  
see the REGISTER attaches considerable  
importance to "Pilgrim."

Before the Chinese Restriction Laws  
passed by Congress depleted the Chinese  
population off this coast, there were  
about 5000 of them, of all classes (ex-  
cepting the lowest class, who had nei-  
ther the means or intelligence to get  
here) in this city. I have been ac-  
quainted with, and conversed with  
thousands of them, many of whom were  
wealthy and well educated, but I must  
say that I never heard such Chinese  
talk as "Pilgrim" got out of his "Wa  
Sing." Pilgrim admits that he was  
dumfounded and thrown off his balance  
by the profound wisdom of this "heath-  
en Chinese" in the beginning of his in-  
terview, and in all probability he for-  
got much that was really said and filled  
in from his own imagination.

Doubtless, some Chinese know of  
Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and  
Bunker Hill, &c. All of them boast of  
their great antiquity, and all claim to  
"heepesabee" (to be very wise) but as  
to their general education and their  
"high state of morals," that is all bosh.  
They are notoriously and grossly im-  
moral; all are idoliters and worship idols  
and are more superstitious than the  
American Indian. They sell their women  
and are a nation of gamblers; a nation  
of narrow-minded bigots, plodding down  
in time-worn grooves so deep that a new  
idea has not dawned upon them in  
countless ages. No one questions Chi-  
nese antiquity. She is so old that she  
is more than decrepit; she is in the last  
stages of decay; so old that she is tumb-  
ling down, from her enormous weight of  
corruption, ignorance, immorality and  
rottenness. Instead of being a "pro-  
gressive people," they have been on the  
down grade for more than a thousand  
years.

If the Chinese ever had any courage  
or manhood, it was so long ago that his-  
tory knows not of it. Wa Sing was wise  
to "plead to be let alone." The little  
Japs, not larger than rats, whipped  
them as fast as they could find them,  
though outnumbered one hundred to  
one. The Chinese are inoffensive, de-  
fenseless and pusillanimous. When  
"Wa Sing" met "Pilgrim," he knew he  
had a "tenderfoot" and made the best  
of his opportunity. Let "Pilgrim" recall  
the little poem of Bret Hart,

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar.

and be wiser. People well acquainted  
with Chinese character would smile a  
faint and sickly smile and pity the  
credulity of "Pilgrim." I could give a  
thousand facts in proof of what I say,  
but it is not necessary. All read, hear,  
see and think, know it to be true.

P. W. GILLETTE.

X printed in 1897



This article was  
copied in one of the  
largest Cincinnati  
papers.



# THE HOME OF TWILCH

## A MONSTER TREE OF CLATSOP PIONEER HISTORY.

Milling and Lumbering in Oregon in 1852—Some Reminiscences of Early Indian Characters.

PORTLAND, Jan. 28.—(Special correspondence.)—As the Nettle of Lewis and Clark river, in Clatsop county, is the first place in Oregon where white men built houses and lived for any considerable time, it might interest some of your readers to know something of its history, incidents and stories. It runs in a northerly direction and empties into Young's bay due south of Smith's point. At the mouth it is a quarter of a mile wide; three miles up, it is only 110 yards in width; above the reach of tidewater it dwindles down to the size of a large mill stream. Vessels drawing 16 to 18 feet can enter and ascend this river two or three miles. It runs through a country heavily timbered with fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock, with some ash and alder. The largest tree that I ever saw or heard of in Oregon, grew in the rich, alluvial soil of the Lewis and Clark about eight miles above its mouth. In 1851 or 1852, Governor J. P. Gaines and General Jo Lane, accompanied by W. W. Parker, of Astoria, paid a visit to, and measured this monstrous tree. Its circumference six feet from the ground and above the spur of the roots was 62 feet, making it over 20 feet in diameter. The body was as straight as an arrow and seemed nearly as large 60 feet from the ground as at the place of measurement. Its top was wide-spreading, covering a quarter of an acre of ground, and a model of beauty. This magnificent tree ought to have been allowed to live, but the man who became the owner of the land, upon which it grew, grazing the space it occupied, burned a huge pile of brush around its roots and killed the most magnificent tree in Oregon. There is no law in this country to punish such vandalism. There are fir trees on my land ten feet in diameter and 200 feet high, much taller than the spruce tree so described, but not so grand.

In 1852, R. M. Moore built at Port Clatsop the largest steam saw mill then in Oregon. The mill stood on the bank of the river about 500 feet east of the Lewis and Clark fort. In cutting down timber for the mill, a bullet was found in one of the trees with 48 rings of annual growth outside of it, marking the exact number of years since they were there. Large quantities of lumber were shipped from this mill. I have seen five vessels loading lumber there at one time. It might not be amiss to mention the name of a William Irwin, the nephew of R. M. Moore, and afterwards governor of California, who worked this mill. He was "Bill" Irwin then and drove an ox team, cut saw logs and did all sorts of work around the mill. Yet he made a governor of California and was the second governor for that state from Oregon, Peter H. Burnett being the first.

At that time the Lewis and Clark precinct, polled about 45 votes. Two years later your correspondent was the only inhabitant on the river. The price of lumber was so low that Mr. Moore had to shut down his mill in 1854. This drove all of the unemployed men away to seek employment elsewhere. Then in 1856 the great Indian war scare came, and drove all the remaining people to Astoria for safety, although there was not the least danger, because the few Indians then in Clatsop county were as harmless as sheep, and would have fled before the approach of hostile Indians as precipitously as did their white friends. Yet the panic-stricken people fled, and but few of them ever returned, and the river remained almost deserted for 10 years, during which time much of the land that had been cleared grew up into thickets of brush wood; while elk, deer, bear, and other wild animals became almost as plentiful as they were at the date of the discovery. I have often seen herds of elk numbering from 10 to 40, and the bear were so numerous in the fall of 1862, when I was absent attending a 40 days' session of the legislature in Salem, they almost totally destroyed my orchard in attempting to harvest my apple crop. All of the trees having ripe or sweet apples, were quite ruined. They stood on their hind feet and split all the top down, leaving nothing but the stump standing. Bruin has a very large sweet tooth.

Lewis and Clark spelled the name of this river Nettle, but all of the old Indians that I ever knew pronounced it Nettle. I must mention the name of "Old Twilch," the elk-hunter. He claims that my ranch used to be the home of himself and his "tillicums" (friends), and that it had been an Indian village long before he could remember, and that its name was Kalatska. He lived there when Lewis and Clark were here, and was about 17 years old and remembered them well. He has often spoken of them to me, and always grew eloquent when he mentioned the great number of elk their hunters killed. In clearing the land where my orchard stands, I had to burn up large quantities of Indian bones, skulls and canoes. Poor old Twilch—he was an old man and had such a sorrowful and forlorn look; and, having informed me that I was occupying his old home, I felt truly sorry for him. He never failed to stop at my house as he was going and returning from the hunting excursions, and always asked me to potlatch (give) powder, shot or victuals, and I never refused him. If I bought a duck or piece of elk meat of him, and paid him his full price for it, then he always asked me to potlatch something more. Twilch was an old-time Indian, and seemed to think when he sold anything that he was conferring a great favor upon the buyer, and that he was entitled to something more than the price. I think this was a custom among the old Indians. Once I had occasion to go to the head of navigation, and wished to get across the old Herrel millpond to see some one on the other side. Old Twilch happened to be there with his little hunting canoe, and ferried me over cheerfully, but when I wished to return, flatly refused to take me back until I "potlatched" six cents (gave him 30 cents). This is about a fair sample of noble traits in Indian character. Twilch was so old when the whites came here that he never attempted to learn the English language.

The land claim adjoining mine on the south had long been deserted by its former owner, who had built and left a pretty good house. In the fall of 1853, a family from Arkansas—Cartwright—consisting of himself, wife, daughter and a man named Wolsey, moved into this old house. Neither of them could read a word nor knew a letter. The next day after they had moved into the house, I saw the two men pulling down the middle of the river against a strong flood tide. When they came to my place, they hailed me and entered into a general sort of conversation. They seemed to be in a troubled state of mind. At length Mr. Cartwright said: "That's de quirit creek up thar I ever seed in all my life. It's rize and fell twice, at least 10 feet, since we went thar, an' it hain't rained nary drop, and we scasey know what to think of it." I explained to him that the rise and fall of the water in his creek was caused by the ebb and flow of the ocean tide. Some months later I went to their house, and was scarcely seated when Mrs. Cartwright brought me a letter from her home in Arkansas and asked me to read it for her. The writing was poor and the spelling was horrid, but I finally made it out just as it was. When I had finished reading, she sorrowfully remarked: "You do not read it near as well as Mr. Scott does." Thomas Scott was a tall Indian who lived with me rather high and something of a wag. When I was home I told Scott what Mrs. Cartwright said. He laughed heartily, and said: "I could not read the letter at all, but I knew she was anxious to hear from home, so I made up as good a letter as I could, and she seemed to be satisfied with it." Though Cartwright could

not read and did not understand the letter, yet when he went into the woods with his old rifle he always got an elk, deer or bear.

As it might interest some of your readers to know when, how and who brought the first collection of roses, ornamental and flowering shrubbery to Oregon, I may be excused for mentioning it as an item of Oregon history that has never been written.

In the spring of 1852 my father sent me, by Adams express, via Panama, three boxes containing a general assortment of roses, shrubbery, fruit trees and seeds. The boxes were each about 19 inches square and contained a peck of apple seeds, half as much of plum pits, a few dozen of black and white walnuts, about 50 varieties of small, grafted apple trees, a small assortment of dahlia and peony roots, one each of about 25 sorts of roses, three varieties of lilac, three sorts of box-wood, snowballs, Pyrus Japonica, two varieties of Spyrta, the evergreen hawthorn, the sweet-scented honeysuckle, the calycanthus, flowering almond, and many other things that I do not remember. Among them were two sorts of culti-

vated raspberries and H. ... ling strawberry. I was ... of these sorts brought to Oregon. Twilch had brought some strawberry plants before this, but his wife planted them, and consequently would not ... trees and plants were packed in barrels that I succeeded in saving everything. Before the plants were packed, the roots were packed in clay, then packed in dry pulverized charcoal. The express charges on these three small boxes were \$15. Among the assortment was a plant of the Mahonia Aquifolia. A gentleman, examining my collection, said: "What are you doing with that old Oregon grape here?" "Why," said I, "that is the Mahonia Aquifolia, a choice evergreen shrub." "Mahonia thunder!" he exclaimed: "that's an old Oregon grape, and there are millions of acres of it in Oregon." That night I dug that Mahonia up and threw it over the fence.

The most of our choice shrubs are probably very common in their native homes. The offshoots from the contents of these three boxes have spread far and wide over the country. When I came here first, there was but one rose in Oregon, save the wild rose, and that was the "old Mission rose," brought here by some of the Hudson's Bay Company people from California. It is a source of pride and pleasure to me to know that there is scarcely a garden or lawn between British Columbia and California that does not contain something that sprang from my little garden and the bank of the Nettle, at Kalatska, the home of Twilch, the elk-hunter.

P. W. GILLETTE.

## RECKLESS BICYCLISTS.

Many People Injured by Sidewalk-Riding.

PORTLAND, March 22.—(To the Editor.)—Yesterday morning as I came down town I met an acquaintance with his arm in a sling, and hand wrapped and bandaged until it was as large as a small pillow. I asked him what was the matter with his hand and he said: "Oh, d— that city council; they allow bicyclists to use the sidewalks, and I was run over by one and nearly killed." I asked him why he did not kill the fellow who did it. "Because," he replied, "I was knocked senseless, and knew nothing until I was carried into a house. I do not know who did it." This man has not been able to use his hand and arm for a week, and will not for a week or two to come. He said: "This is the third time I have been run into by these infernal machines."

In yesterday's Morning Oregonian I read that a man 80 years old, on the East Side, had been run over by a careless bicyclist, seriously injured, and his nose broken. On the East Side there is a man who was run over by one of these vandals eight or ten days ago. He is still in bed, and cannot get up when he will be able to be up.

Within the last 24 hours I have conversed with a great number of people on this subject, and more than half of them say that they have been run into on street by reckless bicyclists. A gentleman said to me this morning that he was actually afraid to let his wife go on the streets alone, on account of these reckless wheelers. It is really becoming a serious matter, and something should be done immediately to protect those who walk on the streets. The sidewalks were made and designed for pedestrians only, the remainder of the streets for vehicles and wheels of all descriptions. Every day I see men and women, too riding on the tops of 16 to 18 inch an ... on the sidewalks, never talking or dismounting as they approach or pass a footman. I have had several very narrow escapes from these reckless people myself.

Doubtless there are some decent people who ride bicycles, and who respect the rights of others. But the major part of them are senseless, careless youths, or reckless ruffians. Now, if the city authorities cannot and will not see to this, and protect pedestrians, women and children, on the sidewalks of the city, where they have an absolute right to be unmolested, then I believe that every man who has a wife and children to protect should arm himself with a club and shotgun and club these impudent ruffians into the street. These bicyclists will impose upon the good nature of the people of this city just as long as they will put up with it. It is shameful that these shameless, reckless brutes were not checked long ago.

P. W. GILLETTE.



There and nothing is still standing, though it has not been used as a hotel for many years. For the purpose of securing the extraordinary and good quality of timber called for as lumber, I will mention a very interesting fact in connection with this hotel. Mr. Bunting built a small sawmill on Young's river. In preparing the timber for the mill, he had occasion to remove the trunk of a large fir tree that had fallen from the highest land to the tobacco. It had lain there so long that a soil had formed on top of the log, spruce trees and those by the wind had sprouted and grown into good-sized trees, and were from 10 to 20 years old. The body of this tree was found to be perfectly sound, and Mr. Bunting had it sawed into lumber, and the floors of this old hotel were made from the timber of this tree, which was as good as might as when the tree was living. In clearing land on my farm on the Lewis & Clark river in Cassia county, I found the body of a large yellow fir tree that had lain so long on the ground that there were 10 or 15 acres growing upon its body, ranging in size from 20 to 40 inches in diameter, and 80 to 120 feet in height. The largest of these trees were cut into sawlogs and sold at the mill. A Mr. Bell and myself counted the rings marking the annual growth of the largest one of the trees, and found it to be 75 years old. After the ground had been burned off, this old log presented a novel sight, with 12 or 15 great stumps around it, their large heads reaching down to the ground on either side, finding it fast to the earth. This log was as sound as it has ever been, and made excellent wood. None of these trees had lain in the ground

The early settlers on Clatsop plains entered into an agreement among themselves that no one should be allowed to own more than a half a mile frontage on the ocean; so as to allow a greater number of settlers to share the long, narrow fertile prairie stretching along the ocean bay. This agreement was as honestly kept; if it had been the law. Those who settled in Oregon previous to 1850 were allowed to take their land claims in any shape they chose, without regard to township, range or section; and this accounts for so many irregular-shaped farms in Oregon. A little farming was attempted on Clatsop until 1844, and to show how difficult it is for them to get their bread, I will give a few illustrations. Neither the climate, soil of Clatsop plains is adapted to growth of wheat, and that fact they had learned from experience. That year William Hobson succeeded in raising bushels of wheat and bring out of his son, his son, John, afterwards collector of customs, of Astoria, and George Sumner later on a prominent merchant in Astoria to Oregon City, the nearest mill, to get ground into flour. In those days, the transportation was by canoes, which I had to propel by paddling. The next night out they camped near Rainier, were very careful to anchor the stern of the canoe far out in the stream while the bow was fastened by a long line to shore. The canoe was laden down with



child firmly across the current, which was strong at ebb tide, she capsized the night and dumped the wheat in the river. The boys waded in and got the sacks of wheat out and took on to Oregon City, procured a vacant room over a chhen, spread their wheat out on the floor and kept a big fire in the stove below till it was dry enough to grind. It took them about two weeks to make this trip. The next year, Mr. Hobson sent the young son to Salem, about 180 miles, in a canoe, to get 20 bushels of wheat, that he bought a man near that place. Medorem Crawford transported their canoe and cargo around the falls at Oregon City. They did it ground there and took the flour home. I will relate another instance of the friendships and adventures of these enterprising pioneers. The Hobsons and Owens took their stock, horses and cattle at Dr. Whitman's, near Walla Walla, in the fall of 1843, and came down the river in a canoe. In the spring of 1844, they went with their teams and John Hobson and another man by the name of Holly, drove the herd across the Cascade mountains, following an old Indian trail around the north side of Mount Hood; they struck the Willamette river six miles below where Portland now stands, (there was no Portland then), and swam their stock across the river, drove them out through Washington and Yamhill counties and over the coast range to the Nestucca bay, thence to the beach to Clatsop plains. Where Lafayette now stands was the last house they saw until they reached Clatsop. There were no roads and no one of whom they could learn the way through an Indian country, and the Indians, but little accustomed to seeing white men. They had the assistance of Indians in swimming their stock across Netarts and Tillamook bays and the Nehalem river. But it was a difficult task to find the way over the Neerna mountain, and False Tillamook and Tillamook heads, which are very high, steep and heavily timbered.

Prior to 1849, the people of Clatsop plains, as well as of Astoria, did the most of their trading at Fort Vancouver, or Oregon City. The fare by canoe from Astoria to Vancouver or Oregon City was \$15.

The first sea-going vessel built in Clatsop county was the schooner Pioneer, built at Skipanon, in the winter of 1848 and 1849, she was loaded with farm products and taken to California and sold. The first sea-going vessel built in Oregon was the schooner Star, built at Oregon City in the winter of 1849 and 1850. She was sent to the Sandwich islands. The little steamer Columbia, built in Astoria by the Frost Bros., in 1849 and '50, I believe was the first steamboat built in Oregon. She was small, a poor model and very slow. She ran between Astoria and Portland until the lot Whitcomb took her place. The fare between Astoria and Portland on the Columbia was \$25. As late as 1854, the fare between those points was \$10, and in 1852 it paid \$3 to go from Oregon City to Portland on the little steamer Eagle, a distance of only 12 miles. This rate continued as late as 1855.

The first ocean steamers to enter the Columbia river, excepting the Hudson Bay Company's old steamer Beaver, were those of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in 1849. They had a contract with the United States government to carry the mail between Panama and Oregon semi-monthly, touching at San Francisco. This, I believe, was the first regular mail service between the United States and Oregon. Previous to that time the people of Oregon had depended upon the annual immigration across the plains, and upon transient vessels from the Atlantic coast to bring their mails. This semi-annual mail service was continued until about 1855, when it was changed to a tri-monthly service. When we got a mail every 10 days, via Panama, we thought we were well provided for in that time, as good probably as we would get in many years. But the mail service, like everything else, grew faster than we had anticipated. It was but a few years until we had daily mails. The people of Astoria and Clatsop county used Chile flour until 1855 or 1856, although Oregon is one of the best wheat-growing states in the Union. But it takes time for a new people to open the channels of trade and get it in motion, and to produce the supply for it. In fact, Oregon did not produce her breadstuffs until that date, or later, and Clatsop county does not to this day. We also had beans and other supplies from Chile.

Clatsop beach was the first seashore resort for Oregon. As early as 1851, a few ladies in Salem and Oregon City found that it was a very fine thing to go to Clatsop plains and visit friends. This visiting business was kept up until about 1854, when Portland people began to go to Astoria to avoid the hot weather, and take a little recreation. A little later on, a few people began to visit Skipanon and stop at Wirt's and Pease's, each of whom

kept summer boarders and transient people.

Somewhere about 1858 to 1860 a few people found that "Bill Lattie's" place was a desirable place to spend a summer. William Lattie's father was an old Hudson Bay Company's man, who had charge of the company's business at Astoria for a number of years. He also acted as pilot for them, taking their vessels out in the river. His wife was an Indian woman. William Lattie, the son, took up the famous Seaside land claim in 1850, which he afterwards sold to Ben Holladay in 1872. Mrs. Cloutrie, William Lattie's sister, had lived a number of years in the family of Mr. A. Vanduyn, in Astoria, where she had learned to be a first-class cook. Her luscious dinners, together with the natural beauties of the place, soon made "Lattie's" a favorite seaside resort. I saw the place first in 1862. The Lattie family were living there then, and there were many Indians in the neighborhood. About a third of a mile south of where the "Sea House" now stands was an old Indian cemetery. Nearly an acre of this land was almost covered with human bones and skulls, and there were scores of canoes in all stages of decay, each containing the remains of its former owner and his effects.

One mile north of the Seaside House is the Grimes hotel, and here, in a beautiful pine grove, many Portlanders have bought lots and built cottages. Three miles further north is "Gearhart Park," a part of the donation land claim of Philip Gearhart, who settled upon this land in 1848. About eight years ago M. J. Kinney, of Astoria, purchased this land for \$8 an acre, and soon after established "Gearhart Park." This is the best summer resort hotel in Oregon, and has the best-kept ground. Mr. Kinney piped water from the O'Hanna falls, a mountain stream two or three miles away, to supply the park with pure mountain water. Mr. Kinney has sold much of this land at the rate of \$800 to \$1200 per acre. This shows what a little enterprise can do. The park is an elegant grove of pine and spruce timber, at or near the south end of old "Clatsop Plains," and about half a mile north of where Lewis & Clark had their salt works.

Nearly all of the first settlers of Clatsop have passed away. The most of them were excellent citizens, many of them were intelligent, and some of them notable men. I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Colonel James Taylor, who was among the last of them to depart. Though his loss is deeply deplored by his friends and the country, it adds another name to the world's list of thoroughly good men. He was an old-time gentleman whose hospitality, gentleness of manner and genuine kindness of heart will forever endear his memory to all who knew him. P. W. GILLETTE.

## CHANGES AT RIVER MOUTH

### Point Adams Different From Its Appearance in 1853.

Speaking of the statement published in The Oregonian a few days since, in regard to the sand filling in behind the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia so that the wreck of the Cairnsmore is completely covered, and it is possible at low tide to walk out 120 feet beyond her on the sand. Mr. P. W. Gillette states that in 1853 Point Adams extended two miles farther west than it does now, and was covered with a dense growth of spruce and hemlock timber, the trees being from 15 inches to four feet in diameter.

"In that year," Mr. Gillette says, "I rode on horseback from Colonel Taylor's place, on Clatsop Plains, along the beach around Point Adams to Tansy Point. I remember passing an old Indian cemetery. The bodies were placed on small scaffolds, resting on the limbs of trees, 15 to 20 feet above the ground. This was located near where Port Stevens now stands, perhaps a half mile farther west. Sand island was much nearer to the Oregon than the Washington shore, and the main channel to the sea was on the north side of Sand island, and ships seldom passed out or in on the south side of it; and the north channel was almost universally used until about 1861, when the south channel began to deepen and occasionally vessels used it. About that time the current seemed to turn against and began to cut Point Adams away, and it continued cutting it off until the construction of the jetty commenced. Many thousands of acres were washed away, carrying timber, Indian remains and all into the sea. The land for several miles south of the river was encroached upon by the ocean. The old house of Rev. Lewis Thompson, which stood about three miles south of Point Adams when built, and was several hundred yards from the bank of the ocean, fell into the sea many years ago. The deposit behind the jetty is accumulating so fast that the loss will soon be restored,

but it will take ages for a soil to form on this sand deposit, of sufficient depth to grow up another forest.

"The appearance of the mouth of the great river is very different now to what it was then. Point Adams is more than two miles shorter and nearly denuded of timber. Sand island, a small oblong island nearest the Oregon shore, and many miles from Cape Disappointment, is now a long narrow crescent, its foot within a quarter of a mile of the cape, its body stretching around near the shore of Baker's bay for a distance of four or five miles. It is certainly threatening to join itself to the main land, and entirely destroy the harbor and landing of Fort Canby and Ilwaco. The construction of the jetty is undoubtedly the cause of the recent rapid movement of this island. The channel out to sea will probably never change again, as it has so often in the past, but will always follow the line of the jetty, which is doubtless a permanent fixture; but the channels above and through Cathlamet bay are liable to change as they have so often before. The channel, not many years ago, ran zigzag down the middle of Cathlamet bay to Tongue point. Now it keeps down close to the Washington shore, then turns abruptly and unnaturally across the river to Tongue point.

"It seems to me that the Desdemona Sands and the spit in front of Astoria are much nearer the Oregon shore than they were 20 years ago. I may be mistaken, but I will not be surprised to see the current adopt an easier and more natural grade in leaving the Washington shore below Pillar Rock and strike directly for Point Adams, thus shortening the route to sea several miles. I would not dare to entertain, much less express this opinion, were it not a fact that Astoria and Flavel are going to have a railroad in the near future. Then they will not need or want any river, and would never think of asking congress to dig out their channel, should such change occur."

## SHAMEFUL NEGLECT.

### Overflow Water Allowed to Undermine a Bridge Foundation.

PORTLAND, Nov. 21.—(To the Editor).—All of the water that flows from the hill-sides between Thomas creek and the big gulch just south of the Portland home-stead is carried northerly by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company's railroad ditch, and caused to flow into the Thomas-creek gulch. Three or four years ago the city caused the railroad company to lay a large terra cotta sewer pipe to catch and carry this water down the hill under the large city bridge across Thomas creek, into the Thomas-creek sewer. This sewer pipe is not large enough to carry all of the water during a long, heavy rain.

Heretofore there has been kept open a small waste-water ditch across the railroad track, so as to allow this overflow water to cross the track and fall down the hill east of the city bridge, without harming the foundation of the bridge. But this has been closed up for some time, from some cause, and when this last heavy rain came, the overflow water cut a deep gully down under the Front-street bridge, destroying the railroad company's sewer and undermining the foundation of the bridge. A man with a shovel, in 15 minutes, could have prevented all this damage.

The bridge is impassable and men are at work repairing the damage at the expense of the city. Now, whether it is the duty of the railroad company to watch and take care of this water, which they have diverted from its natural channel, I will not discuss. But it is unquestionably the duty of the superintendent of streets to see that it does not destroy the city's bridges. This place has been carefully cared for by former superintendents of streets, and there is no reasonable excuse for the shameful neglect at this time. This disaster is simply the result of shameless neglect. Fifty cents, properly expended would have prevented what will cost the city a large sum of money, besides the inconvenience of having the street closed up so long. The city pays men large salaries to attend to its business—twice as much as any of them could possibly get from any one else. The taxpayers and the city should see that such stolid neglect should be punished by the employment of better men.

P. W. GILLETTE.

Clatsop County, Continued  
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[illegible]

Now how comes up a doctrine for more  
perilous and dangerous than the free-  
trade theory—I mean the free coinage of  
silver at the rate of 16 to 1; gotten up  
for the benefit of a few millionaire silver-  
mine-owners, to enable them to sell their  
silver at 16 for twelve its real value in  
the free coin of the world. This doctrine  
is so clearly proved to be erroneous and  
wrong, and so contrary to the interests  
of all of our great capitalists and their  
enlightened governments of the earth, that  
it is a characteristic mark of a false and  
corrupt mind. It has been re-  
futed and refuted by every possible argu-  
ment, and it is therefore one of those  
are any more to be believed and it must  
be because you are not a true philosopher.  
I feel it necessary for the sake of the  
strengthen and good of our people of this  
republic and more rapidly pursue  
them it is being interjected in a case. We ap-  
parently have a financial crisis as great as  
the best in the world. Why should we not

To change it for one that has no other  
I used a fragment inserted by me in the  
original, and made some dangerous changes.  
Others were so badly misqu岸ed from the  
original, that in changing the truth they  
were forced to leave it out on the ground  
that it was not worth the trouble of  
inserting. I was not paid what he is now  
making. During the time before when  
the nation was struggling for freedom,  
in a hard-fought fight with the slave  
power, and of the happy presence of  
the old democratic cause in the North  
being hard and weary with the struggle,  
in the great struggle for the preservation  
of the Union, and hurried by a false  
a victory so great and lasting as that  
which secured our national existence.  
There were those who had democratic  
principles, much suffering with the republic-  
tans in some things, yet again with us,  
wishing to put down the monarchy and  
to maintain the national honor, credit and  
round money. That part of the demo-  
cratic party in the North, known as com-  
petitors, was aided and sustained by their  
sympathetic influence and votes, such as  
Pennycuik, have united with the monarch-  
ists and monarchists in destroying our splendid  
national system and substituting a despotic  
monarchy in its place. Let every true  
American, as in politics, every one who  
has any love for our flag, every one that  
loves of November and who is proud of  
the nation's constitution.



ing Meteorological Summary of a Remarkable Month.

Following is the monthly meteorological summary, made up from the records of the weather bureau in this city, covering the month of November, 1896. It is an interesting report, worth reading and studying. It shows November to have had the least rainfall of any November as far as 1871, namely, 13.12 inches, the next to it being November in 1877, when it was 12.45 inches. The lowest temperature was 11 deg. above zero, November also marks the coldest November record. The report in detail is as follows:

DATE.	Temperature.			Precipitation, in inches and hundredths.
	Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.	
Nov. 1, 1896	54	41	49	.10
Nov. 2	50	45	48	.50
Nov. 3	49	40	44	.02
Nov. 4	51	42	46	.57
Nov. 5	48	37	42	.50
Nov. 6	49	32	40	.89
Nov. 7	56	40	48	.98
Nov. 8	56	49	52	1.32
Nov. 9	52	44	48	.39
Nov. 10	48	40	44	.32
Nov. 11	47	35	42	.43
Nov. 12	53	44	48	.11
Nov. 13	50	49	54	.23
Nov. 14	60	55	58	1.47
Nov. 15	60	35	48	2.06
Nov. 16	37	32	34	.63
Nov. 17	37	32	34	.28
Nov. 18	40	30	35	T
Nov. 19	37	29	33	.00
Nov. 20	34	29	32	.01
Nov. 21	34	29	32	1.01
Nov. 22	41	33	38	.89
Nov. 23	41	23	36	.62
Nov. 24	39	21	35	.89
Nov. 25	42	29	32	.00
Nov. 26	42	21	24	T
Nov. 27	41	16	20	.00
Nov. 28	41	14	18	.00
Nov. 29	41	11	12	.00
Nov. 30	39	19	24	.21

SUMMARY.

Barometric pressure, 30.05; highest 30.32, on the 29th; lowest pressure, 29.82, on the 21st.  
Temperature, 39; highest temperature, 60, on the 14th; lowest temperature, 11, on the 11th; least daily range of temperature, 5, on the 11th.  
Average temperature for this month, 48.

48	1879	44	1880	49	1891	49
45	1880	42	1881	42	1892	46
45	1881	44	1887	45	1893	46
47	1882	44	1888	44	1894	49
48	1883	47	1889	48	1895	41
47	1884	45	1890	47	1896	39

Average daily range of temperature for this month, 14.5. Average daily range of temperature for this month, 14.5. Average daily range of temperature for this month, 14.5.

Direction of wind, S.W. Total movement of wind, 894 miles. Average velocity of wind, 49 miles, from the S.W. on the 14th. Total precipitation, 13.12 inches. Number of days with .01 inch or more of precipitation, 10.

4.32	1876	4.56	1885	8.52	1890	5.71
0.22	1880	3.17	1888	1.60	1892	1.21
5.77	1881	5.91	1887	2.43	1893	1.74
0.03	1882	2.95	1888	4.47	1894	2.76
2.45	1883	8.26	1889	1.97	1895	2.93
5.61	1884	3.24	1890	0.50	1896	13.12

Total precipitation for this month, 13.12 inches. Total precipitation during month, 13.12 inches. Total precipitation from September 1, 1896, to date, 15.35 inches. Average precipitation from September 1 to date, 11.59 inches. Excess from September 1, 1896, to date, 46.83 inches. Number of clear days, 6; partly cloudy days, 11; cloudy days, 13; foggy days, 10; killing, 10th.

HOW VESSELS ENTERED THE RIVER IN PIONEER TIMES.

The Bar Was Never Bad and Many of the Accidents Were Altogether Inexcusable.

Many years ago I went from Astoria to Portland on board an ocean steamship in company with an army officer by name of Joseph Hooker. He was young, handsome and the very model of gracefulness, and afterwards became famous as Fighting Joe Hooker, and commander of the army of the Potomac. He was pacing the deck and admiring the scenery, when suddenly he halted, and, drawing himself up to his fullest height, exclaimed: "This is the most magnificent river in America." It certainly is. For what other river than the Columbia has such towering mountains, such grand scenery, such noble forests, such fertile valleys, and that carries a channel of over 22 feet in depth more than 100 miles inland. The first navigators of these Northwestern waters considered the entrance to this great river exceedingly dangerous, and the very mention of the Columbia river bar produced a shudder of horror, principally because there was so little known of it. There were no charts, no buoys, no lights nor beacons. Each navigator had to hunt and feel his way in and out. Captain Gray, with his ship Columbia, the first vessel to enter this river, came in on May 7, 1792, and went out without much trouble; but 19 years later Captain Thorn, with the Tonquin, lost eight of his crew in trying to find the way into this almost unknown river. He was sounding and hunting a channel two days, and then bumped his ship in, and at a season of the year when there are seldom any heavy storms. Washington Irving, in his "Astoria," describes the entrance of the Tonquin as being most hazardous, and the bar as a sea of mountain waves, breaking with maddening fury over hidden sands and counter currents. This popular book was a history of the first trading and commercial enterprise ever undertaken on the North Pacific coast, and at a time when almost nothing was known of that distant region. The author was never there; but got his information from others, which he gilded with his pleasing style, and colored with his vivid imagination. His book was generally read and left its impress on the public mind. It is not at all probable that Mr. Irving had any intention of creating a bad name for the Columbia river bar, or of doing an injury to Oregon, but was simply writing a readable book, magnifying the acts and achievements of those of whom he was writing. Yet it did establish the universal belief that the Columbia river bar was exceedingly unsafe and dangerous.

Even many years later, after a pilotage system had been established at Astoria, and accidents and losses were less frequent than at almost any other port on the North Pacific coast, the newspapers of rival ports still kept publishing ominous allegations and untruthful statements, magnifying the dangers of the river and deprecating its advantages. The pilots, too, either to make themselves heroes, buffering the raging billows and fighting the perilous tempests; or more probably to make the public believe they were earning the enormous fees they charged for their service, always sought to keep up this old idea, that the Columbia river bar was very dangerous. The fact is, it never was a very bad bar, and any good navigator, well provided with charts, could in reasonably favorable weather enter and depart safely, without a pilot. Cape Disappointment, so high and marked in shape, was always an excellent landmark and guide to the channel, which ran almost within its shadow. All of the early navigators used the north channel, and its universal use continued down until about 1861, when the south channel began to deepen, and vessels occasionally used it. Soon the south channel carried as much water as the north, and for a number of years they were about equally used, but by 1880 the south channel came into general use, and the old north channel soon became a thing of the past, and now a part of Sand Island fills its place. Forty-four years ago Point Adams extended more than two miles farther into the sea than it does now, and contained many thousands of acres more than it now has, and Sand Island stood at least four miles from its present location. Such great changes as these will never take place again at the mouth of the river while the jetty maintains its present position. It is six miles from Point Adams, on the Oregon side, to Cape Disappointment, on the Washington side, making the mouth of the river six miles wide. But it is only a little over three miles from the

outer end of the jetty to the cape. Before the completion of the jetty, the channels were rather narrow, shallow and crooked, with a depth of water on the bar at low tide measuring from 18 to 22 feet, often changing in depth and location, by the action of the currents and waves. Now there is a channel half a mile wide, over 30 feet deep at low tide, and for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide it is 25 feet deep at low tide, running almost perfectly straight out to sea. The mighty volume of this vast river having been confined to a narrower space by the jetty, is constantly cutting the channel deeper, and within five years there will be 40 feet of water over the bar at low tide. The channel is well buoyed with about 16 large buoys between Astoria and the great whistling buoy near the outer entrance of the river. Besides the first-class light kept on Cape Disappointment, the government keeps a lightship anchored off about six miles southwest of the whistling buoy, making a sure guide to the entrance.

The contrast between the Columbia river bar now and 44 years ago, when I first saw it, is most remarkable. Then the navigator had no beacons or guides save the hills and general appearance of the shore line. His charts were very imperfect, as there had never been any accurate survey of the great river's mouth. Time and experience, aided by modern inventions, discoveries and scientific engineering, have entirely dissipated the clouds of mystery, fear and danger hung over the Columbia bar by the fascinating pen of Washington Irving, and forever silenced the infamous calumnies, stupid lies and misrepresentations, so long and foolishly indulged in by the San Francisco and Puget sound papers. San Francisco and her press, prompted by selfishness and green-eyed jealousy of Oregon, retarded, diverted and kept back the commerce of the Columbia as long as they could. But, thanks to this progressive age, we have grown beyond her reach.

Vessels have been entering the Columbia more than 100 years; but down to 1850 the arrivals and departures were few and far between. Since that time the increase has been quite rapid. Within the last six years, the increase in size of the ships has been very marked. A few years ago a ship of 1000 tons, in the Columbia, was a wonder; now ships of 1000 to 3000 tons are common.

The loss of ships and lives at the mouth of this river has always been small, much less than the average loss at Pacific coast ports. The entire loss of vessels on the bar and in the mouth of the river will not exceed 13 or 14 all told. And of that number, but four or five were lost on the bar, or on account of the bar. At least half of the losses were caused by the failure of the wind. They came in over the bar all right, but the wind falling, and anchors refusing to hold, the vessels drifted onto sand spits and were bumped to pieces. The old steamer General Warren, which caused the loss of more lives than all of the others combined, was totally unseaworthy. She put to sea in very heavy weather, with a cargo of freight and passengers, and foundered outside of the bar. It was generally believed at the time that she went to pieces without having touched on the bar, and that she was so old and rotten that the heavy waves broke her in two. The Desdemona came in over the bar without a pilot, and on the top of a high tide, stuck on the sands opposite "Tansy Point," now "Flavel," where she left her name. This sandspit is called the "Desdemona sands," and is 10 miles inside the bar. The Great Republic came in over the bar safely and ran onto Sand Island on a bright starlight night. It was said and generally believed that she ran there to sell herself to the insurance companies. She was old, and sinking money. She stranded five miles inside the bar. This small number of losses in so long a time, and out of so many thousands of vessels, is a showing that any port may be proud of. The losses in the future will, of course, be far less, because the continuous flow of this great river into the ocean will always keep the channel open broad and deep. The force of the current of a river of this magnitude is enormous. During the highest stages of the river, perfectly fresh water can be dipped out of the ocean in a line with the channel of the river more than 10 miles from the shore. I cannot refrain from referring to the improvement of the mouth of the Columbia as being a most remarkable illustration of the beneficial results of the wise and liberal policy of this government in the improvement of rivers and harbors. Now the largest class of carrying ships can come and go without delay or danger, thereby increasing the price of the products of the state, by decreasing the cost of transportation. It has annihilated the "dreadful bar." There is no longer any obstruction there, and the lordly Columbia is still there with its huge mouth wide open and ready and able to take in the commerce of the world.

P. W. GILLETTE.

Written Jan 1897



When the sheriff undertook to make up the statement, he could not find part of my property, and so reported to me. I asked him that I gave him a correct description, an absolute copy of description in the deed. "Well, it's not on the assessment roll," and finally he dispatched a clerk to the assessor, who informed him there were no such blocks in the city, that the council had changed the names and numbers of many blocks, and that it would be necessary to find the new names and numbers. I thought there must be some mistake; the council would certainly not attempt such a thing; so I went to City Auditor Gambell and was informed that this was the case; that Assessor Captain J. S. Greenleaf had presented an administrative petition introduced by the city surveyor asking the council to change the names and numbers of certain blocks in the city, for reasons therein mentioned. The council at once complied with his request and passed the ordinance on the 7th of September, 1885. A moment's reflection convinced me that I was in a bad fix. My deed said I owned lot —, in block —. The description of the property is the essential part of the deed. If the description is destroyed, where is my property? I rushed to my lawyer, and he said: "You will have to go to the courts and

My father, Carl H. N. O'Brien, was 2 years of age when this lot of fruit trees was brought to Rome township. He became the owner of my grandfather's farm, he lived there and was a brother-in-law of John Pitzer and uncle of George, an extensive fruit grower and nurseryman, and later was a member of the committee that formed the present constitution of OGLE. He was a man of close observation, and after visiting the fruit of this tree several years, became satisfied that it was an exceedingly valuable apple. He grafted some and planted an orchard of it and introduced it among his nursery stock at the Rome Beauty and other fruit sale. I remember well of talking with him about the name. I was about 15 years old, and was studying Roman history and supposed that he named it for the grand old Roman capital, but he assured me that it was named for Rome township, where it first first bore fruit. When a boy, I saw a tree of this

Portland, Oregon. 194 Alameda  
street.

The statement was original with Henry Clay, when he was beaten for the Presidency in 1844. Clay was making a moderate stand against the extension of slavery, which was involved in annexation of Texas. On the one hand he was opposed by the slave propagandists; on the other the abolitionists. The former took certain Southern States away from him; the latter, by drawing votes away to Birney, gave New York to Polk. Clay had the support of the moderate and conservative classes, but it was no more than that. He was no leader that inspired no dodging. Never was there a keener disappointment as over his defeat. Friends who called to console said Clay got the answer: "I would rather be right than be President."



March 1899. The War with Spain. 365

Having filled up my old Journal, I took it to the book binder, and had it rebound, adding 200 pages to it, which will last as long as I need anything of the kind, unless I am far more industrious than I have been in the past 20 years.

The past 2 have been an eventful years for the United States, ~~during~~ which she has made much important history, and changed many old and long established geographic lines.

On February 16<sup>th</sup> 1898 the U.S. battleship Maine was blown <sup>up</sup> in Havana harbor, by treacherous Spaniards.

April 20<sup>th</sup> President McKinley was authorized by Congress to intervene on behalf of Cuba with the Army and Navy.

April 22, 1898. Blockading Proclamation issued. First gun in the war with Spain fired by gunboat Ashville, in capturing the prize Buena Ventura.

Apr 23<sup>rd</sup> President calls out 125,000 Two Year Volunteers.

Apr 29<sup>th</sup> Cervera's fleet sails for Cuba (Spanish Admiral).

May 1<sup>st</sup> Rear Admiral George Dewey destroys the entire fleet of Admiral Montefo in Manila Bay, without the loss of single man, or any <sup>no</sup> serious damage to any of his ships.

May 11. Ensign Bagley killed at Cardenas on the Coast of Cuba.

May 19<sup>th</sup> Spanish Admiral Cervera's fleet seeks refuge in Santiago de Cuba Bay.

May 25. The President calls for 75,000 additional Volunteers.

June 3<sup>rd</sup> Hobson sinks the Merrimack in Santiago Harbor, and with 7 Volunteers is taken prisoner.



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The War with Spain  
1898. June 19. Six hundred United States Marine  
land at Guantanamo in Cuba.  
June 21<sup>st</sup> Gen Shafter's Army lands at Daiquiri  
and Siboney.  
July 1<sup>st</sup> Lawton and Keat; and "Rough Riders" take  
San Juan Hill, losing 231 men, with 1364 wounded.  
July 3<sup>rd</sup>. Derrota's fleet destroyed by Sampson's  
squadron.  
July 17<sup>th</sup>. Total Surrender, Santiago and eastern  
portion of Cuba.  
July 25<sup>th</sup> Gen Miles lands in Porto Rico, near Ponce.  
July 26. Spain proposes peace through French  
Ambassador Cambon.  
July 31<sup>st</sup> Battle of Manila near Manila.  
August 12. Spain and the United States sign peace  
protocol, defining terms of peace.  
November 28. Final terms of United States accepted by Spain  
at Paris.  
December 10 Treaty of Peace signed at Paris.  
1899. January 6. Treaty ratified by United States.  
March 17 Treaty signed by Queen Regent of Spain.  
The above is a brief history of the war with  
Spain. It swept over a part of the Earth like a  
Tornado, making history, and changing the map  
of the Earth. This little war with Spain gave  
the United States a new standing among the Na-  
tions of the world. The great nations now see, and  
fully understand that the United States is one of the  
great nations - a first class power, and must be respected.  
Then followed the <sup>war</sup> with insurgents of the  
Philippine Islands, which is still dragging along.  
1900. Jan 7<sup>th</sup> slowly. It was greatly retarded and  
prolonged by the hesitating and uncertain <sup>policy</sup> ~~man~~  
of the Administration. President Mr. McKinley  
has shown himself to be a very weak man, with  
out decided opinions of his own, that he dares to  
assert. Before any important move is made,  
an important action is taken, he always  
waits for the dictation of public opinion.



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900, like the ever changing weather cook  
on the barn. He is simply a politician, with  
out fixed opinion which he dares to follow,  
without first learning wheather it is going to  
be popular with the people. He is an Ohio  
Politician. A Demagogue. And I am sorry to have  
admit, that this sort of Politicianhip has become quite  
too common. It is much in vogue at this time, that  
it almost forecasts a dangerous future for <sup>the</sup> country  
and governments. How I do admire an old honest,  
fearless independant man, who thinks right, and dares  
~~say~~ to act without waiting to be prompted by the  
public. But, there are but few of such now.

Jan 21. So far this has been as mild if not the  
the mildest winter I ever saw in Oregon. As yet,  
there has not been a killing frost. Our Geranium  
bed, is just as green and fresh as in Sept, though the  
plants have got blooming; a Rose Geranium still stand,  
in the garden untouched by frost. The small variety  
of Delicilia is blooming all the time. The Peony,  
Millons is in bloom. So also are the wild Margerites.  
In many places I see the common Margold in  
bloom. And the Lorenstina Shrub, as well as the  
Pyrus, Jaenea are universally in bloom in this city.  
Most of our vines are yet untouched by frost.

I am referring to my diary of 1860 & 61. that there  
was no freezing weather during the entire winter, and I  
believe there have been one or two more of the same  
sort, during my life in Oregon. It remains to be  
seen wheather this mild weather will continue  
through the season.

Jan 22 1900. The weather still continues warm,  
though not quite so warm, as during the first part  
of the month. The Lorenstina bush is still in  
full bloom. So is the Japonica. and the Geraniums,  
are still green, and rose are yet in bloom in  
the yard. During the last week in the month there  
were several quite hard frosts, the not severe  
enough to kill the plants above mentioned.



Feb. 1900.

28.<sup>th</sup> The mild weather of January continued until about the middle of Feb when it turned colder, and the temperature fell to  $20^{\circ}$  below freezing, the next morning it stood at  $22^{\circ}$  and the third morning at  $29^{\circ}$  below freezing point, excepting these, there was not but one or two light frosts during the month, and not the overage amount of rainfall.

As a whole, the past has been of the mildest, or most pleasant winter I ever saw in Oregon.

The English have been at war with the Boers of South Africa now for nearly six months, and the end is not yet. In the beginning of the war the Boers were successful in nearly every movement, and every engagement. But recently the English have retaken Ladysmith, and captured Gen. Buller and his army of 6000 to 8,000. But just recently the Boers are again getting the best of the British. The Boers have laid several traps for the Britons who have deliberately walked into them, and were captured. The British soldiers as well as those of the Boers are good fighters, but the British officers do not exhibit much military ability. It seems much like the beginning of our great civil war, when we had no tried military men.

Our war with the Philippines is about over, there are a few scattering bands of hostiles yet uncaptured, and unsubdued.

March 31, 1900. March has been quite a pleasant month, and goes well with the preceding month. There were but two or three light frosts during March. The fruit trees plums, peaches and cherries were well in bloom before March left us.

I made a visit to Hood river, to Mr. P. Z. Bradford to gather up material for an article on the history of the C. S. N. C., Oregon's first great corporation.

I have been invited by the The Confederated Women's clubs of the State of Washington, to write an article to be read at their annual meeting in June upon the "First rising of the stars and stripes in Oregon."



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and I now have it completed.

Admiral George Dewey, who totally destroyed the entire Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, came home only a few months ago the greatest hero of his time. He was solicited by many to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the next Presidential term, but he most positively declined, saying that he felt that he was unfit to <sup>fill</sup> such an important office, never before had in any political or governmental experience. But he soon married a widow, and a Catholic, an ambitious woman. No sooner had he married her, than he decided to her a mansion, given to him by an admiring, generous public. Seeing the great mistake he made in doing so, she, in turn decided it to his son, hoping to make the matter up with the disappointed public. But it was too flagrant an offense, the generous public never forgave him. Now just within a day or two, he has announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency, without indicating which party he wished to endorse him. It seems to be the general opinion that ~~that~~ neither of the great parties will nominate him and that if he were to be nominated by either he could not be elected. No man ever ascended the hill of fame so fast, or went so <sup>high</sup> in so short a time, and fell back so suddenly and so flat, as has Admiral George Dewey. He was the idol of the people, now he is sneered at as a weak man, wholly under the influence of his ambitious wife.

May, 1900 By request of the Reg. Historical Society, I went down to Old Fort Clatsop, accompanied by L. B. Cox, Mr. Gallaway, <sup>and others</sup> to point out the exact location of Fort Clatsop, we took Mr. C. W. Shane with us as he once lived there a short time but he had not been the place for 45 years, so his recollections were not very clear. I remembered the shape of the ground so well that I had no trouble in locating the



370 ~~June~~ 1900. locating the exact spot, and I have was valuable <sup>to</sup> as he could give us the dimensions of two of cabins. I have and myself were the only persons living that knew the exact place, and he could not have found it without my assistance.

Several of the fruit trees that I got from I have here in 1856 together with a certain dog in the garden, enable me with my excellent memory to locate the exact spot.

The Oregon Historical Society expects to buy the ground and erect a monument there to perpetuate its memory.

We also went to Clatsop beach to find the place where Lewis & Clark men made salt in the winter of 1805 and 1806. We found the old furnace which had been <sup>known</sup> to a few people for some years. With the aid of Mr. S. B. Smith the second son of Clatsop Chief Katana, we got an old Indian woman, Mrs. Michel Martineau, who is now 89 years of age, to go with us. She identified the place and made <sup>of boulders</sup> performance as "the Lewis and Clark Salt Works," having seen it often when she was a girl. She named several old Indians long since dead, whom she said always called the salt works. Among the old Indians was "Dwileh" and Katatah, of whom I knew. We made arrangements to have a strong picket fence placed around the place to keep future hunters from carrying it all away.

I took my son Preston with me, and <sup>the first</sup> made a fine little trip for us, and this time that he and I were both away from home together. July 4<sup>th</sup> 1900. Wife, Preston, and the house servant, left home on the evening of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July for our summer dwelling at our Evergreen Cottage on "North Beach," and reached the cottage on the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup>. Found everything in fine condition. Our vegetable garden was elegant.



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among with the finest green peas, lettuce, turnips,  
its, carrots, cabbage, as well as cucumbers and goose-  
berries and Raspberry plants. The potatoes too were  
so many & so well. Within two or three days we  
had our horse in from his winter quarters, in  
form where we have him kept, he was  
in good condition, and having taken a new  
cuff down with us, we were ready for  
business. The fair from Portland to Astoria  
is but 25<sup>cts</sup>, about one fourth of what it should be,  
and this induces many people to go. So the  
cottage is now well filled up. and there  
are more people here than I ever knew at  
this time of the season. I busy myself in  
the garden, and on the farm mowing, fern,  
cutting down young trees, that begin to  
crowd each other. I erected a pretty  
good swing for Preston, and when it  
was completed, and <sup>he</sup> had had a good swing, he  
said, "Papa don't you wish you were a boy  
again?" He was so delighted, that he could not  
see why I should not wish to be a boy again.

Aug 1900. Came home to Portland alone  
to attend to my business, and returned to the  
Cottage within a week. I find that the trees  
~~that~~ left in my Park are growing so fast that  
many of them must be taken out so ~~this~~ this  
morning I hired a man and we cut down  
and removed enough of them into the street to  
make 4 large brush heaps, and I think I have  
not left too many of them. This makes the  
third time I have thinned the woods I am  
making a nice place of evergreens. It  
looks more like a home, than any place on  
the beach, so much so, that many people come  
to ~~buy~~ buy milk, butter, chickens, eggs &c. I feel  
quite proud of the place, as I have done  
it nearly all myself. An event occurred  
about the latter part of this month that



Aug - 1900. gave general satisfaction to all persons interested in Long Beach. The Alwaco Railway & Navigation Co. have sold their road and boats to the O. R. & N. Co. The O. R. & N. Co. were not only poor, but they were inexperienced in the business, and always gave very unsatisfactory service. The O. R. & N. Co. ~~have~~ <sup>do not</sup> understand their business, and we anticipate much better service. Every day a steam tug, passes up and back to and from Grays Harbor, towing a huge barge of stone, from the Colymbia river for the "letty" ~~at~~ now being constructed by the Government at that place. She goes up in the morning with a laden barge, and returns in the evening with an empty one.

September - 1900. came home alone to look after business and found the whole city ~~and~~ making preparations for its first "Street Fair" which continued a week, and brought as great number of people to partake as any other event. ~~Sept 8th~~ A great tornado, and tidal wave almost swept the City of Galveston Texas, and by its violence. More than half the city was destroyed by wind and wave, with 7000 to 8000 of our people. All of the docks & wharves, as well as rail road tracks, and ship trading business were destroyed. The loss in many places many millions. Galveston is built on a low sand island, only 6 ft. <sup>or</sup> 8 ft. <sup>at</sup> high tide.

In about 1807 or 1808 "Lost" island on the coast of Louisiana, a low sand island, wholly by the power of the Atchafalpa County as a summer resort, shared the same fate, and everything was swept from the island and the people all killed or drowned. Many of my Louisiana friends and acquaintances, lost their lives there, among whom was J. M. Muzzette, a sugar planter on the Atchafalpa Bay, near Pattersonville of many of my special friends.



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barish. It is a dangerous, and risky business to attempt to build and maintain a city on a sand island, exposed to those terrible West India tornadoes.

Some time, May or June of this year, "the Boxer" trouble in China began, and great numbers of foreign missionaries were murdered and their property destroyed, the representatives of foreign governments in Peking, were attacked and they were for many weeks besieged, and were obliged to defend themselves against the lawless Boxers.

It has since been learned that the Empress Dowager, who was the true ruling power in China, was the instigator of the trouble and massacres.

The German Minister of State was murdered in the streets of Peking. "The Powers" of Europe, the United States and Japan, finally had to send armed forces there, to protect and save the representatives of their governments from slaughter.

The allied forces have <sup>been</sup> in Peking for some weeks and are now considering how to punish China for her assault upon foreign representatives at her Capital.

Sept 21. We returned from our Sumner Cottage today, having been there since July 5<sup>th</sup>.

Sept 30. This has been a very pleasant month, rather more so than the average. The special feature was, that there was no smoke to obstruct view, as is usually the case through the month. In the early days of Oregon settlement, and until within a few years, the people made no effort to prevent the starting or spread of forest fires, but on the contrary rather encourage them, wishing to destroy the timber, so as make room grass. But now the value of timber is so much increased, that everybody can see its value, and that it is worth preserving. Besides the government has stringent laws for its protection. The timber of the North West is the largest and most valuable of any in the country.



374 October. Until today, in this month, the weather has been showery and threatening, and I was much afraid that we were going to have a rainy October, such as we occasionally have once in a while, 12 or 14 years, the winter rains have begun early in this month and continued throughout. But today it is clear and beautiful, and it now looks as if we might have our usual lovely October weather. The excitement of a Presidential election, or rather preceding it is now on, general throughout the country. Mr. Mc Kenley is running on the Republican ticket to succeed himself, and Mr. Jennings Bryan is nominee of the Democrats, Silver Republicans and Populists. While Mr. Kenley is not what I could wish him to be, but he is vastly superior to Bryan, who is a noisy, blustering blabber next door to a fool. While I have not much fear of his election, yet the possibility of it, spreads a visible gloom over the country, and has a tendency to make a business depression.

The Census of 1900, gives Portland a population, in round numbers of 90,000 Seattle 80,000, and Tacoma 37,000. Portland's increase in the last ten years has been 94.95 per cent. Seattle 88.32, Tacoma 100.00. No other city the size of Portland has made such remarkable gains. I clip the following from the daily Oregonian of Oct 5th 1900

### PORTLAND AND SEATTLE.

Figures Which Show Where the Northwestern Metropolis Is Located.

Seattle padded its census in the hope of passing Portland in the race for supremacy, but the metropolis of the Northwest is the same "old, slow town" that has held the distinction for 30 years. There are fully 15,000 names on the Seattle rolls that do not belong there, still Portland leads by nearly 10,000, though the actual difference in its favor is close to 35,000. The surprising circumstance about the count is not the rapid growth of Seattle, but the rapid growth of Portland. In 10 years Portland gained 44,041 inhabitants, while Seattle gained 37,334; Portland's percentage of increase was 94.95, and Seattle's 88.32. All statistics that relate to municipal life point to Portland to be the larger and more prosperous city of the two. It leads in school children, registered voters, postoffice receipts, property valuations, municipal income and assets, while in jobbing lines it does more business than Seattle and Tacoma combined, just as its wheat shipments are more than double those of all Puget Sound. Comparisons follow:

	Portland.	Seattle.
Population, 1900	90,000	80,000
Population, 1890	46,000	42,666
Increase in 10 years	44,041	37,334
Per cent of increase	94.95	88.32
School children, 1900	20,000	14,000
Registered voters, 1900	15,000	10,000
Postoffice receipts, year ending June 30, 1900	\$2,750,000	\$1,800,000
Wheat shipments, year ended June 30, 1900, bushels	5,000,000	2,000,000
Jobbing trade, 1900	\$100,000,000	\$40,000,000
Municipal statistics:—		
Streets, paved, square yards	1,000,000	1,000,000
Streets unpaved, square yards	20,000,000	20,000,000
Public schools	100	100
Assessed valuation property	\$1,000,000,000	\$500,000,000
Total city income	\$1,000,000	\$500,000
City assets	\$1,000,000	\$500,000

\*Includes Tacoma.

†From report of the United States Bureau of Labor.



Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> So far, we have had more than the usual quantity of rain for October. Yet it has been rather a pleasant one.

This is the last day of October, in less than a week the people will choose a President, unless all signs fail! Mr. McKinley will be elected by a better majority than he was four years ago. His election being sure and ~~undoubtedly~~ <sup>but</sup> some great unforeseen "land-slide" comes, he will succeed him self. I cannot believe the people of the United States will elect such a man as Bryan, though the people sometimes make great mistakes, and have to submit to sufferings they bring until they are corrected.

November 30<sup>th</sup> The most important event of the month, was the Presidential election. Wm. McKinley was re-elected by a larger majority than he had four years ago. His plurality being about 800,000. I am much inclined to believe that much less will be heard of Mr. Bryan in the future, so not a fool as <sup>he</sup> never before annoyed the people of the United States so much. Evil Bryan.

The weather of November has been about an average, excepting the cold snap than about the middle of the month when the thermometer ran down to 18 above, which seldom ever happens in November. The rainfall was up to the average. Financially, the times are still improving. I still increase the rents of my houses, but I am inclined to believe that I do not increase them as fast as I should do. When times were hard, and many of my houses empty, <sup>and</sup> the tenants were on top, they were harder and more exacting, and their demands greater, and they were harder than I have ever got to be. As a rule tenants are harder than they have the opportunity, in consequence of their being of a different class of people. Few of them ever own property of their own. Besides as a rule they are of a lower order of people than the land owner. The long and short of it is. They lack principle.



December 31<sup>st</sup> 1890. December has been a better <sup>Month</sup> of weather, than is usual for Dec. There was much good weather, and the temperature for the time of year was inoffensive. Terms of the settlement with China have been agreed upon though not yet signed. The Hay-Poncefort treaty between the U.S. and Great Britain in relation to Nicaragua Canal, has been amended, by the U.S. Senate, and will have to go to London for acceptance or rejection. I believe England will concede to any of our wishes rather than antagonize us of this time. It does seem to me that England is losing her power and influence; and she feels that she must have the United States as a friend. She does not have her old time power and success in war, nor does she seem to have the skill, and ~~the~~ tact to keep pace with us in Trade and Manufactures. Her Statesmen seem to have lost their shrewdness, her mechanics their skill, and her people their energy, industry and success.

January 1891. The weather is mild and pleasant with plenty of rain and heavy winds; quite a number of vessels have been lost on the coast during Dec & Jan. Another fine green ship came ashore on the Washington coast a few miles north of Greys Harbor. An effort is being made to get her afloat but it is very doubtful if it can be accomplished. Three badly hurt men were ashore on the beach between the mouth of the Columbia and Shoemaker Bay, but none of them could get on off. The "Powers" have agreed upon an agreement of the terms on which they will settle with China for the atrocities committed by their people against the representatives of the Powers and their people living in China. Preston is now past 70 years of age, and is learning as fast as he care to learn. Though we have not yet started him to school, we prefer to keep him at home until he is 8 or nine years old. He is very nice, and promising to be easily managed. And I believe will give us but little or no trouble. He seems to have a good understanding of right and wrong and seems disposed to "right" as yet he has not shown any disposition to tell any thing but the truth.



February, 1901. The month has passed without  
 being much of importance to record. It did not  
 give us quite the usual amount of good weather  
 generally bring. Still the Chinese question  
 not settled. "The Powers" have succeeded in having  
 two of the leading offenders beheaded.

Financially, times are ~~not~~ improving, in  
 certain one the State. Buses in the city are  
 all full, and rents are advancing, though  
 they are not as good as they were eight or  
 ten years ago. There is much building through  
 out the city, and especially on the east side  
 mostly residences.

March. 18<sup>th</sup>. The weather so far, until today has  
 been very mild. Fruit trees are beginning to  
 bloom, and field flowers are plentiful,  
 and the grass and clover are growing rapidly.  
 In the latter part of February I was attacked  
 by La Grippe, and suffered severely; wife and  
 Boston also had it. Wife quite severely, but  
 Boston mildly. It has swept entirely across  
 the United States within two months. About two  
 months ago it broke out in New York. It soon  
 reached Ohio where it was almost universal,  
 then Illinois then here. I believe it is  
 conveyed in the mails by letters, handled by  
 men afflicted with the horrid disease.

From about the 22<sup>nd</sup> until the last of the month it  
 was cold, with much sleet, rain and wind, which  
 quite checked the advance of fruit buds and  
 flowers. The building boom still grows; many dwell-  
 ings are going up, and New Brick blocks are  
 being planned. Mr Mc Kinley <sup>was</sup> inaugurated into his  
 second term with more than usual pomp and cer-  
 mony on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March. The Capitol was thronged with  
 innumerable hungry office seekers. The city of Washington  
 is attractive to them, as is the carcass of a dead ox, to the  
 wretched ravens and carrion crows that are drawn to  
 it by its loathsome smell. The disgusting



herd of ravenous office hunters are, are more repulsive to decency, than the ravens and carrion crows. They can scent office and its spoils clear across the continent.

April 1901. The month took up the cold stormy weather that March had inaugurated and kept it up for a good part of the month. On an average, April was colder than usual. Vegetation is unusually backward. While there has been no severe frost from the temperature day and night has been very cool.

May 1901. The Cool weather has run through the month making it the coolest May ever witnessed in Oregon. The Light Ship which was driven ashore between Cape Hancock and St. King's Head 800 months ago, from her station off the bar of the Columbia, all efforts to float her having proved failures, has during this month been taken across the cape to Baker's bay a distance of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile. It was a great undertaking, and cost the government nearly \$20,000.

We went down to our cottage on the beach about the 8th and stayed a week, and put our place in fine order. During the month, I, with a large party of business men accompanied a delegation of Ohio and Indiana Congressmen to Astoria and the jetties of the mouth of the river. We are seeking to get an appropriation, to extend the jetty farther into the ocean, as the bar is shoaling. We wished them to see and learn the importance of the improvement.

The jetty should be extended into much deeper water and out to where the North & South currents of the Ocean will carry off the sand carried down by the river.

June 1901. The 2nd day this month was my birthday 76th. Mama gave me a dinner, and the other children gave me presents. The almost unprecedented cool weather continued up to the 15th. But it has now turned warmer and is doing like "Winter has broken."

I am about to begin the construction of a house to rent. Government houses are not the kind of property, but as I have started in with them, may as well



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his is the last day of June, and we have a fire in the room, and have had every day through the month. Yesterday and the day before the telegram, when sun strokes and deaths in New York and other Eastern cities of record heat. How different we are having the weather. The River & Harbor Committee of Congress are here now, and tomorrow will visit the mouth of the Coosawhatchie. See the river and the City of its mouth, later visit the upper river. We hope this visit will be of value to us.

July 31<sup>st</sup> 1901. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of this month we all went down to the Evergreen Cottage on Long Beach taking with us a servant girl. Found everything all right, and the garden in fine condition, with potatoes, peas, lettuce, but, carrots, peaplant and currants all ready for use. Miss Breck came and spent two weeks with us. We kept a fire in the sitting room during the month, and found it quite comfortable. Had one fine rain during the month.

August 1901. Ex U.S. Senator and Ex Member of President Grant's Cabinet, Hon. G. H. Williams spent several days with us, and we enjoyed his visit very much. He is an interesting person, having occupied such positions in life, enables him to be very interesting.

The Author's, Mr. F. G. Victor old friend is a two weeks visit during the month.

I had to have a new one will "driven" as the old one began to fill up with sand. I bought of Mr. Zinker half an acre of land just in the rear of my back, so as to get access to the marsh, for rock earth to haul out my land. I hired at the rate of \$100 per acre. For the first time since Long Beach became a summer resort. 2 or three large excursion parties from Eastern Oregon, and Eastern Washington and Idaho, paid Long Beach visits. This will be the beginning of annual summer visits from those localities to this season.



September 1901. We did not return from Long Beach until the 26<sup>th</sup> of the month. Soon after the middle of the month we had a pretty good rain which started up the fresh grass and made the place look better and cheerfull. A number of new buildings have been put up here this season, and the beach has had an enormous number of visitors.

October 1901. I never saw a more pleasant October in any country than we have had. The weather has been delightful in every respect. I have just finished my 19<sup>th</sup> house in Portland. It cost me \$450, and I have rented it for \$25 per month, which pays me over 18 percent interest on the cost of the house.

November, 1901. The weather continued fine throughout the most of the month, making this a most pleasant fall. The people of Portland have determined to have a Lewis & Clark Centennial Celebration, and have already about \$300,000, subscribed to the fund. It is expected the City, as well as the State will also give a large amount. And the State of Washington, Idaho and Montana will also give liberally, and besides the U. S. Government will be asked to contribute. This celebration will be held in Portland in 1905. I only felt inclined to give \$200, while one of our Millionaires, subscribed \$30,000. The City is having a very healthy growth. A large number of houses have been built, and many more are in the course of construction. Good times are really upon us again. Not in some respects, they are not so good as before the collapse. My rents have not yet got up to what they used to be 25 per cent. But it not very probable that rent of building houses will ever be as high as they were before the collapse. Money is so much cheaper than it was 10 to 15 years ago, that building now will bring in much more than it was worth so very much more. I have just begun to build houses to invest in, on money at 12 per cent per annum, then it came down to 10



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ten to 9 which was considered very low, but it  
came on down to 8, 7, 6, and now, on good  
security it can be had at 5 for cent.  
December 1901. We had less rainfall, and more fine  
weather, in this December, than in any December my first  
arrival in Oregon. During much of the month the weather was  
delightful. I have bought the south half of the Block  
180 on which I live for \$3,400. We have had the use of it  
for 10 years, but the owner had decided to sell it, and I was afraid  
he might sell to some undesirable person, or to some  
one who would build a lot of small houses to rent, so I thought  
best to buy it. I will add much to our home.  
1902, January. This month gave us a cold snap of cold  
days. The coldest day was about 18° above zero.  
I had a severe attack of La Grippe, and was confined to my bed  
for 8 days, to the house the most of the month. This is the  
2<sup>nd</sup> time that I have been sick enough to go to bed in 50  
years. Not knowing what would happen, I called in  
an attorney and had my will made; something that  
I had carelessly been neglecting too long.  
February, 1902. The month has not been so pleasant as  
usually is; there has been much more than the average of  
rain for the month. The Emperor Prussia, son of  
his brother Henry to the United States, to witness the  
funeral of Emperor William. Gacht which he has  
had held in this country. The visit of Prince Henry has  
created quite a sensation, and has been one of the main  
topics of the newspapers for nearly a month. The  
Emperor invited Mrs. Roosevelt, the daughter of President  
Roosevelt to christen her launch, which she very  
graciously did. The action of the Emperor and  
the visit of the Prince Henry, has created quite  
a friendly feeling in this country for the German people.  
Prince Henry went as far south as Baltimore, and  
Chicago, and North to Niagara and many of the  
large cities. He was everywhere received with  
great kindness and marked attention.  
1902 March. Within the exception of a few days  
the month so far has been bad, stormy and rainy.



As a whole, I never saw a more important man. I had the South West quarter of the block on which we live. Spaded up and seeded in grass and clover. Next year I will do likewise with the South East quarter. We have used this ground so long for a chicken yard that the grass is entirely killed out.

April 1902. April like March is unusually cold. I suppose from the great amount of snow in the mountains. We went to ~~the~~ Evergreen Cottage and stayed 9 days during the first part of the month. I found the garden looking exceedingly well, considering the cool backward spring.

The man who employed to prepare our plant did me a much better job than I have ~~ever~~ ever got from others. We have had some excitement this spring in politics. The New law, regulating primary elections first came into use. Heretofore for many years the Primaries have been a perfect farce, and were entirely under the control of a tiny "The Demon Ring" or rather "A Demon" a few little fellows. He had acquired perfect control of them, and controlled perfectly the elections - the officers. But under the new law <sup>we</sup> had some fairly and squarely. I published a short article in the Oregonian which created a stir, and for which I had many fine compliments. The article can be found elsewhere in this book on page 489.

May 1902. The coal weather lasted well through this month. There is still much snow in the mountains, and many people are predicting very high water from melting snow. The city state, and county and congressional election comes of the first of June, and the demon gang has sided with the democrats, and are doing their best to beat the Republicans. The Republicans have nominated Don B. Williams for Mayor, one of the able men of the county. The fusionists have <sup>put up</sup> a common fellow, who has raised some money, and has an interest in a large saw mill. As I was partly interested in persuading



ledge Williams to run. I wrote an article for the  
 Oregonian, in his behalf, in which I showed affirmatively  
 in a ~~man~~ manner that many people tell <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~  
 is defeat. That letter and one other, on the same  
 subject can be found on page 490 of this book. I  
 had many fine compliments for the same. I find that  
 when objectionable people are up for office, <sup>or when the</sup> control by  
 trickery and <sup>rule</sup> political affairs, that a good strong  
 reformer from some man or men of character, does  
 much good. So Simon had controlled the elections  
 in this county for many years, and his defeat  
 was hailed with delight by the most of the better class  
 of Republicans.

June. The election came off satisfactorily to  
 the Republicans. The Simon King is voted  
 badly. The fusion candidate for Governor  
 was elected by a scratch. While the Supreme  
 judge and other state officers and both members  
 of Congress were elected by unusual Republican  
 majorities. Whether so Simon can respect  
 himself, remains to be seen.

A pretty general strike among all mechanics, has  
 been on in this city for more than a month, and  
 has checked all kinds of business, and gave our  
 good times a bad back set. The strike first orig-  
 inated among the planing mill men, other trades joined  
 a sympathy strike. There was really no cause for a  
 strike, and great loss has followed the rash acts of a  
 few men or rather the leaders in such things.

July. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of this month we went to our Ever-  
 green Cottage for the summer. We found everything  
 there in a satisfactory condition. Our garden was  
 fine. We found "Sim", my old horse that I have owned  
 22 years, in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding  
 he is over 25 years old. He has been the best  
 horse I ever knew. The strike ended this month  
 at a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the  
 striking and community in general, and without any  
 benefit having been gained by the strikers.



Sometimes these strikes have some cause of complaint. ~~But~~ usually there are result of worthless agitators who hold official positions in these order or "Unions" as they are called, and draw salaries of Officers of the several Unions. It would seem that they wish to make the "Union" for which the work men they are earning money. But generally these fellows are impostors, deceits, living off the earnings of laborers, who they are humbugging. There was considerable hot weather during the month away from the coast. There were five successive days in Portland that ranged from 93° to 97° in the shade, which is about as long a "hot spell" as ever saw in Oregon.

August. We had Hon Geo H Williams, Mayor of Portland, at our cottage a few days in the early part of the month. He was in poor health and did not enjoy his visit so much on that account. A number of large manufacturing, ~~are~~ preparing to open business in Portland at once, among which a Cannery which will employ something like 500 men. They paid \$5,000 for the ~~super~~ <sup>super</sup> which to build. The prospect for an increased advance in the growth and importance of Portland and surrounding country is exceedingly good. The summer has been unusually ~~dry~~ <sup>dry</sup>, and the drought has materially shortened the crop of the Willamette Valley. There are a great many new houses being built through the city as well as quite a large number of brick buildings. I can now recall over 1000 front feet of brick building that are in course of construction, and that have been put up this season. Portland prosperity is very great. I have, for an unusual amount of business on my hands, and have <sup>made</sup> many trips between home and my cottage at the beach where the family are. I feel very lonely without them. I miss Preston so much and Mama too.

September. The weather <sup>is</sup> very <sup>and</sup> good warm. I do not seem to have seen the grass so dry as it now is. The spring that furnishes water for the house is lower than I ever knew it. It has covered us 15 years, giving plenty of water.



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but now we have to use it sparingly, for watering the lawn. I have undertaken to have a three story Brick building erected for a client a widower, and it is keeping my home in the heat, dust and smoke; but as soon as the contract is let, I can go back the cottage. I never built a brick building, so it worries me considerably. ~~Have~~ already lost several nights of sleep, thinking it over. This great drought, which we are now having is the driest we have had for many years. Great forest fires are raging every where. and the atmosphere is so smoky that we cannot see to the river. and there is smell of ash andinders. These fires are causing great loss of property and some lives. It looks as if the <sup>best</sup> standing timber would run ~~to~~ into millions. It is greatly to be lamented that our best forests, being destroyed, just as they have reached the time when they are of such great value. Many of these fires are caused by careless farmers, in burning their slashings and in clearing their land. They do not seem to realize the danger putting out fires in the time of a drought. It has not been so smoky for many years, as it now is.

Nov 1902 Have a Brick building under way, and am well satisfied with the contract which I have made.

Dec 1902. The walls are well up of the Brick building, notwithstanding the rain, though the rainfall has not been great. I am in fear of freezing weather on account of freezing the mortar in the walls. Standing around the building to mark, I have taken Rheumatism pretty badly, and suffer much, and find it difficult to walk about to do my business.

Jan 1903. There has been no freezing weather yet. The wall of my building are up and the carpenters are preparing for the roof.

Feb. 1903. Am still crippled up with Rheumatism. The month has passed with very cold weather.

March 1903. We had the first snow on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March, and made a nice step, and in freezing



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Mar 1903 Save myself from falling, severely straining  
the muscle in my left hip, so that I am very lame  
in that leg. My knee swelled up and I am very lame  
April 1903. My building, finished excepting the  
carpenter work on the inside, and if (Cree) the  
painting it will be ready for the tenant in  
May.

May 1903. Took a relapse from the La Grippe and am  
now confined to my bed with daily visits from my  
Doctor, and constant attendance of a nurse.  
June 1903. After a confinement to my bed of five  
weeks, am able to be up. But by the time that I  
could be up my good wife was taken down with  
a bad spell of the Grippe. As soon as she was able  
to move we got a large tent and a Camp outfit  
and went to St Martins Hot Spring on the Wind  
River 9 miles beyond the Cascade Locks. I took  
my man, Henderson and went a head to get the camp  
in order for wife who was still weak. We got a  
fairly good place to camp, and in a short time were in  
pretty good shape to keep house. After the fall in a  
supply of wood, he returned. The St Martins Springs  
are located on the Wind River in Wash, about 3  
miles from its mouth. The Hot Spring is just in the  
edge of the river, and at high water would be lost  
more, but for the cement wall wall around it.  
The water of the Spring is 120° hot hot? and is  
is hotter. The Hotel and Camp ground is 100 to 150  
feet above the Spring, leaving it down in a  
canyon, making access to it very difficult  
laborious. It was about all I could do, to get up and  
down that dreadful hill. The Hotel and Camp ground  
are located on a bench of 6 or 8 acres, the real valley  
of the Wind River being at least 200 feet higher. From  
that higher land we could see the Columbia River, and  
the stupendous Cascade Mountains that surround the  
Spring. The water of this Spring is unquestionably of  
great value, to those suffering from Rheumatism, Kidney  
or Stomach Trouble. And being located in a beautiful



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the great mountains, and for four, the climate is  
exceedingly healthful. But the accommodations there  
are almost unbarable. The Hotel is much im-  
proved with women innkeepers, and has few comforts or  
modern improvements. Before it can ever be desirable  
place to visit, the water should be pumped up the  
hill where the consumers could get it without so much  
trouble and inconvenience. But the people who own  
the Spring, the St. Martins, are untutored, and not capa-  
ble of managing a business of that kind. Mr St. Martin  
is the son of a Canadian Frenchman, and was born on  
Pugit Sound sixty nine years ago, when there were  
but few white people here, and while the British yet  
claimed the country. He married an Indian  
who was scarcely past of savagery, by whom he  
has a large family now all grown up, and  
who own the Hotel and Spring, which will never be  
much of a success, until they make many improvements.  
I asked Mr St. Martin he found the Spring in such an  
out of the way place. He said that his forefathers were  
having a large canoe, and that he followed them  
in their canoe to run directly down the hill to the  
Spring, which is just in <sup>the</sup> edge of Wind river, on the  
West side. The young men of the St. Martins family  
assure me that they had been to head of the Wind river  
many times, a distance of about 70 miles. They say the  
valley of that river is from 4 to 6 miles wide, until  
nearly head its valley becomes lower and broader, and is  
a vast meadow of many miles in extent. They say  
that meadow is covered with a most luxuriant  
growth of grass. Game and fish are very pleas-  
ant along the whole length of Wind river. There are  
great logging camps above the St. Martins Springs,  
and as the river is very shallow, owing to its great fall,  
the Loggers have built a great dam across the river  
with an immense flood gate. When the is well  
filled with logs the floodgate is opened, and  
comes the great logs rushing tumbling, and bumping  
down the rack bound stream. We saw several of those



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June 1903 great big run. Soon after the great flood  
gate is opened we noticed that the water in the St. Martin  
Spring was several degrees hotter, owing to the fact  
12 miles above the St. Martin Spring there is a much  
larger hot spring immediately in the bottom of the river.  
As the water rises over this large spring the great amount of  
water ~~flows~~ over it forces the water down through  
the channel of the ~~St.~~ of the St. Martin Spring,  
making its flow stronger and its water hotter. This fact  
seems to prove that all of this hot spring in that vicinity  
are from the same source. The land in the  
neighborhood of these springs seems to be mixture of  
rock, boulders, gravel, sand and soil pretty well mixed  
together, which indicates that the whole country has  
sometime been well shaken up by earthquake or volcanic  
action.

July 1903. On about the 6th of this month we took  
camp and went to Portland, got ready as soon as we  
could and to Evergreen on the morning there about  
12th of July. Found our garden all ready for us to  
make use of. We soon got down the horse home and  
drove to North Head Light house, on a new Plank  
road starting from Iwak, it also extends to Port  
Curry, making a beautiful drive. The whole of the  
disappointment excepting the government reserve, will  
soon be denuded of timber, or of such as is fit for lumber.

The spruce timber is most valuable. When I  
first saw the Cape it was covered with an untrodden forest  
and much of the timber was of prodigious size, consisting of Spruce,  
Hemlock, Cedar, with a little Maple & Alder.

August 1903 Our home life at the beach was much the same  
usual. About the last of the month I drove down to the  
beach to get a package, and when I stepped out of the buggy  
unfortunately left on the end of a board and fell with my  
back by the hole, hurting me very much. It was  
going better now for the fall hurt it worse than  
ever, and I could scarcely walk.

September 1903. Came home in the early part of Sept  
and made preparations to go to the Collins Hotel.



The Callens Hot Spring is 12 miles above the  
ascade Lock on the North bank of the Clatsop  
River a mile above Wind Mountain, and 8 1/2 miles from  
W. Martin's Spring. It is doubtless from the same  
source of the W. Martin's Spring. The waters of course  
seem to have the same qualities. See or valueable

This Spring is near a few hundred yards  
"Gollen's Landing", from which it took its name. Gollen  
was an early settler here and furnished cordwood for  
the steamboat of the "Ole" Oregon Steam Navigation  
from whom he got regularly \$10, a cord for fire  
wood, the late days the "O. S. N. Co." got \$40 per cord  
for carrying freight from Portland to the Dalles, about  
one hundred miles. It is a <sup>fine</sup> site for a health or pleasure  
resort much superior to that of W. Martin's. It has  
fine view of the Columbia, and the Mountains, also  
of the N. on the South bank of the river. The W. Martin's  
are so insecure as not to allow farmers, to buy  
and sell fruit. Milk regularly like the Campory  
Spring. Not so of Callens Spring, all are free  
come. Near the Callens Spring, on the Or.  
side, is a large number of the venerable Fir &  
which Lewis and Clark saw almost 100 years  
and according to their description; looking like  
the did when they saw them. Ages and Ages  
portions of the Mountain at the Cascade, fell in  
the river, coming it up so ~~as~~ as to kill all  
timber on and near its bank. Hundreds of the  
stumps of those trees may still be seen the  
doubtless many centuries old. These stumps may  
found at different places for 12 to 15 miles above the  
Cascades.

Jan 1904. Near the latter part of this month I was  
ill, and confined to bed under the care of a Nurse and  
March 1904. I did not sufficiently recover my health  
and strength to be out of bed about the latter  
this month. Recently, a war has broken between  
Empires of Japan and Russia.  
Japan & China had only a few years



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been engaged in war, in which Japan was en-  
creantly successful. Japan destroyed and took the  
Chinese fleet, and was indeed victorious in every-  
thing. But just as soon, and before China and  
Japan had time to conclude terms of peace, Russia  
stepped in, and said to Japan, you must not meddle  
with Manchuria or Korea. I will attend to them.  
Japan having just had a war with China did not  
feel able to cope with Russia one of the most powerful  
and warlike nations of the globe, and had to let Russia  
have her way, but she secretly began to prepare  
for war on a large scale. When she was practically  
for war she opened negotiations with Russia, de-  
manding the evacuation of Manchuria. Russia's  
reply was all of the tone of military nature, and to  
continue until lost all patience, and began the  
war. I believe that all just minded people throughout the civilized world think that Russia  
was in the wrong war, that Japan was in the right.

It has from time immemorial, been an established  
maxim, that to the victor, belongs the spoils of War.  
As Japan began a war with Russia to maintain  
her rights.

July 1904 I have not recovered the use of my left  
leg yet, am quite lame.

The City Council has some ordinances, to put within the  
limits of these bridges, and to erect 2 Steel bridges across the  
"Morgueam gulch". to be paid for by the property owners  
of Harrison St. It will make a heavy tax on the  
people of that district.

September 1904. We spent about 2 months at our  
Evergreen place at the Beach. Had a pleasant  
summer. We came home Sept 1st and on the 10th we  
to Collier's Spring and remained during the month.  
On May 1st a block of 12, 50, 728 in Block 151  
Quincy addition for \$2800. I had previously purchased  
lots 3 & 4 for \$500. which makes the block cost  
me \$3300. I sold this block for Mr. H. H. H.  
years ago for \$3200. I allowed a street contractor



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to grade the block down to the level that it  
needed it to lay the road the earth to fill in the  
trench beneath the bridge 200 feet north of it. It would  
have cost me \$4000 to have that amount of earth  
removed. The Block is now beautiful property, and  
will soon be worth a large sum of money.  
November 1904 The Japanese-Russian war is still in  
full blast. In almost every engagement, both naval and  
land the Japanese have had the best of it. They have  
almost destroyed the Russian fleet in Asiatic waters, and  
have achieved several great land victories. Port Arthur  
is closely besieged by the Japs, and seems most certainly  
doomed in the near future. The Japanese have proved  
themselves to be very superior warriors, and have surprised  
the world by their achievements, their sagacity, bravery,  
and wonderful military skill. They have the sympathy of  
the world, excepting the French and German governments,  
each of which is trying to out ~~today~~ <sup>make</sup> ~~each other~~  
before the Czar to secure his favor. Their action in  
this respect is a species of cowardice. They are each afraid  
of the other, and believe very Russia to a very powerful  
nation, are each trying to ~~very believe the believe~~  
they are respectively her best friend.

Russia has dispatched her "Baltic Sea Squadron"  
to the Orient, which will be due there in Feb next, and the  
lucky little Japs will be ready to receive, and destroy it,  
as they did with her Asiatic fleet.

December 1904 The past year has been a busy and prosper-  
ous year for Portland. More new building have been  
erected this, ~~than~~ any other year of her existence, and at  
a greater cost than that of any other year. Two Million  
dollars have been expended during the year in Sewer  
bridge and Street improvements, which makes the  
tax very burthenome. Recently a scandal has de-  
veloped in regard to the City Engineer's office which  
has resulted in his forceful resignation. Charges of  
inefficiency, neglect and dishonesty have been  
heaped to him and his staff. I think the City  
Engineer has had blood in his nose. His work



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S. A. Miles, of St Helens, Calumet Co., is  
a man of remarkable character. All the old  
settlers of the Calumet & Laurier Co. know will  
"Blood will tell," and does not fail in  
this case. During the year there has been  
~~one~~ over 13 miles of Main Sewer construe-  
ed, 57 Miles Cement Side walk, 18 Miles  
wood, one 1/2 mile gravel laid, making in 70  
miles of new Sidewalk, which is far more than  
was ever put down in one year before.  
1905 January. Up to this date, the 7th, I have  
not seen a killing frost over Greenham bed & a  
green as if was in June. Roses have bloomed up  
along and there are many now in bloom in  
lawn. The Forsythia, and Pyracantha Japonica are  
also in bloom. The wild flowering currant  
is also in bloom, which I never saw before in  
Jan. On New Year's day Genl. Stoussel sur-  
rendered Port Arthur to the Japanese, after a siege  
of nine months. The capture of this strong hold is almost  
one of the wonders of the world, as Port Arthur was considered  
impregnable. It is believed by military men, that no other  
people on earth but the Japanese could have accomplished  
a wonderful feat. Their courage, fearlessness and  
resolute has gained for them, the admiration and praise of the civi-  
lized world. Until January 10th I have not seen a  
killing frost





# LAST OF THE CLATSOPS

SKETCH OF A TRIBE ALWAYS  
FRIENDLY TO THE WHITES.

Customs and Characteristics, Dress  
and Diet—Living Descendants of  
the Principal Chief.

1899

PORTLAND, Oct. 20.—At Long Beach, Washington, in July last, I met with an Indian man and his wife engaged in selling Indian baskets. Prompted by curiosity, I asked the man what tribe he belonged to. "Clatsop," was his brief reply. After some further conversation, I found that he was born, and had spent the greater part of his life, on "Clatsop plains," was well acquainted with all of the old settlers there, whom I have known nearly 50 years, and that I had seen and known himself 40 years ago. He informed me that he was the only full-blood man of the Clatsop tribe now living. This interested and surprised me very much, because I did not know this old historic tribe was so nearly extinct. He said there were only two full-blood Clatsop Indian women living, but there were several half-Clatsops by intermarriage with surrounding tribes living. His Indian name is Sel-i-kee, to which his white friends have added "Bob," so Bob Selikee is his name. His father was Wa-ka-see, and his grandfather was Wa-sel-sel. Almost instantly, I made up my mind to write a brief sketch, or history, of the Clatsops, and asked Selikee if he would allow me to have a photograph taken of himself. After considerable explanation, and some coaxing, he finally reluctantly assented. I bought two fine baskets of Selikee, made by his daughter, to keep as a relic of the Clatsops. "Tose-tum," the last chief of the Clatsops, was Selikee's uncle. Selikee seems to be an honest, upright man, with a fair supply of common sense.

The Clatsops were among the first Indians of the Northwest coast to make the acquaintance of, and begin to trade with, the white man. Their earliest known intercourse with white men extends only back to 1792, when Captain Gray, in the ship Columbia, entered the Columbia river. Beyond that, nothing is known of them or their history, save a few vague legends handed down from generation to generation; thence, all trace of them is lost in the dismal gloom of grewsome savagery. Many of the Indian tribes of Oregon, Washington and Idaho were very warlike and hostile to the whites, and many of the early settlers in those territories have fallen victims to their savage hate; but there is no record of any war or violence on the part of the Clatsops towards the whites, notwithstanding they have been crowded out of their homes and deprived of all their lands and possessions by the whites without any compensation whatever.

When Lewis and Clark came here in 1805 they estimated the population of the four tribes, or nations, so-called by them, living nearest to the mouth of the Columbia river, as follows: Cathlamahs, nine lodges, 300 persons, residing between what is now Astoria and Cook's cannery, on the south side of the river; the Chinooks, 28 lodges, 400 persons, residing at the entrance of the Columbia, on the north side, around Haley's or Baker's bay, and on the Wolecut and Chinook rivers; the Clatsops, 14 lodges, 300 persons, residing at Point Adams, and down the coast to what is now Seaside, and around Young's bay, Young's river, the Nettle (Lewis and Clark) river; the Killamucks (Tillamooks), 50 lodges, 1000 persons, residing on the coast south of the Clatsop. They found those four tribes very similar in dress, appearance and habits, all using the same language.

## Their Habits, Dress and Food.

The Clatsops are particularly mentioned by Lewis and Clark as being of mild, inoffensive disposition, with good sense, very loquacious and inquisitive, keen traders, always asking double what they expect to get for what they have to sell, and never closing a bargain until they think they have the best of it; much given to begging and petty pilfering, when not liable to be detected, but never robbing openly as many Indians do. They were found more cleanly than other Indians. "They appear neater in their persons, and frequently wash their hands and faces, a ceremony by no means frequent elsewhere."



BOB SEL-I-KEE, LAST OF THE CLATSOPS, PICKING CRANBERRIES.

—Photo by Canaris.

The only evidence that Lewis and Clark saw of white men having been among them earlier than 1792 was a man whose age they estimated at about 25, with red hair, fair skin and freckles. They thought that one of his parents must have been pure white. "Goss," one of Lewis and Clark's sergeants, in his published diary, says of him: "This fellow has the reddest hair I ever saw, with fair skin, and is much freckled." In all other respects he was Indian. If he was 25 years old at that time he would have been 13 years of age when Captain Gray arrived; but he might have been a deserter or a man or boy left from some ship between the time of Captain Gray's arrival and that of Lewis and Clark.

The Clatsops made their clothing of skins of animals, bear grass, silk grass, cedar bark and flag. The dress of both sexes extended no lower than the knee. The lower part of the legs and feet were allowed to go bare, in both winter and summer. I have often seen them barefoot when the ground was covered with snow and the temperature below freezing point. Fish was their principal diet, yet they dug and ate several sorts of roots, besides berries, wild fruits and such game as they could kill. They also had a limited trade with the up-river Indians, exchanging fish for wapatoes, etc. For fishing they used the straight net, the scooping or dipping net, with long handles, the spear or gig, and the hook and line. Before the whites came, they made their fish-hooks of small bones. They were expert fishermen, and their women were as accomplished in this art as the men. Their nets and fish lines were made of grass and cedar bark, until the whites came, bringing better material. In summer they dried and smoked much fish for winter use and to trade; but they never learned to prepare the dried, pounded fish such as the Indians at the cascades of the Columbia put on the market.

In hunting, the Clatsops used musket, bow and arrow, spear, trap, deadfall and pit. With the bow and arrow they could seldom kill elk or bear, and not often deer. Their muskets were old fashioned and were much out of order, and they could not repair them. They dug pits in the well-used elk trails, and covered them over with small brush and moss, concealing them so well that the unsuspecting animals often got caught. Often they dug them beside a large log lying across the trail, so that when the elk jumped over the log, it would light in the pit, which was so deep that it could not possibly get out. I have seen several of these pits on my old ranch on the Lewis and

Clark river in Clatsop county. Deer were often caught in those pits, and sometimes bear.

## Kind to Women, but Kept Slaves.

Lewis and Clark observed that the Clatsops treated their women with more consideration than Indians usually did, and thought it was because the women did their full share in earning the living. "The men collect the wood, make fires, assist in cleaning the fish, and make houses, canoes and wooden utensils; and whenever strangers are to be entertained or a great feast prepared, the meats are cooked and served up by the men. The peculiar province of the females is to collect root and to manufacture the various articles which are formed of rushes, flags, cedar bark and bear grass; but the management of the canoe, and many of the occupations which elsewhere devolves wholly on the female, are here common to both sexes."

It was also noted that they treated their old men with more kindness than do many other tribes. The Clatsops had no domes-

tic animals except dogs, many of which Lewis and Clark bought for food, and they and their whole party became very fond of dog meat as a food, and found that when they had plenty of it they were stronger and had better health than when they had only fish and roots.

When Lewis and Clark came here, they found slavery an established institution among the Clatsops, as well as among nearly all of the tribes they met with. Slaves were only the captives taken in war, and their offspring, but the Clatsops generally treated their slaves as if members of their family, so that slavery among them was no great hardship. Lewis and Clark, in speaking of the habit of flattening the heads of infants among the Clatsop and kindred tribes, say that it was universal, and the object of so doing was to form a broad, high forehead, which was considered a mark of beauty and adornment. When I came here, 47 years later, it was not universal, and there were many aged Indians, as well as young ones, with round heads, and I was informed by those who (I supposed) knew, that the head was flattened more as a mark of distinction than for beauty or appearance; that it was more a mark of rank, and that the heads of slaves or their offspring were never flattened. I have lately consulted Silas B. Smith, esq., of Clatsop county, who is authority on this subject. He says, "The flattening of the head, as practiced by the Chinook and adjacent tribes of Indians, was considered among them-



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selves a badge of distinction. The history of its origin is one of those things that is lost in the lapse of time. The slaves that were brought into the Chinook and kindred tribes were of the unflattened heads, so any person among them with a round head would be known to be a slave, or the descendant thereof. The flatter the head, the greater the distinction. The leading families of those tribes generally had their heads flattened to a larger degree than the more common families. The seal has a round head, and when any one wished to taunt a slave, or one with a round head, he would say, 'You have a head like a seal,' which was supposed to be a crushing remark. The people who were captured and enslaved belonged to the tribes outside of the flattened heads. The flatheads extended from the mouth of the Columbia to The Dalles and up to Oregon City. The Klickitats were great slave raiders, and traversed the country from Puget sound to the California border to secure slaves for the market."

#### Disposal of the Dead.

From the first that was known of the Clatsops, it was their habit to deposit their dead with all of their valuables in canoes, or on scaffolds up among the limbs of trees. In the fall of 1852, I visited what is now the "Seaside." About a third of a mile south of where the Seaside house now stands, there was more than one acre of land just covered with human bones, skulls and canoes—canoes in all stages of decay—scores of them. One fine large new canoe was hung with dishes on both sides from bow to stern. Holes had been punched in the dishes, and they were hung on nails. In many of them were clothing and a great variety of articles. When the whites first began to settle at Yaquina bay, there was a canoe in one Indian cemetery which had 30 or 40 half dollars nailed to the sides of the canoe. It is needless to say those half dollars did not remain long after the Christianized white man arrived. An Indian never stole from the dead. I saw many bodies of Indians placed on scaffolds in trees, 10 to 15 feet from the ground, on Point Adams, in 1854.

The Clatsops, as well as all of the Coast tribes, were celebrated for their skill in making canoes, which were usually made of cedar logs. Considering the clumsy tools they had to use in constructing them, their canoes were marvelous. For speed, carrying capacity and seaworthiness, they were almost perfection. No good judge of a water craft can see one of those canoes without a thrill of admiration and wonder. When Lewis and Clark reached the mouth of the great river in their low, clumsily built, Upper Columbia canoes, they were greatly surprised at the ease with which the Indians navigated those rough and stormy waters, and seemed to attribute it more to their skill and dexterity in management than to the superiority of their canoes. No people were better skilled in the management of the canoe than the Coast Indian, but no people had canoes so splendidly modeled. The Clatsop valued his canoe higher than any other article. Lewis and Clark said: "In their scale of barter a canoe is of the greatest value except a wife, with whom it is at par, being generally given to the father in exchange for his daughter."

#### Gamblers, but Not Drunkards.

The Clatsops were fond of gambling, and took much pleasure and spent much time in games of chance, but used no intoxicant when first known by the whites, nor did they ever become much addicted to its use at any time. They were fond of ornaments and gay attire. Lewis and Clark found among them some elegant robes of seal and sea otter skins. They highly prized blue and white beads, but cared little for those of any other color. They were a practical people, and quick to see and appreciate the value of any instrument, tool or thing that would be of use to them in any of their occupations. They were very ingenious in making hats, baskets, mats, etc., of cedar bark and bear grass interwoven, and ornamented with various colors, and made hats and baskets that were waterproof and very durable. They were dexterous in making wooden bowls, spoons, skewers, etc. Some of those wooden bowls were large, and used to boil meat in. Being first filled with water, red-hot stones were put in, causing the water to boil. Water could be kept boiling any length of time by removing the stones as they cooled and replacing them with hot ones. Now, since the Indians are so fast passing away, and will in all probability soon become extinct, there is a great scramble among many people to secure specimens of their handiwork.

Lewis and Clark say: "The traders who visit the Columbia must be either English or American," and the Clatsops informed them that those traders spoke the same language as they did. The few words which the Indians have learned of the sailors, such as musket, powder, shot knife, file, heave the lead, damned rascal, show that those visitors spoke the English language. They gave Lewis and Clark a list of the names of the traders and a description of their persons. "Mr. Haley is their favorite trader, who visits them in a vessel of three masts and remains some time. The others are, as near as we could understand their names, Youens, who comes also in a three-masted vessel, and is a trader; Tellamon, in a three-masted vessel, but not a trader; Callalonet, in a ship of the same size, a trader, and they say he has a wooden leg; Swipton, three-masted vessel, and a trader; Moore, four-masted vessel, trader; Mockey, three-masted vessel, trader; Davidson, three-masted vessel, does not trade, but hunts, etc." When asked which way the vessels went when they departed, they always pointed to the southwest. The greater part of the vessels arrived in April, and either remained until autumn or revisited them at that time. So, after Captain Gray found the Columbia river, trade soon followed, and has constantly increased since.

Lewis and Clark say: "Their large houses usually contain several families, consisting of the parents, their sons and daughters-in-law and grandchildren. As these families gradually expand into bands, tribes or nations, the paternal authority is represented by the chief of each association. This chieftain, however, is not hereditary; his ability to render service to his neighbors, with the popularity which follows it, is at once the foundation and the measure of his authority, the exercise of which does not extend beyond a reprimand for some improper action."

#### Chief Comowool and Descendants.

There were several chiefs among the Clatsops, but Comowool was the principal and most important one. He was a firm friend to Lewis and Clark, and all their people, during their stay in his coun-

try, and always treated them with great consideration and uniform kindness. They spoke of Comowool as being the most decent and best of all the Indians. He traded much with them and their trades were always satisfactory on both sides. So strong was his friendship for them, upon hearing of their preparations to leave Fort Clatsop for their homes, Comowool came to make them a formal farewell visit, bringing presents. They, in return, gave him a medal and a list of the names of all of their party, with a request that it be given to the captain of the first ship that came in, and also gave him a certificate of his good character and their appreciation of his constant kindness and friendship. They made Comowool a present of Fort Clatsop and all their houses and furniture.

Solomon H. Smith, a native of Vermont, and one of Oregon's earliest settlers and best citizens, married one of Comowool's daughters and settled on Clatsop Plains, where he spent the remainder of his life. Silas B. Smith, his son, and the grandson of Comowool, and now a prominent attorney in Clatsop county, informs me that Comowool, after Lewis and Clark left, made Fort Clatsop his winter home, on account of great abundance of fish and game in that locality. He says the Lewis and Clark country was the winter hunting ground of the Clatsops.

Lewis and Clark learned that, four years previous to their visit, a disease came

among the Clatsops, which, from their description, must have been smallpox, and swept off four chiefs and several hundred of their people. In 1852 and 1853 the smallpox again broke out among them and destroyed a great part of the tribe.

The Clatsops, like nearly all other tribes of North American Indians, have perished under the process of civilization. The change from their mode of life to that of the white man was too great, too sudden. Although the Clatsop has so nearly disappeared, his name is indelibly stamped on his old country, to remain as long as the state of Oregon and the county of Clatsop are known to history.

P. W. GILLETTE.

Mr. P. W. Gillette has written several articles on the Pacific Northwest that have historical value. Today he contributes an interesting sketch of the Indians of Clatsop plains.



# 459 MINING IN IDAHO IN '62

## BUFFALO HUMP WAS KNOWN IN EARLY DAYS.

### Portland Was the Outfitting Point for Florence in the West 37

Years Ago.

— June 13, 1883

PORTLAND, June 13.—(To the Editor.)—The recent discoveries of gold mines in the near vicinity of the Buffalo Hump, in Idaho, recall to my mind the great rush to the rich placer mines at Florence City, in Idaho, in 1862. These mines were discovered almost by accident late in the fall of 1861, so late that but few were able to reach them that season on account of the great depth of snow in the surrounding mountains. The news of this discovery soon spread over the country, and from the 1st of February until the last of May, every steamship from San Francisco to Portland was crowded to its utmost capacity with gold-seekers. Early in the spring of 1862, people in great numbers from all parts of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and even from British Columbia began to roll out for the mines. Farms, shops, offices and stores were deserted, and thousands left their homes in great haste to reap the golden harvest.

Portland was the grand starting point, and though only a town of about 2300, soon put on metropolitan airs and was the busiest place on the coast. Hotels were crowded to overflowing, the stores were chock full of customers, and the storekeepers were so busy and independent they hardly had time to see or wait upon the purchasers. These were Portland's palmiest days, and was when she first began to realize that she was a city. On April 15, 1862, with 16 others, I started from Astoria and joined the great throng. Each one took a horse, knowing that we would have much land travel to perform, and probably have our food to carry also. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company owned and managed all of the steamboats running up the Columbia river, and consequently made prices of freights and passage to suit themselves. Passage from Portland to The Dalles, less than 100 miles, was \$8, and 75 cents extra for meals. From Portland to Lewiston, 345 miles, passage was \$30, meals extra, and freight per ton, by measurement, was \$120. The boat that carried me to The Dalles was so full of people that it took all day to serve two meals. We left Portland at 5 o'clock A. M. At 6 o'clock the first table was seated, as soon as it was empty another was made ready, and so on as rapidly as possible, until about 12 o'clock, when we reached the lower Cascade landing, all had been served. Then it took until 6 P. M. on the upper boat to serve the next meal. This rush was not just for a day or week, but it continued for several months.

The Dalles, though but a village, was a busy place—a regular toll gate where all who passed through had to pay toll in some shape. The town and suburbs was dotted with tents and wagons, and thronged with busy men, packing horses, loading wagons and getting ready to start. We left The Dalles with our horses packed with 150 to 200 pounds of provisions, camp equipments, etc.

All roads leading up the Columbia were full of people, horses, teams and vehicles of every description, while the steamboats were more than full. It was a great flood tide of emigration of commerce, rolling up the Columbia valley like an irresistible torrent. The Powder-river mines were also newly discovered, and many were headed in that direction.

I must not omit the mention of a very curious and interesting sight I witnessed as we passed along the narrow trail, just beyond the mouth of Des Chutes river. The ground at, and near the foot of, the high basaltic cliff, was covered with innumerable rocks and boulders that time had thrown down from the bluff. All around us, and as far as we could see, were hundreds of rattlesnakes, lazily sunning themselves on those rocks. Their dark, sleek bodies could be seen glistening in the sunlight hundreds of feet away. They were of all sizes, from medium to very large. Our presence did not disturb them, as they allowed us to pass within two or three feet of them without changing their positions. They were so numerous that I did not attempt to count them, but there were many hundreds of them in sight. There must have been a great den of them in the rocky cliff.

At Umatilla landing we met a number of miners returning from Powder river, all glad to get back, declaring there was no gold there worth the getting. At that place we found a tent restaurant. "Meals \$1, with dessert \$1.75." We all took a full meal of bacon and beans, hard tack, black coffee and a small piece of the poorest sort of dried apple pie.

At several points between The Dalles and Walla Walla, the ground was strewn with dead cattle that had starved during the late unprecedented hard winter. Where the city of Arlington now stands, I counted 150 dead cattle on less than one acre of land. They had come down that ravine to the river, in quest of water and food, neither of which could they get, as the river was frozen over and the snow was so deep they could find no grass.

We passed through Walla Walla on the 9th day of May. It consisted of a row of small houses and stores on either side of the road that ran through the town. The country around Walla Walla and Lewiston was only just beginning to be settled. Between Walla Walla and Lewiston we did not see more than a dozen houses, the most of which were in the Touchet, the homes of pioneer stockmen.

When we reached the Alpowa creek we found Indians farming on a small scale. They were plowing, one Indian riding the horse, another holding the little home-made plow. Near the mouth of that creek was quite a good farm, the old home of Rev. Spaulding, who settled there in 1836. Here I saw a clump of apple trees in full bloom that were planted by him, and, excepting those at Vancouver planted by some of the Hudson Bay people, were probably the first fruit of this sort planted on the North Pacific coast. When we reached Snake river, opposite the town of Lewiston, we found the bank of the river covered with hundreds of men, horses and vehicles of all sorts waiting their turn to get across the river. We took our place in line, but did not get across until dark. We put up our tent in the town. During the night we were disturbed by the firing of pistols and the whizzing of bullets so uncomfortably near that the next morning we moved farther back. Drunkenness, gambling, crime and murder were in full blast in Lewiston. I will quote from my diary kept at that time, which will show the condition of things as I saw them, and how the country appeared at that time.

"May 12, 1862—Lewiston is a brisk place. There are stores and shops of every sort, law, doctor, dentist and express office. The town is built of canvas, poles, logs and split boards. Wood is worth \$10 per cord, split boards, three feet long, \$50 per thousand, and shingles, \$25 per thousand. There is a small steam sawmill here, making lumber of logs floated 40 miles down the Clearwater river, which sells at \$100 per thousand. Town lots are all the rage. Everybody is buying lots, selling lots, squatting on lots, jumping lots and lawing about lots. Yet Lewiston is situated upon an Indian reservation, and no one has any title to the lots, save squatter's rights—squatter's sovereignty. Lots are selling at \$50 to \$1000 each.

"May 15—My friend, G. L. Wood, of Yamhill county, dined with me today. I borrowed an extra tin plate, cup, knife and spoon, and entertained him in fine style. He is running the ferry across Snake river, and is making money. (A few years later he was elected governor of Oregon.) The mighty flood of human life still rushes on with restless step and eager hopes. Pack trains and vehicles of every sort come laden with provisions, merchandise and lots of whisky. The town still grows, houses springing up like magic, saloons and gambling-houses are numerous, and are full of people night and day. Here fools and their money part to meet no more. There is much crime and frequent murders here. Later on crime and murder became so rampant that a vigilance committee was organized which arrested, tried and hung several villains.

"May 24.—Mounted my horse this morning and started for Florence City, accompanied by a merchant from Walla Walla. We passed through a fertile, rolling country until we reached the summit of the Blue mountains, where we found pine and tamarack timber thinly scattered over a well-turfed surface, making it resemble an extensive and beautiful park. The trail follows a broad and almost level ridge that grows broader as we advance, until it seems more like an undulating than a mountainous country. At 6 P. M. we stopped and "staked out" our meal of hardtack, cheese and dried beef. When we awoke our blankets were white with frost.

May 25.—The scenery along the trail today is the most picturesque and beautiful I ever saw. The face of the country is diversified with timber and prairie happily interspersed, with hills and dales, glens and glades and dancing streams. At 10 A. M., as we emerged from the timber, we came in full view of the famous Camas prairie, stretching almost from the Salmon to the Clearwater river and about 18 miles in width—a sea of verdure and an Eden of flowers. We descended by a long, sloping point into the prairie, and found the soil very black, and exceedingly fertile, though inhabited only by Indians and wild animals. It is too valuable a country to remain long in this useless and neglected country. It will not be long until it becomes the home of civilization and a rich agricultural district.

Camas prairie and the better part of the Blue mountains are now well-settled up, and at least two railroads are building in that direction.

"When my Walla Walla companion overtook his packtrain, I had to proceed alone. In passing through White Bird creek I saw many Indian lodges, the most conspicuous of which was that of Eagle of the Light, the chief, and a great many Indians, but they did not molest me, except to urge, and almost force, me to cross a rude bridge they had constructed across a small creek, for which they wanted me to pay \$1. But I firmly refused and rode across the creek below the bridge."

A few years later these Indians killed a number of white settlers, and the government sent General O. O. Howard there with force enough to punish and subdue them.

"At 5 o'clock P. M. I reached a large encampment of people just below the snow line, and about two miles this side of 'the Mountain house,' and stopped all night. Late in the evening news came in that the large gang of men employed to shovel out the snow and cut and remove the logs and make a passable trail had just completed their work.

"May 27.—Mounted my horse at 6 A. M. and started alone for Florence City. The snow was piled so high on either side of the trail for several miles that I could not see over it—in some places it was 10 feet deep. I reached Florence at 4 P. M., and was the first man to enter Florence on horseback. When I reached the mining district and the miners got sight of my horse, they threw down their picks and shovels, tossed up their hats and shouted and yelled as if they were crazy. This din of shouts followed me until I reached the town. The sight of a horse was the announcement of cheaper food and all sorts of merchandise. They had paid all winter 40 cents a pound to men to pack in their supplies of all sorts from the Mountain house, 12 miles away, on their backs.

June 2—A continuous stream of people is pouring into Florence which gives it an exceedingly busy appearance. There is still some snow on the ground, but it is rapidly melting away. Having never been in a mining camp before, it is very interesting, and new to me. Every one but the new-comers are busy as bees, digging, ditching and washing out gold in cradles and sluices. Immense heaps of fresh earth are piled up in every direction and the whole country is so full of "prospect holes" that it seems totally ruined. I spent a day visiting different claims, and found many anxious to sell out, although all claimed that their properties were very rich.

June 8—This morning reports were circulated that exceedingly rich diggings had just been discovered in the neighborhood of "The Buffalo Hump," about 60 miles in a northeasterly direction from here. A few miners who seemed to know where the new discoveries are, started off in the night to prevent the crowd from following them. All day people by hundreds, and perhaps by thousands, are getting ready as fast as possible to go. Many start with packs on their backs, while others take horses well laden with food to last weeks.

June 10—Still hundreds of excited men are rushing off to the Buffalo Hump. Within two days flour has advanced from 50 cents to \$1 per pound, and almost all sorts of provisions in like proportion, on account of the extraordinary demand.

June 15—The town is alive with people today. Everybody goes to town on Sunday to lay in supplies, see the sights, get and send letters, buy newspapers, and take a rest. Newspapers cost \$1 each. I can only afford three papers a week. On almost every corner an auctioneer is selling horses, goods and merchandise of every sort. Great clumps of people stand in the streets discussing the "new diggings." The saloons are full of people. Many are gambling, hundreds drinking,



**EMPLOYMENT:** J. W. CRANFORD - 1911

Mathematical instruments .....	\$ 217
Nary and accouterments extraordi- .....	81
Camp equipage .....	55
Medicine and packing same. ....	255
Means of transportation. ....	430
Indian presents .....	636
Provisions extraordinary .....	224
Material for making into portable .....	
packages the various articles. ....	55
To pay hunters, guides and inter- .....	
preters .....	300
To transport men from Nashville, .....	
Tenn., to the last white settlements .....	
on the Missouri, silver coin. ....	100
Contingencies .....	87
Total .....	\$2500

When Lewis and Clark entered the dominion of a new tribe or nation, they halted to make their acquaintance and to learn all they could of their customs and surroundings. The expedition was pro-



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vided with a great number of men's coats, made of bright red cloth and trimmed with gaudy tinsel, one of which was presented to the principal chief. Lewis and Clark also had many silver medals and American flags, which were also distributed among the principal men and chiefs of the different tribes. Those bright red coats, medals and flags were highly prized by the recipients, who were informed that they were presents from the "great father" or president of the United States, who would send his people out to trade with them, to buy their furs and all they had to sell.

Lewis and Clark came very near having serious trouble with the Sioux, that fierce and treacherous people. Two of their chiefs had been invited on board the boat, shown all the curiosities, treated with presents and "finally each given a small drink of whiskey, of which they seemed to be very fond." They were so well pleased with their visit that it was hard to get them to go away, but finally Captain Clark succeeded in getting them started by accompanying them himself. No sooner had the pirogue touched the shore than the cable was seized by several warriors, and one of the chiefs, who affected intoxication, insultingly informed Captain Clark that he had not given them enough presents, and that his party could proceed no farther. Captain Clark said: "We will not be prevented from going; we are warriors, not squaws." The chief replied, "We, too, are warriors," and was about to proceed to offer violence to Captain Clark, who drew his sword and signaled the boats to prepare for action. The warriors surrounding him had already drawn the arrows from their quivers, and were bending their bows, when the swivel of a small cannon on the boat was turned upon them, and a dozen resolute men jumped into the pirogue to join Captain Clark. Seeing this demonstration on the part of the whites, the chief ordered the young men to desist. The Indians, finding they had fearless, determined men to deal with—men who could not be bullied or frightened—suddenly became very friendly, and they had no further trouble with those cunning savages.

#### A Helpful Shoshone Woman.

Dorion, having completed his contract, remained with the Sioux, and Lewis and Clark had to proceed as far as the Mandan nation without an interpreter, but there they found one Toussaint Chaboneau, another Canadian Frenchman who had long lived with the Mandan and Minnetaras, and took him into their service. His wife, Sac-a-jawae, or Bird Woman, was a Shoshone Indian woman he had bought from the Minnetaras, who had captured her from the Shoshones and sold her as a slave. Sac-a-jawae became very serviceable to the expedition, not only because of knowledge of the Shoshone language, and of much of the country through which they had yet to pass, but also on account of her capability and willingness to render them substantial aid. Sac-a-jawae had a babe only about three months old, yet Captain Lewis said "She contributed a full man's share to the service of the expedition, besides taking care of her baby." She was very fond of white people and tried to adapt herself to their manners, as well as their dress, and to make herself as useful to them as possible.

#### Winter of 1804-5.

On the 3d day of November they selected their winter camping place, near a Mandan village, and commenced building log cabins in which to live. The weather had become so cold, the river was liable to be closed with ice any day. Since the 14th of May they had traveled 1690 miles against the almost resistless current of the Missouri, besides spending much time in exploring tributary rivers, and making the acquaintance of the Indian tribes. As soon as the houses were completed, the goods were removed from the boats into them, and the boats secured against damage by ice. The Mandans were a numerous but friendly people, and were of much benefit to their white visitors. As soon as the party were settled in their houses they chopped wood, built and burned a pit of charcoal to use in blacksmithing, and one Fields, an ingenious man, set up a shop and did a brisk business all winter in making battle-axes, tomahawks and spears, and repairing their guns, implements, etc., etc. He took corn for his work and in this way earned enough corn to supply the whole party all winter, besides considerable to carry with them. The other members of the party busied themselves in drying meat, dressing skins and making them into clothing, and building canoes to

ry the load of the keelboat, which was to be sent back to St. Louis in the spring. On the 7th day of May, 1805, after a sojourn of five months and four days, the whole party embarked in their boats. Thirteen, in the keelboat, taking the official reports of the expedition, and many curios and presents for President Jefferson, started for St. Louis. The remainder, 32 men, and Sac-a-jawae and her infant, started in six canoes and two pirogues, to continue the journey up the Missouri, and on into the great unknown and unexplored West.

#### Hunting Bear and Buffalo.

They had many adventures and escapes in hunting bear. On one occasion, Captain Lewis and a hunter found two grizzly bears. Each fired at the same time, wounding both bears, one of which fled. The other attacked the hunters, but the bear was so badly wounded that Captain Lewis could reload his gun as he ran, when he turned and shot again, killing the bear, which weighed 300 pounds. At another time, Captain Lewis, while approaching a herd of buffalo to get a shot, observed a large bear following him. He quickened his pace a little, when the bear broke into a run after him, open-mouthed. Knowing the danger of a wounded bear, he struck for the river near by, rushed into the water waist deep, and turned around, facing the bear, which halted, gazed at him a moment, then fled as if he had met a foe tenfold more dreadful than himself. Not long after Captain Lewis and three others attacked a huge bear, each one shooting him. The infuriated beast turned and pursued one of the men so closely that he threw his gun away and jumped down a high cliff into the river. The bear was finally killed, seven bullets having passed through him. He weighed 600 pounds. They had many such adventures, often narrowly escaping with their lives.

High up the Missouri game was very abundant and tame. In their reports, Lewis and Clark say the buffalo were so tame they could walk up close to a herd without disturbing them; sometimes the bulls would step out and come quite near them, and after taking a careful look, would go to grazing again. They tell how, by a cunning trick, the Indians often killed great numbers of them at a time. The most fleet and active young man was chosen, who disguised himself in the skin of a buffalo in such a manner as to resemble a live buffalo. He then concealed himself between the herd and some river precipice. His companions, in the meantime, got in the rear of the herd, and at a given signal showed themselves and rushed upon the buffalo. They instantly

took the alarm and ran toward the disguised Indian, who led them on at full speed towards the river, when suddenly he would hide in some crevice before selected, leaving the leaders of the herd on the brink of the precipice. It was then useless for the buffalo in front to attempt to retreat, or even stop, as they were goaded on furiously by the frightened ones behind, until all were precipitated over the cliff and killed. Lewis and Clark counted 100 dead buffalo at the foot of those cliffs besides many more had been carried away by the river.

#### Great Falls of the Missouri.

About June 16, 1805, the expedition reached and discovered the Great Falls of the Missouri. Now a city stands there, with railroads and great manufactories. They had to construct trucks on which to haul their canoes and heavy goods, all of which had to be taken 17½ miles around the falls, a part of which distance was over very hilly ground. It took them 16 days to get around those falls. Game there was exceedingly abundant. Grizzly bear were so plentiful and fierce that several of the men came near being killed, and they found it hard to keep them from robbing their camp at night. At the falls they cached some of the ammunition and goods and left their cannon. Early in August they had reached the head of navigation and halted. Here they cached a lot more of their goods; but while the main party was doing this, Captain Lewis with two men went on to explore the route across the mountains, and to find Indians from whom he could purchase horses, and get information and assistance in crossing the great divide. He traveled on foot 90 miles, where he found a large encampment of Shoshones, of which Ca-me-ah-wait was the chief. After for he had no interpreter, he made an agreement with Ca-me-ah-wait for horses and aid. The chief and many of his peo-

ple with horses, went with Captain Lewis to his camp on the Missouri. As soon as they arrived, Sac-a-jawae was called to act as interpreter, but not until she had begun to interpret the words of Captain Lewis to the chief did she discover that he was her own brother. The meeting of sister and brother under such circumstances was pathetic and touching. The Indians did not bring enough horses to carry all of the goods, but the remainder was carried by Lewis and Clark's men and a number of Shoshone women, who took great loads on their backs.

When the Shoshone village was reached, a lively trade in horses at once began, and while the captains were buying horses, the men were busy making pack saddles and arranging the goods in convenient packages. Learning of her arrival a young warrior, the betrothed of Sac-a-jawae, came to claim her, but seeing that she was a mother and the wife of another, he said he did not want her.

#### Sho-shone and La Creole.

I cannot refrain from speaking here of the spelling and pronunciation of Sho-shone. In Lewis and Clark's words, it is often spelled Sho-shone, as it should be, but it is often spelt Shosh-o-nee and Shosh-o-neey, which I believe must be a mistake of the publishers, because no one who ever heard a Sho-shone Indian pronounce the word could possibly be mistaken. They make it only a two-syllable word, with a heavy accent on the last syllable. In their writing, Lewis and Clark much oftener used this word in the plural than in the singular number, adding the "s" to the last syllable, which gives it six letters, making it seem so long that publishers, unacquainted with the true word, have conceived that it should be a three-syllable word, and have so made it, thus totally destroying both the spelling and pronunciation of the word, and committing and unpardonable barbarism. It is universally conceded that every nation or people knows how to pronounce its own name. When I came through the Sho-shone nation nearly 50 years ago, I often heard them speak the word, and it was absolutely and unmistakably Sho-shone and Sho-shones. In Polk county, Oregon, there is a good-sized mill stream called "Rickreall." Its true name is "La Creole," from the Creole who first settled on its banks, but an old Missourian came and settled there, and not understanding the word called it Rickreall, and Rickreall it will always be. Rogue river, in Southern Oregon, was named "Rogue river" from its red clay bank, but the ignorant frontiersmen came and settled there and thought Rouge spelled Rogue, and so called the river, and so it will ever remain "Rogue river."

#### Down the Columbia to the Goal.

On the 30th day of August, having purchased about 30 horses, Lewis and Clark parted with the Sho-shones, who went on their way to hunt buffalo on the Missouri, and resumed the westward march toward the Columbia. Their course was toward and over the Bitter Root mountains and down the Clearwater river, which they followed until they reached its navigable waters, where they stopped to build canoes. After having constructed canoes enough to carry the whole party and all their luggage, and having made arrangements with a neighboring chief to take charge of and keep their horses until their return, they again embarked by water for the Pacific ocean. They found food and game very scarce, and the Indians poor and destitute from the time they left the Missouri river until they reached the Columbia. Down the Columbia to its mouth they found food plentiful and a great many Indians. They found all of the Indians west of the Rocky mountains peaceable and friendly, and excepting occasional pilfering, had no trouble with them. All the Indian villages they saw in passing down the Columbia were visited; the chiefs smoked with, and presents given to them. At The Dalles of the Columbia, as well as the Cascades, the canoes and all their baggage had to be dragged and carried around those obstructions. On the 7th day of November, 1805, they came in sight of the Pacific ocean, and never did human eyes behold a more wished-for and pleasing view. The great goal had been reached, the major part of the great enterprise had been accomplished, and they were the first white men to explore and cross the great wilderness—the first to blaze, and the first civilized footprints to dot "the Oregon trail." They were several days in going from Pillar rock to Cape Hancock, only about 20 miles, because their canoes were so small, heavily laden and unseaworthy. In fact, it is almost miraculous that they



succeeded in going about in them as much as they did without the loss of life.

Lewis and Clark found game so scarce on the north side of the Columbia that they chose a spot on the Needle river (Lewis and Clark) about 20 miles in a southeasterly direction, now in Clatsop county, Or., where they found game quite plentiful. Sergeant Goss estimates they killed 181 elk, 21 deer, four beaver, besides great numbers of geese, ducks, swans and brant during the four months they sojourned at Fort Clatsop. After they had been there about two months an immense whale came ashore at Elk creek, south of Tillamook head. Captain Lewis was about to start with a party of men to get some of the whale blubber to eat, when Sac-a-ja-wae came to him and said: "I have not in all this time been allowed to go to see the great water which I have come so far to see and now that the great fish is there also, I am going," and so she and her husband were allowed to accompany them. That is the last we hear of Sac-a-ja-wae, the bird woman.

#### Resort to Dog and Horse Meat.

During their long and toilsome journey, they were not choosers of the sort of food they had to eat, and often were glad to get anything that would sustain life. They regarded the flesh of beaver the most palatable, but they became very fond of dog meat and relished the flesh of young fat horses. At times it was almost impossible to get anything to eat, and but for the medicines they had, and their skill in administering them, they might have starved, or been compelled to resort to force to get it. On their return through Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho,

In the spring of 1806, the salmon had not begun to ascend the river, and the Indians were so destitute and game so scarce that nothing but their medicines would buy food. Many of the Indians had sore eyes and often other complaints, and in hopes of getting relief from Captains Lewis and Clark, whom they called "great medicine men," would part with a scanty allowance of food for treatment. During the greater part of the journey, they had to make all their clothing and moccasins, first having to tan and dress the skins of which they were made.

#### Mission Fully Accomplished.

Through their courage, energy and good management, Lewis and Clark accomplished most fully and satisfactorily every object and purpose of their mission without any serious loss or fatal mishap. Six years later, Wilson P. Hunt, of the Astor expedition, started on the same route and for the same point, with double the number of thoroughly armed and equipped men, and had he followed the footsteps of Lewis and Clark, would have made a safe and speedy trip; but in crossing the Rocky mountains he took a more southerly route, which led him into numerous troubles and danger. Some of his people died, and all came near losing their lives from exposure and starvation.

#### Title to Oregon Territory.

On May 11, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, in the ship Columbia, discovered, entered and explored "the great river of the West," and named it for his ship, which was the first vessel of any civilized nation to enter the river. This act, according to an old English doctrine, as well as nearly all European nations, made the river and all the country drained by its tributary streams the property of the United States. Eleven years afterward, Thomas Jefferson, by treaty with France, purchased Louisiana, embracing all that vast stretch of country from the Gulf of Mexico up the Mississippi river, and west of the Missouri to the Pacific ocean, thus giving us a seaboard on the Gulf of Mexico, as well as on the Pacific. Jefferson was a shrewd, far-seeing statesman, as well as a great expansionist. He immediately followed up this purchase by sending out the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore, examine and take possession of the newly acquired territory.

Six years after this exploration, John Jacob Astor sent out a party of 70 or 80 men to settle and establish a business at the mouth of the Columbia. A few years later, other American citizens settled in that territory. In 1842, Senator Linn, of Missouri, introduced in the United States senate a bill giving each man and wife, bona fide settlers in Oregon, 640 acres of land, and to each single man 320 acres. Only one year later, over 1000 people crossed the plains to Oregon to avail themselves of this most generous offer. Each succeeding year others went, all taking up lands, and all held and received patents from the government. Oregon was ours then by right of discovery; by right of purchase; by right of exploration; by right of first settlement; by right of occupation, and by right of possession.

#### Who, Then, Saved Oregon?

Captain Gray discovered it, making it ours. In 1803, Thomas Jefferson purchased it, and immediately sent out men under the flag of the United States to view, explore and take possession, and to notify the Indians of the change. Captain Gray gave us Oregon. Thomas Jefferson saved it, secured, clenched and perfected the title. England never had any claim or shadow of claim to Oregon, and but for the Hudson's Bay Company, never would have attempted to set up any claim; but that company, who were intruders, interlopers and trespassers, constantly importuned their home government to claim it. They wanted protection in their ignoble work of robbing us of our furs and peltries. At that time, as now, England was one of the most powerful nations of the earth; while we were but an infant with only 6,000,000 people, without money, army or navy. England never did, and does not now, give up a prize so vast and valuable as Oregon, if she only has a fairly good claim to it, without fighting for it. This fact alone is conclusive evidence that Oregon was ours since 1792, and that England had no just claim. As soon as the United States demanded a settlement, England settled with us upon our own terms. If she had had any just claim, she would and could have held it in defiance of us. At that time she did not love us half so much as she seems to think she does now, and would not have hesitated a single moment to fight for and sustain her legal right at all hazards.

The sagacity of Captain Gray gained, and the wisdom of Thomas Jefferson saved Oregon. P. W. GILLETTE.

#### "PLYMOUTH ROCK" OF PACIFIC

##### Suggestion That Fort Clatsop Receive Oregon's Fostering Care.

PORTLAND, Jan. 15.—(To the Editor.)—Fort Clatsop, in Clatsop county, Oregon, was so named by Lewis and Clark in 1805-6, when they wintered there. It is the first soil and first spot on the Pacific coast upon which the flag of the United States was planted by officers and soldiers of the army of the United States by direction of the president. There the first trees were felled, the first lands cleared, and the first houses built by people of the United States. Yet it is almost unknown, almost forgotten, though it is the Plymouth rock of the Pacific coast, and deserves to be marked so prominently and permanently that all future generations may be able to find it.

Fort Clatsop has had many a claimant and owner within the last 50 years. Lewis and Clark gave it to the Clatsop chief, Co-mo-wool, as they spelled it, but his descendants say it is Co-ba-way, who used it during the remainder of his life as a winter home. In 1840, S. M. Henell, of Astoria, put a man on the place to make some improvements, expecting himself to take it up under the donation act, but in 1850 Thomas Scott, whom I knew well later on, jumped it, and established a claim to it. However, he held it but a short time, when he traded it to Carlos W. Shane for Ka-lots-ka, which had been the home of Twitch and his tillieums (people) from time immemorial, and afterwards became my place. C. W. Shane lived at Fort Clatsop until 1852, when he vacated it for his brother, F. D. Shane, and took up another claim, higher up the river.

About that date R. M. Moore came there to build a large saw mill, and the lines of the Shane claim were moved north so as to make room for Moore, giving him the old Lewis and Clark landing place, where he erected his mill. Fort Clatsop soon became a lively place, with 35 or 40 people, all busy clearing land, cutting sawlogs, sowing lumber, etc. For two or three years there was hardly a week that did not find one or more ships there, loading with lumber for San Francisco. I have seen five there at one time.

In the meantime, the young growth of timber that had overgrown the old Lewis and Clark clearing had been cleared away, planted in orchard, and put into cultivation. In 1854 the milling business became so unprofitable that the mill closed down, and Fort Clatsop's prosperity came to a final end.

Fort Clatsop precinct in 1853 polled 56 votes. In 1856 there was but one voter and but one inhabitant in the entire precinct. The general Indian war prevailing in the territory frightened and drove the people all away to the towns.

In the summers of 1860, '61 and '62, Captain Shattuck, of the United States revenue cutter Joe Lane, stationed at Astoria, took his ship to Fort Clatsop each year to overhaul, repair, paint and clean her. But then came the great civil war, and the Joe Lane was ordered away, and Fort Clatsop soon grew into a wilderness

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as silent and gloomy as when Lewis and Clark found it.

But away along in the '70s one of the Shane heirs took possession of the place, and for the third time the land was cleared and an attempt made to make an important place of Fort Clatsop. The owners of the property, aided by others, cut out and graded a good wagon road from there to Clatsop plains, and through the influence of Ben Holladay, the O. R. & N. Co. was induced to run their steamers during the seashore season direct to Fort Clatsop, where the passengers were met by stages to convey them to the seaside resorts. But this route to the seashore was soon abandoned, and the resound of civilization was no longer heard at Fort Clatsop; and I believe it is still silent and alone to this day.

Fort Clatsop has received some attention from writers and historians in past years. In 1812 Ross Cox, in his book, said: "I visited Fort Clatsop, and found the logs of the party still standing and marked with the names of many of the party." In the narrative of J. K. Townsend, a noted naturalist, published in 1834, he says: "I walked today down around the beach (from Astoria) to the foot of Young's bay, to see the remains of the house in which Lewis and Clark resided. The logs of which it was composed are still perfect, the roof of bark has disappeared, and the whole vicinity is overgrown with thorns and wild currants."

But the fact is, Mr. Townsend did not get within four miles of Fort Clatsop, and only found some old, deserted Indian house, on the south side of Point George, later known as "Smith's Point," now as Taylor's point. He would have had to cross Young's bay, which is two miles wide, and then walk through an almost impenetrable jungle 2½ miles further. The houses which Lewis and Clark built were covered with boards which they split, and not with bark.

In the same paragraph Mr. Townsend says: "One of Mr. Birnie's children found, a few days since, a large silver medal, which had been brought here by Lewis and Clark, and had probably been presented to some chief, who lost it. On one side was a head, with the name, 'Th. Jefferson, President of the United States, 1801'; on the other, two hands, interlocked, surrounded by a pipe and tomahawk, and above the words 'Peace and Friendship.'"

This Mr. Birnie was the well-known Major Birnie, who later established, named, lived and died at Cathlamet, on the Columbia, 25 miles above Astoria. He came to Astoria in about 1820, and was one of the principal men in the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon.

Now, I believe the state of Oregon should possess herself of Fort Clatsop, and keep it forever in commemoration of the spot on which the flag of the United States was first planted on the Pacific coast, and of that marvelous exploration of Lewis and Clark which did so much to establish our claim and secure to the United States this vast Northwestern empire.

P. W. GILLETTE.

#### The Tronton Register.

P. W. Gillette, formerly of Rome township, this county, has contributed to the Portland Oregonian a four column article on the Lewis and Clark during trip to Oregon in 1803. It is a complete statement of that interesting event and gives much that is new. Mr. Gillette is a careful and graceful writer.

#### Daily Astorian.

Messrs. Wm. Galloway, L. B. Cox and Preston W. Gillette, representing the Oregon Historical Society, are at the Occident. Yesterday afternoon they went over to old Fort Clatsop to select a site for the monument to be erected there in memory of the Lewis and Clark expedition.







least 10 miles away. Mr. Lovejoy explained to Captain Sevier, the manager of the fort, the importance of the doctor's business, whereupon the Captain dispatched a messenger to stop and detain the train until the doctor could reach it. Knowing Dr. Whitman must be lost, Mr. Lovejoy and others from the fort took fresh horses and set out to hunt for him. After two days' search they returned without him; but the doctor came in soon after their arrival, worn out, nearly starved and half-crazed by the hardship and excitement of being so long lost. Dr. Whitman left Fort Bent on the 7th day of January, 1843.

Mr. Lovejoy remained at Fort Bent, and early next spring made his way to Fort Larimer, where he joined the immigration and came on to Oregon with them.

Governor D. P. Thompson furnishes me with the following statement, which confirms the statements of Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Lovejoy as to the real object of Dr. Whitman's winter ride.

Portland, Or., Feb. 6, 1900.—Hon. P. W. Gillette.—Dear Sir: From early in the '50s until 1864, I was much in company with General A. L. Lovejoy, of Oregon City. I have very often heard him relate the incidents of the trip made in the fall and winter of 1842 and 1843 from the Whitman Mission to Bent's Fort, on the headwaters of the Arkansas River, in company with Dr. Marcus Whitman. The emigration of the fall of 1842, headed by Dr. Elijah White, and with whom Mr. Lovejoy also came, brought letters to the Oregon people, among which were letters for Dr. Whitman, informing him of the intention of the American Board of Foreign Missions, of Boston, to discontinue the missions in "the Oregon country." When Dr. Whitman read these letters, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, he at once decided to go East and prevent it, if possible. In an interview with Dr. White and Mr. Lovejoy, they tried to dissuade the doctor from so hazardous a trip, but to no purpose. He was determined. Mr. Lovejoy, who at that time was a strong young man, and cared little where he went, so there was a field of adventure, was not hard to persuade to accompany the doctor. Dr. Whitman was anxious to have Mr. Lovejoy go, as he was from Boston, was related to some of the leading families there in the mission work, and his influence through them might be a great help to secure the continuation of the Oregon missions. So it was decided to go at once. They had the company of some mountain men as far as Fort Hall, which place they soon reached. Captain Grant, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Hall, tried to persuade them to abandon the journey, on account of the lateness of the season and the danger from the hostile Sioux and other Indians, but to no purpose. They started south and went down through the Spanish country, and after much hardship and many narrow escapes reached Bent's Fort. Their horses were so worn out that Dr. Whitman thought it best to go on with a pack train just starting to St. Louis, and leave Mr. Lovejoy there. I have often heard General Lovejoy speak of Dr. Whitman as being a man of most admirable will, and no discouragement could change him when once his mind was made for the accomplishment of a purpose. He was determined to save the Oregon mission from being discontinued, and he did it; but afterward set his life at what he regarded as his post of duty.

D. P. THOMPSON.  
P. S.—I have many times heard General Lovejoy say that all of those statements claiming that Dr. Whitman made that winter ride to "save Oregon" was nonsense—mere boosh, and wholly untrue. He said that during their long ride the doctor often conversed freely with him on the object of his visit, and always declared that he was going in the interest of the mission, and to try to persuade the board to keep up and maintain the Oregon missions. He said Dr. Whitman thought the board did not understand and appreciate the importance of those missions.

D. P. T.  
Hence, we see the statements of both Drs. Lovejoy and Governor Thompson affirm those of Mrs. Whitman in her letter, and prove that the Oregon missions are the cause of his journey, and that Boston, not Washington, was his destination.

But how did he save Oregon, as those wonderful historians allege, after he went to Washington? Simply he did not, because he was already saved, and had been since the Lewis and Clark expedition. There was nothing left that he could do. The Burrton-Webster treaty had been signed August, 1842, before Dr. Whitman left all-at-pu. His main ambition was to convince the heads of departments that he had discovered a practical wagon road to Oregon, and the only practical route, and he was anxious and believed it the duty of the Government to assist emigrants in some manner in their journeying to Oregon; and promised to, and did, send the Secretary of War, after his return to Oregon, the draft of a bill for that purpose. His bill proposed the establishment of farming posts, about 200 miles apart, along his wagon road, of which he was very proud. At each of these posts was to be a "Commissioner," who would keep a blacksmith-shop, a gunsmith and a carpenter-shop; and who would farm 640 acres of land; who should

keep on hand a supply of food, feed, etc., and this Commissioner should act as "Postmaster." In forwarding letters, etc.; should also be a sub-Indian agent, with certain other powers. The bill was wholly impracticable, and never received any attention by congress. So Dr. Whitman did nothing, could not do anything, and there was nothing in behalf of Oregon that he could do there.

#### The Great Migration of 1843.

Dr. Whitman did not reach St. Louis on his return until the very last of March, 1843. How could he then, as those alleged historians aver, in one and a half months assemble from many surrounding States an emigration of 1000 people, all fully equipped and prepared for so long and hazardous a journey? He did not—such a thing was impossible. At that time, almost nothing was known of the requirements of such a trip. When I crossed the plains, nine years later, but few people had any knowledge of the needs, and how to prepare for it. At that late day, few families ever took less than one year to prepare for the trip. Had those famous historians consulted Dr. Whitman he could have told them what and who started that emigration. In his letter to the Secretary of War, Dr. Whitman said:

"To the Hon. James M. Porter, Secretary of War—Sir: The emigrants are from different States. The majority of them are farmers, lured by the prospect of bounty in lands, by the reported fertility of the soils."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. It was the Linn bill, which had been introduced into the United States Senate in 1842, and which later became the "donation law," proposing to give to each family 640 acres of prime Oregon land, and to each single man 320 acres. This bill of Senator Linn, backed by the old Senatorial warhorse, Thomas Hart Benton, Oregon's staunchest, truest friend, is what aroused the patriotism in the American heart, and made it rush to grasp the tempting offer. Dr. Whitman had the sense to see and the honesty to tell the true cause of that emigration. I remember well the excitement produced by the Linn bill. It set hundreds of thousands of people to thinking and studying about Oregon. This excitement extended throughout the United States, but was more particularly felt in the West and Southwest. It sent tens of thousands of people to Oregon, and, next to the discovery of gold in California, attracted more general attention than anything of the sort in this country. Senator Linn had the levellest head of all of them, and knew best how to create patriots "to save Oregon." It gave me the Oregon fever, though I was only past the middle of my teens. All of the nonsense about the United States Government being ready, willing and about to trade off this Western Empire to England for a few uncaught mackerel off Newfoundland, is too absurd for a moment's thought.

Dr. Whitman did not reach St. Louis until late in the spring on his return from the East. In a letter from Swanee Mission, May 28, 1843, he says:

"Dear Brother—You will be surprised to learn that I am here yet. I have been, as it were, waiting for three weeks. When I got to St. Louis, I found I had time, and so I went to Quincy, Ill., and saw Sister Jane, but Edward was not there. . . . I had a fine journey all the way, and have been here nearly two weeks, and shall start tomorrow or next day. . . . The number of emigrants will be over 200 men, besides women and children."

In a letter from the same place, dated May 27, 1843, Dr. Whitman wrote:

"Dear Brother: . . . I cannot tell you very much about the emigrants to Oregon. . . . I have no doubt they are generally of an enterprising character. . . . I shall have an easy journey, as I have not much to do, having no one depending on me."

So it seems from Dr. Whitman's own statements that he was doing nothing while on the "border" except visiting his friends and waiting for the time to start.

Hon. J. W. Nesmith, who came with the emigration of 1843, says: "On the 20th day of May, 1843, after a pretty thorough military organization, we took up our line of march, with Captain John Gantt, an old Army officer . . . as guide. . . . Gantt knew the road as far as Green River. . . . Dr. Whitman overtook us before we reached the terminus of our guide's knowledge. He was familiar with the whole route, and was confident that wagons could pass through the canyons and gorges of the Snake River, and go over

the Blue Mountains. . . . Captain Grant, in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Hall, endeavored to dissuade us from proceeding farther with our wagons, and showed us the wagons left there the preceding year by emigrants, to prove the impracticability of our determination. . . . Dr. Whitman was persistent in his assertion that wagons could go as far as the Grand Dalles of the Columbia. . . . Happily, Whitman's advice prevailed, and a large number of our wagons and a portion of the stock did reach Walla Walla and the dalles. . . . At Fort Hall we fell in with some Cayuse and Nez Perces Indians, returning from the buffalo country, and as it was necessary for Dr. Whitman to proceed . . . he recommended to us a guide, in the person of an old Cayuse Indian, called 'Stec-cus.' He was a faithful old fellow, perfectly familiar with the trails and topography of the country."

Captain John Gantt was hired by that emigration to pilot it to Green River; Dr. Whitman acted as guide from there to Fort Hall, not to exceed four or five days' travel. Old Stec-cus, the "Cayuse" Indian, piloted them from Fort Hall to The Dalles. Much ado has been made about Dr. Whitman's great feat in piloting the great emigration of 1843 across the plains, when, in fact, he only piloted them a few days. Of course, he was instrumental in finding a guide for them. But from Fort Hall to The Dalles is the easiest part of the road. I make these last quotations to show there is just a little truth in that latter part of this Whitman story, as there was in the first, or in any of it.

Dr. Marcus Whitman was a true American, and did all he could in his way for settlement, improvement and advancement of Oregon; and, were he alive today, would be the first to denounce and disown the fulsome stuff and stupid lies that have been said and told to make him a hero.

P. W. GILLETTE.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY OREGON

## The First Steam Railway in the Territory and the First Steamboat on Upper River—Interesting Incidents of the Times.

1900

PORTLAND, June 11.—Away back, long before the white man had seen the Pacific Coast or even America; before history in this country began, and when vague legendary filled its place, and current events were handed down from generation to generation by dim traditions; and when, as the Indians say, the Gorge of the Columbia through the Cascade Mountains was much narrower than it is now, a part of the huge mountain fell into and dammed up the great river. But ere long the impetuous water forced its way through and under the fallen mountain, leaving a natural bridge spanning the river. Unnumbered ages passed, when an earthquake came, causing the earth to shake, the mountains to totter and dropping the bridge into the river, filling its channel with masses of stone and forming an obstruction to navigation now known as the "Fall," or "Cascades of the Columbia." As far back as Indian tradition goes, the Cascades of the Columbia has been an important point on account of the break in navigation, making a portage of everything carried in boats an absolute necessity.

Its importance was greatly increased by the extensive fishing grounds made by the "narrows," and rapid current of the river at that place, enabling the Indians with spear and scoopnet to capture vast quantities of salmon, which made them an easy living, as well as an article of great value in trade with other tribes. The village of Wish-ram at the head of the falls was a mart of trade. Irving said: "These Indians were shrewder and more intelligent than other Indians. Trade had sharpened their wits, but had not improved their honesty, for they were a community of arrant rogues and freebooters." They took every possible advantage the location gave them, always making exorbitant demands and charges for any privilege granted or service rendered, and often robbed weak and unprotected parties. When Lewis and Clark passed there with well-armed and well-drilled men, they were unmolested, but five years later, when Wilson P. Hunt arrived there with his half-starved, worn-out and discouraged party, they were very troublesome and insolent. Soon after this part of the country fell into the hands of the white man, he, too, saw the importance of that location and eagerly seized it, and was no less willing to make it a source of profit; in fact, to use it "for all it was worth," proving that human nature is the same, be it Indian or white man. F. A. Chenoweth, afterwards Judge Chenoweth, of Corvallis, settled at the Cascades, and in 1850 built the first portage road on the line of the old Indian trail, which had been in use so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

His road was a railroad built entirely of wood, and the car was drawn by one lone mule. The road was on the north side of the Columbia, at that time was in Oregon. I saw him in Salem in the Winter of 1852 and 1853, a Representative from the Cascades. He was made a Circuit Judge in Oregon Territory in 1853 by President Pierce, and lived to be an octogenarian.

Then there were no settlers east of the Cascade Mountains, and no immediate prospect of any, so he sold his road to D. F. and P. F. Bradford, who were either more hopeful of the future, or had better foresight than Judge Chenoweth. They rebuilt the road in 1856, making many improvements on it.

The Indian massacre at the Cascades occurred while this improvement was being made. The men were attacked while at work, and fled in all directions; one or two of them were killed.

This road was rebuilt again in 1861, with iron rails, and had steam locomotives. It was the first railroad of the kind built in Oregon, and though small was the beginning of railroading in the Northwest.

This was the first railroad propelled by steam power I ever traveled upon.

Some time later in the '50s, Colonel Ruckel and H. Olmstead built and operated a portage road on the south bank of the Columbia.

Before the portage roads and the steamboats combined their interests, the portage company received half the freight charges on all freights to their destination. If the price was \$40 per ton from Portland to The Dalles, and that was the regular price for many years, the portage men got \$20 per ton for carrying it around the falls, six miles.

### First Steamboats on the Upper River

The old Columbia, I believe, was the first steamboat to go up as far as the Cascades. The first steamboat built above the Cascades was the James R. Flint, built by the Bradfords, J. O. Vanbergen and James R. Flint, of San Francisco. She was a small side-wheel boat, with single engine "geared" to the shafts, and when in motion sounded more like a thrashing machine than a steamboat. On her first trip down from The Dalles, old Dr. Newell was a passenger, and for a time seemed nervous and disturbed. He finally asked one of the employees what made that rattling sound. "Oh, that's only the cook grinding coffee," was the reply.

In the fall of 1861 the Flint was taken over the Cascades and run between Portland and Oregon City. Later on she was cut in two, lengthened and the machinery of the old Columbia put into her and named Fashion.

The Bradfords next built the Mary, a double-engine boat, to run between the cascades and the dalles. The Mary was lying at the upper cascades at the commencement of the Indian massacre in 1856, and was dispatched to The Dalles in great haste for relief. She brought back a company of cavalry in barges.

About the same time a messenger was sent to Portland and Vancouver for assistance, and the steamer Belle was dispatched, with Second Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan and 40 men. This was Sheridan's first battle. In less than 10 years he had become one of the greatest heroes of his age, a renowned General, and had made the name of Sheridan imperishable.

Soon after building the Mary the Bradfords built the Hassalo to run on the Cascades and Dalles route. In the meantime, R. R. Thompson, L. W. Coe and others built a small boat at the upper cascades to be taken to the upper Columbia, beyond Celilo. When she was about ready to start out on her first trip, by some mistake her lines were cast off before she had steam enough to stem the current of the river and she drifted over the falls. She received so little injury that she was taken to Portland, fitted up and sold to go to Fraser River. The same parties then built the Wright at Celilo in 1859. She was the first steamboat that ever disturbed the waters of the Columbia beyond Celilo. The Wright made a bushel of money for her owners.

The old steamer Belle, built by Captain Dick Williams, S. G. Reed and others, was the first boat to run regularly between Portland and the Cascades. In those early days there were no settlers east of the mountains, therefore nearly all of the transportation business on the river was for the Government, transporting soldiers, guns, military supplies, etc.

Transportation between Portland and The Dalles was \$40 per ton by measurement, and passenger fare proportionately high.

The Government bought a quantity of hay at San Francisco for the military post at Fort Dalles. By the time it reached its destination it had cost "Uncle Sam" \$77 per ton.

Ruckle & Olmstead built the steamer Mountain Buck and put her on the route between Portland and the Cascades, and soon after built the little steamer Wasco, to run between the Cascades and The Dalles, which, with their portage road, gave them a through line to The Dalles; this was near 1859 or 1860. Their line, of course, took away much of the business from the portage road on the north side of the river and the boats running in connection with it.

Benjamin Stark, S. G. Reed, R. Williams, Hoyt and Wells, owned the steamers Belle, Senorita and Multnomah, one of which run from Portland to Astoria; the others, in connection with the Bradford road and their boats, from the Cascades to The Dalles. O. Humason owned the portage road from Dalles City, around the dalles of the Columbia to Celilo, 15

miles, a wagon road, using oxen and mules, and great freight wagons to transport the freight and stages to carry passengers, until the portage railroad was built in 1862.

Before the steamer Wright made her appearance on the river above Celilo all freight was transported on what was called schooners, which were simply schooner-rigged barges.

During the greater part of the year there is a strong wind on that part of the river, which often enabled them to make good time. I saw one or two of these crafts as late as 1862. But they soon disappeared when steamboats came, and, like all primitive things, were pushed aside by the hand of progress.

By 1859 the transportation business had greatly increased, and there being two complete through lines between Portland and the Dalles, produced strained relations between the two opposing companies, and a rate war seemed imminent. Several efforts had already been made to combine all the different interests under one management, but all had failed. At length an arrangement was reached. The portage roads at the Cascades, all the steamboats, whariboats and property belonging with them, were appraised each at its cash value, the whole amounting to \$175,000. On the 29th day of December, 1860, articles of incorporation were signed and filed at Vancouver, Clark County, Washington Territory, incorporating

**The Oregon Steam Navigation Co.,** shares, \$500 each. There were 16 shareholders, the largest being R. R. Thompson, with 120 shares; Ladd & Tilton, 80 shares; T. W. Lyles, 76 shares; J. Kamm, 57 shares; J. C. Ainsworth, 40 shares; and so on down, the smallest shareholder having but three shares.

In October, 1862, the company filed new articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, at Salem, and also with the County Clerk of Multnomah County, Oregon, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, represented by 25 shareholders, at \$500 a share. Bradford & Co. were the largest shareholders, having 758 shares; R. R. Thompson, 672; Harrison Omstead, 558; Jacob Kamm, 354; and so on down, the smallest shareholder having but eight shares.

This combination put both portage roads and the Gorge of the Columbia into the hands of a corporation, giving it perfect control of all transportation to and from every point beyond the Cascades. Thus owning both portages and all the steamboats, it is needless to say that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company found it unnecessary to consult any one as to what prices they should charge. Such an opportunity, with such unlimited power, seldom ever falls into the hands of man. It made them the absolute owners of every dollar's worth of freight and passage, going up or down the great valley on the second largest river in America.

In 1855 there were no settlers living beyond the Deschutes River, but after that date they began to spread out over the country pretty fast. Previous to that date, the Government had given transportation companies nearly all the carrying they had. But by 1860 the natural growth of the country was making considerable business. In 1861 the discovery of gold on Orofino awakened a new life in the Valley of the Columbia. As if by magic the tardy wheels of commerce were unfettered, human thought and energy unshackled and turned loose with determined purpose to meet the great emergency and reap the golden harvest.

From Portland to "Powder River, Orofino and Florence City" mines the country resounded with the busy whirl of trade. All the steamboats and portage roads were taxed to their greatest capacity. So great was the demand for transportation the Oregon Steam Navigation Company had to build new steamboats and improve their roads at the Cascades. The old portage wagon road at the Dalles was entirely inadequate to do the immense business, and the company was obliged to build a railroad from Dalles City to Celilo, 15 miles.

So enormous were the charges for freight and passage, I am credibly informed, that the steamer Okanogan paid the entire cost of herself on her first trip. It makes my head swim now, as memory carries me back to those wonderfully rushing days, when the constant fall of chinking coin into the coffers of the company was almost like the flow of a dashing torrent. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company had become a millionaire-making machine.

The price of freight from Portland to The Dalles, about 100 miles, was \$40 per ton; from Dalles to Celilo, 15 miles, \$15 per ton; from Dalles to Wallula, \$55 per ton, and from Portland to Lewiston, \$120 per ton.



All freights, excepting solids, such as lead, nails, etc., were estimated by measurement; 40 cubic feet making a ton.

Passage from Portland to The Dalles was \$8, and 75 cents extra for meals. From Portland to Lewiston passage was \$60, and meals and beds were \$1 each. Now the price of freight between Portland and The Dalles on farm products by boat, is only \$1.50 per ton, for passage \$1.50, and 25 cents for meals. By the railroad freight on farm products between Portland and The Dalles is \$1.50 per ton and passage \$2.75; between Portland and Wallula by rail freight on farm products is \$3.30 per ton, passage \$3.50. Between Portland and Lewiston by rail freight on farm products is \$4.25 per ton, passage \$14.00. At the present time, freights are classified, some classes being much higher than the products of the farm. Yet, notwithstanding the astounding reduction in rate, transportation companies of today are thriving and prosperous.

H. D. Sanborn, a merchant of Lewiston in 1862, informed me, that among a lot of freight consigned to him, was a case of miners' shovels. The case measured one ton, and contained 120 shovels. The freight, \$120 per ton, made the freight on each shovel \$1.

A merchant at Hood River said that always before the railroad was built freight from Portland to Hood River, 85 miles, on a dozen brooms, was \$1.

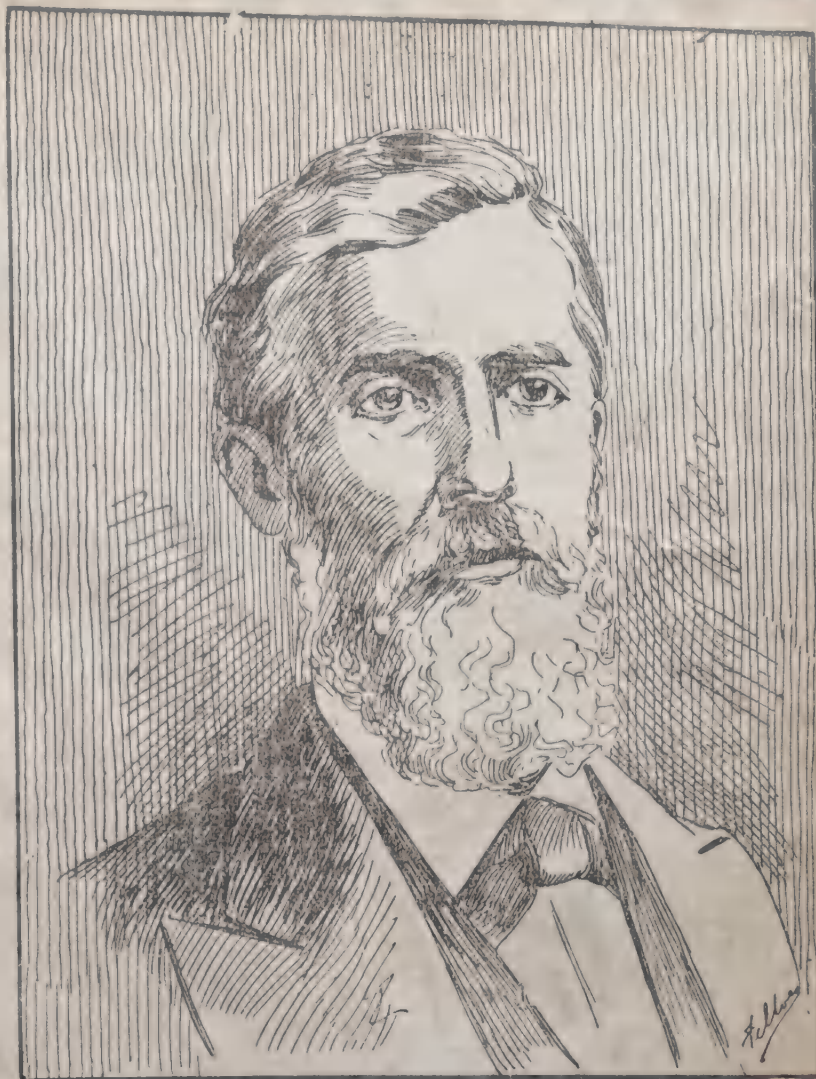
To better illustrate this method of measurement, I will have to relate an anecdote:

When O. B. Gibson was in the employment of the company at The Dalles, he went down to get the measurement of a small mounted cannon that had to be shipped for the Government. After measuring several ways and figuring up the amount, he seemed so much perplexed that he attracted the attention of two soldiers who were lying in the shade of a pine tree near by. One of them finally called out: "What's the trouble, Cap?" "I am trying to take the measurement of this blamed gun, but somehow I can't get it right," said Gibson. "Oh, I'll show you!" said the soldier, leading up a pair of harnessed mules that stood near and hitching them to the gun. "Try it, now, Cap." "Thanks; that makes it all right. I see now why I could not get the correct measurement."

In measuring a wagon or any piece of freight, the full length, height and thickness were taken and carried out full size, the largest way of the piece. To make this method of measuring tonnage clearer, I will give one more illustration. "Old Captain" T. W. Lyles, of San Francisco, was a large stockholder in the company, and frequently visited Portland to look after his interests. Once while here he attended a meeting of the board of directors. After the principal part of the business had been transacted, Captain Lyles arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I move that Eph Day, a purser on one of our boats, be discharged from the service of this company." Now, Eph Day was one of the favorite pursers, and everybody sprung up to know what was the matter with Eph Day. After quiet had been restored Captain Lyles said: "I see, gentlemen, that Eph Day is purser on a boat of only 150 tons register, yet I find that he comes in at the end of every trip with a report of having carried from 250 to 300 tons of freight, and, gentlemen, he substantiates his reports by bringing in the cash for those amounts of freight. Now, while I do not claim to be much of a steamboatman, yet I can see, gentlemen, that if we allow our boats to be overlaid in this manner and made to carry twice as much as they were designed to carry, they will soon be worn out and we will have no boats."

The meeting adjourned amidst roars of laughter, and Eph Day kept his place and still measured up big loads of freight. The Florence City gold excitement of 1862 brought the O. S. N. Co. a flood of prosperity. They could not possibly take all

the business offered. At Portland the rush of freight to the docks of the company was so great that drays and trucks had to form, and stand in line to get their turn in delivering their goods. Their lines were kept unbroken day and night for weeks and months. Shippers were obliged to use the greatest vigilance and take every advantage to get their goods away. Often a merchant would place a large truck in line early in the morning, then fill it by dray loads during the day. That great rush continued for months. A San Francisco merchant established a store in Lewiston and shipped via Portland a large stock of goods, which arrived in Portland in the Spring, but they did not reach Lewiston until late in the Summer, because he had no one here to get them in line to take their turn. So, notwithstanding the enormous price of freight and passage, it was impossible for them to meet the demand. So great was the increase of



F. A. CHENOWETH, WHO BUILT THE FIRST PORTAGE ROAD AT THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

business on the Columbia and so attractive the high rates received that it tempted the People's Transportation Company, of Salem, to put on an opposition line to compete for a part of the glittering prize. But they soon learned what they should have known in the beginning, that it was impossible for any one to compete with a company who held the valley of the Columbia by the throat, and had undisputed possession of the portage roads. So they were only too glad to withdraw, and be satisfied with the Willamette River. Rates were cut down some during the short contest, but were soon restored. Some time in the '70s, Henry Villard was sent to Oregon in the interest of German bondholders in the Holladay Railroad & Steamship line. Mr. Villard had been associated with Mr. Gould in some railroad matters and had acquired a snug fortune. During his visits to Oregon, his shrewd business eye saw the great value and importance of the property of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and he made up his mind to capture the valuable prize if possible.

Some time in the fall of 1879, the press telegrams in the Portland morning papers announced in the most plausible and matter-of-fact way that Jay Gould, who was then in the zenith of his financial glory, was preparing to extend his railroad system west, to the navigable waters of the Columbia, and was going to put a line of steamboats on that river to operate in conjunction with his road until it could be extended to the seaboard. Those telegrams seemed so reasonable and business-like that many really believed that Mr. Gould was going to put this project into operation. Not long after, and before the talk produced by them had died out, it was announced that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company had sold its entire property, with all its privileges and appurtenances, to Henry Villard. Whether Mr. Villard had any hand in setting up the Gould scare crowd, I know not, nor do I know whether it had any influence in causing the company to make the sale. But a prominent physician of this city informed me that after the sale was consummated, the papers all signed, and it had become known the Gould story was all a hoax, the president of the company was so much chagrined and disappointed, that he fell ill and was confined to his bed for many days. The doctor might have been mistaken, but he believed it himself, as he was a man who never told anything he did not believe to be true.

That valuable property was sold for \$5,000,000, a small sum for property possessing such wonderful advantages, and that was then paying 15 per cent net on the purchase price, with the most flattering prospect of a rapid and constant increase.

For the year ending November 30, 1879, which was the last year the O. S. N. Co. owned and operated their property, the income of the company was \$1,600,000, while the expense, repairs, etc., amounted to \$850,000, leaving a profit of \$750,000. At that rate it would in about six and a half years make enough to pay the purchase price.

They received about \$3,000,000 more than the actual cost of the property. The \$175,000 put in when the company was first organized in 1860 was about all the cash ever put up. That small sum was the prolific nest egg from which so many fortunes and millionaires were hatched.

It may be interesting to mention that for many years after the organization of

the O. S. N. Co. they paid no attention to or had any boats on the river between Portland and Astoria, considering it of so little importance as to be unworthy their attention. Not until the salmon-packing business had reached considerable magnitude did they give it any notice. In 1865 the company found the Astoria route had grown to be of sufficient value to be worth taking. All they had to do was to notify parties running boats on that route that they wanted possession, and that the company would buy their boats if the price suited. Of course, the price offered suited, because no one would be foolish enough to oppose the O. S. N. Co. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company grew out of the O. S. N. Co., continuing its business, and almost immediately began the construction of a railroad up the Columbia from Portland. That company was controlled by men in touch with the modern business world in the older states, and at once adopted a broader and more liberal course, fully understanding that the rapid development and settlement of the country would advance their interest and increase their business. They soon reduced the rate of transportation, giving the farmer better compensation for his labor and encouraging him to produce more. That "live-and-let-live" policy which they inaugurated at once gave a new stimulus to the whole country.

Unquestionably the O. S. N. Co. had held in check and kept back the growth of the country east of the Cascade Mountains for years, though perhaps unintentional on its part. It had so long been accustomed to

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receive such exceedingly liberal compensation for its service, that I have no doubt they believed farm products could not be carried to Portland at rates that would leave anything for the farmer. Captain James W. Troup, who commanded one of the boats on the upper river, said to me that he had so many applications to bring wheat to Portland, which he had no authority to do, that he finally went to the president of the company and asked for permission to do so, but he was informed that it was impossible; that wheat was not worth its transportation. The next season the people fairly begged him to carry their wheat to market, and he made another appeal. That time the company yielded, and President J. C. Ainsworth said: "Well, Captain Troup, you may try it; do the best you can." Wheat has been pouring down the Columbia ever since, and the Inland Empire is one vast wheat field.

The career of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company was a great success. It would have been almost impossible, even under bad management, for it to have been anything else. Its beginning was small, but, aided by the peculiar advantages it possessed, and the growth of the country, it soon grew into one of the greatest money-making concerns in America.

After years of solicitation and appeal, the Government of the United States began what it should have done years before, the construction of a canal around the falls of the Columbia, which has opened a free channel to trade and commerce that will forever unloose the hand of greed from the throat of the Columbia River. It is almost as important that a canal be constructed at the falls of the river, and so give one of the best wheat-growing districts of the earth an open passage to the markets of the world. It has become almost one of the established policies of the Government to free the channels of our great rivers of all impediments to navigation. In no other way can such valuable and general service be rendered to the people.

It is not my desire to criticize or censure the management of Oregon's first great corporation, which was so intimately connected with the early history, commerce, revenue, and progress of our own state. Perhaps any other set of men would have done the same thing, under similar circumstances. Nevertheless it is certainly a great misfortune to any people to be so absolutely within the power of any man or set of men as were the people of the Columbia Valley. It was too great a power to be entrusted to the need of men.

In reviving the career of this most interesting corporation, one can but view with wonder and amazement the ease and rapidity with which colossal fortunes were made. And I can but regret, on their own account, that not one of that company has left any little token of good-will or any memento of kindness to the place or people where they were so specially favored by fortune, and so liberally patronized by the business public. Had they even erected a small drinking fountain, where the faithful dray and truck horses that indirectly carted millions of dollars into their pockets could have slacked their thirst, that would have somewhat served to amelize and soften the memory of them. But they seemed to prefer to be remembered only as members of a corporation that took every possible advantage of one of the most extraordinary opportunities that ever fell into the hands of men to amass fortunes for themselves.

P. W. GILLETTE.

# IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LEWIS AND CLARK

## Expedition to the Site of Fort Clatsop and to the Salt Cairn on the Beach.

L. B. Cox, chairman of the committee on monuments of the Oregon Historical Society, furnishes The Oregonian with the following report of the recent visit made by the committee to the site of Fort Clatsop and the Lewis and Clark salt cairns, near the beach at Seaside.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Cox and Hon. William Galloway, of Oregon City, representing the committee on monuments, accompanied by Preston W. Gillette, the well-known pioneer, formerly of Clatsop County; Carlos W. Shane, of Vancouver; Mrs. Galloway, Miss Wiley and Master Preston Gillette left Portland for Astoria. Here they were joined by Silas B. Smith, of Warrenton, and William Chance, of Astoria, and taking a launch the party started directly for Fort Clatsop. A run of some seven miles around Smith's Point, across Young's Bay and up to the Netul, or Lewis and Clark, River, brought the party to the landing place, from whence, under the guidance of Gillette and Shane, they mounted the incline to the benchland above.

Great are the changes which the century has made in the scenes which greeted the vision of Oregon's first pioneers. The Hudson's Bay explorer, Alexander Henry, who visited the old fort in 1813, wrote in his diary: "The situation is the most pleasant I have seen hereabouts, and by far the most eligible, both as to security from the natives and for hunting. The place is deeply shaded with spruce, pine, sapin, etc.; the woods seemed gloomy and dark, the beams of the sun being prevented from reaching the ground through so thick a foliage." The situation is pleasing to the eye today, but the outlook is a very different one. The "gloomy and dark" woods have fallen before the pioneer's ax, and not even their stumps remain to mark the places of their once lordly grandeur. The ground is now a pasture for domestic animals. At the northeast corner of the old fort stands the ragged trunk of a spruce tree, limbless, barkless and crownless. Of all the surrounding forest whose tree tops overlooked the stockade and viewed therein the toils and trials, the sufferings and the pleasures (few enough) of its inhabitants, this hoary trunk alone is left. The men are dead, the fort has crumbled into dust, what more fitting monument to mark the habitation of a life which once was, but is now no more!

### Striking Panorama.

Standing on the site of the old stockade the panorama which greets the eye of the visitor is striking. Except for a farmhouse here and there along the course of the Netul, the distant prospect has undergone few alterations. The Netul sweeps along as ever, the background of hills gives but little evidence of the presence of civilized man, while Saddle Mountain, the bold sentinel of the Clatsops' country, stands unchanged by their disappearance and the influx of the pale-faces who have supplanted them.

Lewis and Clark were led to select the site for their encampment chiefly because of its convenience to the haunts of the elk, whose numbers were to them a cause of great astonishment, while the havoc wrought among them by the unerring rifles of the hardy backwoodsmen caused even greater wonder to the Clatsop hunters. For years afterwards Ka-ta-ta, who died only 10 years ago, Twilch and other noted Indian hunters, who had witnessed the prowess of Dwyer, Shannon, the Fields brothers, and other crack shots of the party, never tired of expatiating on the marvelous feats of marksmanship which they had observed. Sergeant Gass says in his journal that the party killed 131 elk and 20 deer between December 1, 1805, and March 20, 1806.

But to return to the matter in hand. Gillette and Shane are among the very few persons now living who ever saw anything of the structures which comprised Fort Clatsop. Shane is a pioneer of 1846, and will be 83 years of age in September next. He located a donation land claim in 1850, on the tract which embraces the site of the old fort, and in

says that within a few feet of his house at the time of its erection were the remains of two log cabins, 16x30 feet each, lying east and west, parallel with each other, and about 10 or 15 feet apart. The south cabin was three rounds high and the other two rounds. In the south cabin stood the remains of a large stump.

When Lewis and Clark abandoned the fort in 1806 they presented it to Coboway (called Comowool by them), chief of the Clatsops. His daughter Selast was the mother of Silas B. Smith. Coboway occupied the buildings during the hunting season for 10 or 15 years after the departure of Lewis and Clark, and Smith says his mother had frequently told him a large stump stood in one of the cabins, and was used as a table by its occupants. The tree had been cut down, and the cabin built around the stump.

Gillette visited the fort in October, 1853, in company with Thomas Scott, who died at Pendleton within the last year. Shane had attempted to burn up the remains of the cabins, but fragments of two logs forming the southwest corner of the southern cabin were still in position. The site of the stockade was then covered with second-growth timber, while it was surrounded by the original growth, thus indicating with approximate accuracy the extent of the enclosure.

Shane's house was standing at the time of Gillette's visit, and while it has since disappeared, three fruit trees which were sold by Gillette to Frank Shane, who afterwards occupied the house, and which were planted just in its rear, mark its site. At the time of Gillette's visit, Richard M. Moore had built a house very near Shane's, and just at the head of a little draw in the face of the hill. This house also has disappeared, but the draw remains to mark its location. A house built by W. Hampton Smith, about 1870, stands on the ground occupied by the old cabins, but it is out of repair and tenantless.

### Stockade Located.

Guided by these landmarks and their remembrance of the situation, Shane and Gillette definitely located the southwest corner of the southern cabin, which they believe constituted the southwest corner of the stockade. The lines must be established by conjecture only. Some 200 feet north of this point runs a small spring branch, and it is perfectly rational to conclude that this water was taken within the stockade. A point was consequently established just across this stream and the line was projected 150 feet, or thereabouts, towards the river, reaching the top of the incline. The four corners were marked with stakes set firmly in the ground, and an iron pipe was driven in the center of the space.

It is quite certain that no more definite delineation of the limits of the stockade is now obtainable. Lewis and Clark do not give its extent, or does Gass. Lewis and Clark speak first of completing the "meathouse," then four of the huts, and then the remaining huts. Gass says the huts were seven in number. He informs us that in proceeding to the place fixed upon for winter quarters, the party unloaded their canoes and carried the baggage about 200 yards to a spring, where they encamped. This is undoubtedly the water mentioned above. Gass speaks of "clearing a place for huts and a small

fort," but gives no other intimation of the size of the enclosure. On Christmas morning, 1805, the party abandoned their camp and took possession of the fort. He gives us this glimpse of the manner in which the day was celebrated: "At day-break all the men paraded and fired a round of small arms, wishing the commanding officers a merry Christmas. In the course of the day Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke (sic) collected what tobacco remained and divided it among those who used tobacco, as a Christmas gift; to the others they gave handkerchiefs in lieu of it. We had no spirituous liquors to elevate our spirits this Christmas; but of this we had but little need, as we were all in very good health. Our living is not very good; meat is in plenty, but of an ordinary quality, as the elk are poor in this part of the country. We have no kind of provisions but meat, and we are without salt to season





BUILDING ON THE SITE OF OLD FORT CLATSOP.



AN INDIAN WOMAN AT THE SALT CAIRN.

that." The slender character of their fare is suggested by Clark's entry of January 1, in which he says: "Our repast of this day, tho' better than that of Christmas, consisted principally of the anticipation of the first day of January, 1807."

Gillette says that when he first came to the country the trail cut by Lewis and Clark through the timber, from the fort to the ocean was plainly visible, it having been kept open by the Indians and elk, and it was used for some time afterwards as a traveled route.

John Thomas, of Skipanon, one of the early pioneers of Clatsop County, who located a donation land claim in 1850 on the Netul River, adjoining the claim of Gillette, was in the city Friday attending the meetings of the pioneers and the Indian war veterans, and in conversation about Fort Clatsop he stated that he had visited the fort soon after his arrival in the country, and in addition to the two cabins identified by Gillette and Shane, he found the remains of a smaller one, about 10x12 feet in extent, two rounds high, lying north of the other two at

some distance and near the spring. He also recalled the fact that an old gun barrel was discovered between two of the logs of one of the larger cabins, but whether it was left by the Lewis and Clark party, or by a subsequent Indian occupant, is not known.

The committee and party spent the night of Friday at Locksley Hall on the seashore, being most comfortably cared for and greatly entertained by Silas Smith's narratives of Indian traditions, myths and customs. He possesses a rare fund of this knowledge, which ought no



to be suffered to become lost. It is valuable as well as interesting and unless preserved will die with him, for no one else can supply it.

On Saturday morning an early move was made towards the salt cairns. Clark tells us that on December 9 he took three men and proceeded to the sea to find a place for making salt. He went to an Indian village south of the mouth of the Clatsop (Necanicum) River. On December 28 five men were "dispatched to the seashore, each with a large kettle in order to begin the manufacture of salt." These men carefully examined the coast, but only on the fifth day after their departure found a suitable location. On January 7 Clark proceeded with a party to see a whale which had drifted ashore south of Tillamook Head, and on his way passed the camp of the saltmakers, which he says was two miles below the mouth of the Clatsop River. Gass confirms this. On a different trip from Clark's he writes under date of January 6 that his party "passed the mouth of a considerable river, went two miles up the shore and found our saltmakers at work." He several times speaks of the spot as the "salt works," showing that there was some sort of a "plant" there for the purpose.

#### Remains of the Salt Cairn.

The remains now to be seen are in full accord with these descriptions, both as to locality and the character of the structures. One of the latter is in a fair state of preservation, while two smaller ones have fallen into decay. The larger one is elliptical in form, is built of rock laid in clay, undoubtedly secured from the banks of the Necanicum near at hand, and the stones clearly show the effects of fire. The commonly accepted traditions of the locality so fully support the testimony of Clark and Gass, given above, that no room for doubt as to the identity of the spot exists. But a most conclusive witness was found near at hand.

Tsin-is-tum, otherwise known as Jennie Michel, is one of three full-blood Clatsop Indians now living. She is about 80 years of age. She remembers the bombardment of the Indian village at the mouth of the Columbia by Dr. McLoughlin in 1829, at which time she was a small girl. Her father was killed in this bombardment. She does not know his name, a fact due to a custom of the Clatsops of never mentioning the name of a dead person. She first married Wah-tat-cum, the last chief of the Nehalem, and lived between the Columbia and the Nehalem, along the coast, until her husband died about 1860. She afterwards married

Michel Martineau and has since lived with him near Seaside. With the help of Elias Smith and George Noland, who has taken much interest in the cairns, Tsin-is-tum was taken to the place and her statement secured through Smith as interpreter.

She said she had frequently gathered kinnikinnick and salal-berries along the coast near the cairns in company with her mother, Wah-ne-ask, and other Indians, up to the time she became a grown woman and was married to Wah-tat-cum. That her mother had known Lewis and Clark and their men and had frequently told her she had seen the men making salt at this place. That she knew Chief Coboway, her uncle, Ka-ta-ta, relative, Nah-satch-ka, and his brother, Twa-le-up. Twich and other Indians, who had known Lewis and Clark and their men, and that it was a commonly accepted fact among all the Indians that this was the place where they made salt, and they occupied a large tent a few feet north of the cairns. In her younger days the ground was free from trees, but it is now covered with a growth of stunted beach pines.

Tsin-is-tum identified the spot in the most positive manner, saying that when she first knew it the larger cairn stood about two and a half feet all around with the end nearest the sea open. The smaller ones were understood to be places used by the saltmakers. Mrs. Galloway took the picture from which the accompanying cut was made of Tsin-is-tum standing in the larger cairn, and took a

number of other interesting photographs on the trip.

#### One of Two Monuments.

With the exception of Clark's name inscribed on Pompey's Pillar, in the Valley of the Yellowstone, it is believed these salt cairns constitute the only monument of their expedition now in existence. Apprehensive that injury might be done them by vandals or thoughtless persons, Mr. Cox, on behalf of the Ore-

gon Historical Society, ordered the cairns to be immediately surrounded with a strong picket fence, and Captain H. D. Sanborn, who has been keenly alive to the importance of their preservation, superintended the execution of the work during the past week. It is proposed to proceed at once and have them protected by a safe and durable inclosure.

Captain Sanborn sawed off the trunk of a pine tree standing near the spot the size of a tree growing over the larger cairn and counted 58 rings. The tree over the cairn is undoubtedly of about the same age, and its position goes to establish the fact that the cairn has not been used for more than half a century.

The society has secured the site of Fort Clatsop, and it is hoped that no distant day will see it crowned with a monument fitly commemorating the Lewis and Clark expedition, which culminated at this point. This was the pedis possessio, which, coupled with Gray's discovery in 1792, constituted the foundation of our claim to the Oregon country against that of Great Britain. This matter is one of National interest, and Congress might well make a handsome appropriation for the erection of an imposing monument to the memory of the boldest and most distinguished of American pioneers. But whether this can be secured or not, it is very certain that the course of a short time will see the site of old Fort Clatsop crowned with a monument which will be no discredit to the Oregon Historical Society and those aiding the accomplishment of its objects.

## The Oregonian.

LEWIS AND CLARK'S FORT LOCATED.—E. L. Cox, of the Oregon Historical Society, accompanied by P. W. Gillette and C. W. Shane, of Vancouver, who went to Clatsop Plains last week to locate the site of the old fort where Lewis and Clark wintered during the Winter of 1805-06, returned Sunday evening. They definitely located the site of the old fort, which the Historical Society contemplates purchasing, with a view to erecting thereon a monument to the founders—the first white men who came across the continent to visit and explore this region. They also located the salt works on the edge of the beach between Seaside House and Grimes', where the Lewis and Clark party made salt enough from sea water to last them on their return trip across the Rockies to civilization. Mr. Cox directed that a picket fence be built around the salt works site.

#### Meaning of Words in Jargon.

PORTLAND, Oct. 27.—(To the Editor.)—The explanation of "cultus mamook" in this morning's Oregonian is correct, as far as it goes, but it does not cover all the meanings of these words. "Cultus mamook" means worthless or good-for-nothing work. It also means play work, amusement work, or making fun. If an Indian, when he is not very busy, is asked what he is doing, he will say: "Oh, cultus mamook"; that is, passing the time, doing for amusement or idling away the time. Like, also, "kultus," for this is the correct spelling of the word, "twa-wa," which means worthless talk, also idle talk, funny talk, playful talk and joking. Also "kultus" miltite, meaning lazily sitting or aimlessly staying in a place, loafing about a place. When an Indian wishes to use "kultus" in its strongest meaning, he says "ku—l-tus," with a hissing sound, accompanying it with look and gesture of contempt and disgust. The words in the jargon are few, and have many meanings, which depend upon the sense in which they are used and the intonation and gesture accompanying their use, as "st-ah," means far away, but if an Indian wishes to express a vast distance, he stands on tiptoe and points to the utmost limit of the earth and says "s—l-ah" in a high key, as long as he can hold his breath.

The above was written by me to correct an error in the meaning of a jargon word.



# WHO WANTS A CHANGE?

MR. GILLETTE ARGUES TO LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

And Shows From His Rent Rolls the Good Effects of Republican Rule.

PORTLAND, Oct. 10.—(To the Editor).—The Presidential election is near at hand, and we shall soon have to choose another President. Circumstances have made it so that we must choose between William McKinley and William J. Bryan. While Mr. McKinley may not be the best President the country ever had, few fair-minded people will deny that he is well up to the average. His Administration has at least been fairly good. It has punished the base and cruel treachery of Spain for the destruction of our battleship Maine. It has freed Cuba, put her on her feet, and will soon set her up an independent nation. It took the Philippines as a war indemnity, generously allowing Spain \$20,000,000 besides. It has sent an armored force to China to punish the gross insults given to our representatives at the Chinese court, and get amends for the murder of our resident citizens in China.

When Mr. McKinley took the reins of government he found every branch of industry throughout the country utterly prostrate. Factories were smokeless, building and improvement was suspended, while trade and speculation were at a standstill. A thousand houses and many stores in our own city were tenantless, while the streets and highways were thronged with discouraged men seeking employment, which, if they luckily found, was at starvation prices. A large part of the people who depended upon their labor for support, together with their families, were, necessarily, clad in rags, and many were in actual want of food.

People who owned houses and land were sorely pressed to get money to pay their taxes, many of whom were obliged to borrow or have their homes sold for the taxes. Rents went down so low that tenement houses were barely self-supporting, often not bringing enough to keep up repairs and pay the taxes. Money had itself, or fled the country, and was seldom seen, save in the hands of some one else. Tens of thousands of people who owed money on mortgage could not possibly get any to pay interest and taxes, and were forced to submit to foreclosure, losing their lifetime earnings. Many merchants throughout the country failed and lost all. Thousands more just hung on the ragged edge of failure, and barely pulled through.

House-building and improvement of all sorts had nearly ceased, and there was but little railroad-building in the United States; while many roads already built were thrown into the hands of a receiver. In fact, the receiver was about the only busy and successful man in the Nation.

All classes suffered. The banker who had money could not and dared not lend it. The responsible man would not borrow because he could see no way to invest it to make it pay him; and he dared not lend to those who would borrow and could show no means by which they could return it. The merchant suffered because his profits were small, his sales light, the people buying just as little as they could possibly do with, and his loss in bad debts was heavy. The manufacturer closed down because there was no demand for his goods. The contractor, mechanic and laborer suffered, severely because there was nothing for them to do. The house-owner was as great a sufferer as any. The price of rents dropped more than half, many of his houses stood empty, while he lost much from those that were rented because the tenants could not pay.

I will give the exact percentage of decrease and increase of rents within the past eight years, as shown by my rent books:

From the last year of Harrison's Administration to the last year of that of Cleveland my rents decreased 58.1-3 per cent, considerably more than half. During the McKinley Administration the rents on precisely the same property have increased 61.3 per cent. This increase is not so much from the advance in the price of rents, because it is still more than one-third less than it was at the end of Harrison's term, but now my houses are all rented all of the time, and I get all of the rents due; the people are able to pay. This great decline in

Cleveland's term, and increase in McKinley's was not confined to rents alone, for its blighting influence touched every branch of industry. But why should I recite all this? Whose memory is so short as to forget that most bitter lesson? The country had long been prosperous, and was through Harrison's term but the people wanted a change, and they got it.

Now that we have passed through that terrible depression, from which we suffered such pitiless punishment, and are again in the midst of prosperity, do we again want a change? Do we wish to try a certainty for an uncertainty? Dare we change from McKinley to such a man as William J. Bryan—a blatant demagogue, going about the country making himself more ridiculous and disgusting by his stupid, dishonest speeches than the cartoonists represent his personal appearance? His 16-to-1 doctrine defeated him in 1896, and it is now a dead issue, but he has not sense enough to know it, and is still bleating it all over the country through his brazen jaws. He is a tricky, pettifogging demagogue. His alleged arguments against what he calls militarism and imperialism are ridiculously weak and untenable. He stoops so low as to garble his quotations from the dead Lincoln, so as to reverse their true meaning. He claims to be an admirer of the great Lincoln, when in fact he is and has been a life-time hater of him. He goes about the country howling through his gassy lungs about the old Democratic clause in the Oregon Constitution prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from residing in the state, when he well knows, as does every intelligent person, that it was made void by the passage of the 14th amendment to the Constitution of the United States 36 years ago. This is just Bryan's size; he aspires no higher and thinks of nothing greater. He is a small prevaricator; his speeches are a compilation of misrepresentations and insinuations. He panders to ignorance and the baser passions of his hearers. In short, he is a dangerous man, utterly unfit for the place which he aspires to fill, because he is untiring in his effort to antagonize labor against capital, when, in truth, they are natural allies. He tries to prejudice the common people against the refined and intelligent. He is a breeder of discontent, and an arrayer of class against class.

Mr. Bryan is proving every day in his speeches what I charge him with. I cannot see how any one can dare to assist in elevating such a blatherskite to the Presidency, excepting such as have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

I have exhausted all of my knowledge of addition, subtraction, long and short division, multiplication and fractions in trying to figure out why such gentlemen as L. B. Cox and C. E. S. Wood can support Bryan, and still can't see it. I wonder, if they were to get one of those double back-action levers and pry themselves open far enough to get a peep at their true inwardness, if they might not find, away down within themselves, the existence of a small shadow of fear, or, perhaps, hope, that he might be elected, and leave them on the wrong side.

I should like to ask the voters of the country a question, and have them fairly consider it. If a four years' Administration of such a man as Grover Cleveland, who is as far above William Jennings Bryan in intelligence, principle, integrity and character as Mount Hood is above a

mole-hill, could so totally paralyze every business and industry of the country, what might we expect from such a cracked-brain crank as Bryan? Now business of all kinds is brisk, except, possibly, the real estate business, which cannot improve until the millions of dollars' worth of foreclosed property that was thrown on the market is disposed of, the wreckage of the fortunes of hundreds of our friends and neighbors who went down under the Cleveland collapse. Every one who wants work can get all he can do, and can get the cash for it; business of all sorts is booming. The country is full of money for investment. Our foreign exports are larger than ever before, and are just flooding the country with cash. Railroads all over the land are extending their lines, and many new ones are being surveyed and built. In view of all these things, do we want or need a change? Judging the present by the past eight years and the near future, dare we ask a change?

P. W. GILLETTE.

# FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF EARLY PIONEER DAYS.

Easy-Going Methods of Those Times, That Have Gone Now, Never to Return.

We reached the dalles of the Columbia on the 8th day of September, 1852, being the 126th day after we left the Missouri River. In my "mess" we were down to coffee and beans straight, and had been for three days. But luckily, we found there a small store kept in a tent by Allen & McKinley, of Oregon City, Mr. McKinley himself in charge, where we laid in supplies to do us through the mountains. We paid \$16 for 50 pounds of flour, \$3 for a peck of potatoes, \$1 for a quart of common molasses, 35 cents a pound for brown sugar, and 30 cents a pound for fresh beef. There were no people but Indians and a few United States soldiers living in the vicinity of The Dalles.

After remaining there half a day we started south to take the Barlow Road over the Cascade Mountains. The first night out we camped in a narrow, deep valley, with high hills and cliffs on either side. That night we were suddenly aroused by the fierce yell of the cougar, which seemed to be so uncomfortably near that all of the men flew to arms on the double-quick, as we did not know what it was. The next day we reached the Barlow Road and all agreed that it was the roughest and worst road they had ever traveled. It was but little wider than a wagon, and ran through dense woods thickly entangled with brush and old logs. Before we could pass over many of the stumps we had to pile up rocks or chunks on either side of them, so as to raise the wheels high enough to allow the axle to pass over. But we had traveled so many months over the treeless plains, exposed to the scorching sun, trudging through clouds of suffocating dust, and seldom getting a glimpse of anything green, that we were so delighted with the change, we had little time to complain of the road. It was so refreshing to breathe the sweet breath of a fir forest and walk beneath its shades and behold the amazing growth of timber and vegetation. I had always thought the forests of Ohio were grand, but here I saw more timber on one acre than I had ever seen on four.

When we reached "Summit Prairie," three or four miles south of Mount Hood, we camped a day to give our oxen rest and a chance to pick some grass. The grand old mountain was in full view and seemed almost near enough to touch; but we were too much jaded to attempt to climb to its crest.

We were much deceived as well as amused by a mistake we made in cutting a lot of dark green, rather coarse grass, which we put into the wagon for feed. At the next encampment we gave some of it to the oxen, but they would not touch it, though they were very hungry. Upon examination we found it had a strong alkali taste, and afterwards learned that it was called "soap grass."

I will not attempt to describe our descent of "Laurel Hill" except to say that our wagon did not contain 150 pounds of freight. We "rough-locked" all the wheels with log chains, each wheel so firmly fastened that it could not turn an iota. When the wagon moved it had to slide with those chains digging into the hard ground. We put the strongest yoke of oxen on the tongue and they held back all they could, yet it required our very best efforts to get the wagon down safely. Laurel Hill was no "short patch." It was many hundred yards from top to bottom, perfectly straight, and the grade must have been about 45 degrees. At our last encampment in the mountains we were again fooled by a patch of very green vegetation on a distant hillside to which, with great difficulty, we drove our half-starved oxen. It was the common fern, so abundant all over Western Oregon, but we had never seen it. Most of the people then called it "Fer-ren." But the oxen would not eat it.

We reached Philip Foster's, the first house in Oregon, on the 15th day of September, and the 134th day from our departure from the Missouri River, near St. Joseph. Though we had been traveling several weeks in Oregon, we did not realize that we were there until we found the first house. We halted at Foster's three or four days to rest our teams.



Having ordered my letters to be sent to Oregon City, I, with another of our party, set out on foot for that place 18 miles distant. When we reached the Clackamas River, finding no ferry or bridge, we had to take off most of our clothes and wade across. The river was alive with great salmon, all swimming up stream with all their might, many of them bumping against our feet and legs in their haste to get along. Such a sight I had never before seen, or even dreamed of. After crossing the river we stopped at the farmhouse of an old couple by the name of Arthour, and asked for dinner, which the good lady soon prepared for us. While dinner was being made I sauntered about the place and found a young apple orchard just coming into bearing. Being curious to know how Oregon apples tasted I picked one here and there and, if the taste did not suit, threw it away as recklessly as I would have done at home, where they were worth only 75 cents a barrel. Later on, when I learned that those same apples were worth 25 to 50 cents apiece, I felt like an unpunished criminal. I felt doubly guilty in this case, because the good old lady had charged us only 25 cents each for our dinners, when I had to pay 75 cents at every other farmhouse, and a dollar in the towns wherever I stopped after that. Apples were gold in Oregon. Small seedling apples sold for \$8 a bushel on the trees, the buyer having to pick, box and haul them to the steamboat landings for shipment to San Francisco. Good, grafted fruit was worth much more.

On reaching Oregon City I got my first letter from home, and presented my letter of introduction to General E. Hamilton, who came from an adjoining county in Ohio to my own, and was then Secretary of Oregon Territory. General Hamilton advised me to go and settle in Portland, which he said had the best future of any point in the territory. I should have taken his advice, but did not until 15 years later. His was the first house I slept in west of the Missouri River.

Having no particular destination we drifted on up the "Valley" with the great throng of the immigration. Then we began to see Oregon homes, farms and people and how the people lived and made a living. When we passed "Uncle Sam Allen's" place, on the Abaqua, the old gentleman was standing at his gate scanning us closely, and as we drove past said: "Well, boys; wine up the Valley, I 'spose," which was a bit of sarcasm on his part, as he knew that we did not know where we were going, and he believed that we could find no better place to stop and take up land than in his vicinity. All of the old settlers were anxious to have the vacant lands around them settled up.

I was surprised to find that all the old settlers seemed to be well acquainted with each other, even to the most remote parts of the territory. I did not consider that until within three or four years the entire population of Oregon was less than half that of an average county in Ohio. They seemed to be well contented, happy and enjoying quiet, restful lives. This restful state continued, with many of them, throughout their lives, and not a few bequeathed it to their offspring. I saw but very little work going on, and that was nearly all being performed by newcomers, who were only too glad to work at what seemed to them such enormously big wages. At that time, throughout the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, farm-hands and common laborers only got \$6 to \$9 per month, with board, while here in Oregon they got \$2 to \$2 50 per day with board.

It seemed very strange to see so much gold in the hands of the people, and how lavish many of them were with it! The principal coin in circulation was a \$50 piece, made in San Francisco, of pure gold, and called "slugs." There were also some of the "Beaver" \$5 gold pieces in circulation. They were made at Oregon City. Those slugs were octagonal in shape and passed as currently as United States gold coin. In the "States" there was no gold in circulation; it was all paper money, with a small quantity of silver. The people seldom, if ever, saw a gold coin.

I saw but one plow going that Fall in the Willamette Valley, and that was in the hands of Mr. Grubbs, who crossed the plains in the same company that I came with. He had taken up a "claim" near Corvallis, and was breaking new land. I saw but one small field of Fall-sown wheat, and that was on Shannon's place, in the northeast corner of Howell prairie.

It did not take me long to see why there was so much gold in Oregon. I soon learned that nearly all of the men had been to the mines in California and each had returned with his pile. Those who did not go were able to sell everything

they produced at such enormous prices as to give them plenty; all felt so rich that work seemed unnecessary.

Oregon did not then, nor for many years later, produce breadstuff for her entire population. More or less flour was imported from Chili, and corn meal from the States, late as 1860. I was amazed to see so little land in cultivation. There was not one acre in 100 in the Willamette Valley cultivated, and but very little of it under fence. Millions of acres of these prairies of unsurpassed fertility were inviting the plow, and the markets were bidding so high for their products that Winter wheat went up to \$5 per bushel; flour to \$25 per barrel; oats to \$2 50 to \$3; potatoes to \$3 per bushel, and meat proportionately high. Butter sold at \$1 a pound, and in the northern part of the state it did not get below 75 cents a pound for many years. Now we think it a great hardship to pay 30 cents for better butter than was ever found here in those days. Poultry and eggs were worth three or four times as much as they are at present, while fruit was gold itself. That Winter I saw barrels of pork and piles of hams from Cincinnati, O., via Cape Horn. Yet such demands, such astounding prices, did not produce any activity among the farmers, or disturb their restful repose. A few of them seized that golden opportunity and made money, but too many rested until their gold was all gone, until they were too old, or too debilitated by long inaction to work. Many of those who returned from California with fortunes died poor. I am of the opinion that the gold mines of California did Oregonians more harm than it did permanent good.

Most of the houses in Oregon were very poor, generally small log cabins. The barns and outbuildings were few and small, yet the people seemed well satisfied. It was bewildering to see them so inactive and so regardless of the splendid chances to increase their fortunes. That Winter I taught a country school in Marion County, and where I boarded the only meat we ever had was venison. We had it three times a day. Deer were so plentiful that Winter that one could almost knock them down with a stick. As I mention that school, I may as well say that in order to get the school I had to help build the schoolhouse. About eight or ten of the neighbors turned out, and within three days the log schoolhouse was finished, and the Monday following "school took up." That was my first, last and only experience in that line. I have flat-boated on the Mississippi River, done all kinds of farm work, cut, rafted and floated sawlogs to the mill on the stormy waters of Clatsop County, searched for and dug gold in the wildest mountains of Idaho; but all of these were but pleasant pastimes compared to teaching a country school in a log cabin. But I suppose I should be proud that I did not teach in vain. One of my pupils became high Sheriff of Marion County and another furnished Portland with her largest policeman, William Henline, who could "tip the beam" at 400 pounds.

The dress of the old Oregonian was peculiar. The men all wore black, broad-brimmed, soft hats, and long hair combed back behind their ears, covering the neck. Few of the young men wore coats, except in very inclement weather or on dress occasions. They dressed in blue or gray overshirts with necktie, the long ends of which were artistically tucked in the open shirt front between the lower buttons. None of them had suspenders, but instead wore a red silk knit or netted sash around the waist, tied in a bow above the right hip, the long fringed ends hanging down to or near the knee. The overshirt was drawn up a little so as to lap or flow over the waistband. The young men all had Indian horses and used the old Mexican saddle with its high, strong horn, broad, heavy mochillas, (commonly called "mochures") large, wooden stirrups covered with heavy leather tapaderas to protect the feet, heavy Rosdaras to keep the leg from touching the horse's side, and instead of a girth the saddle was fastened on with a strong leather "cinch." The mochilla was made up of two large pieces of harness leather, ornamented around the border, and fastened together with leather thongs, and made to fit over the horn and tree of the saddle, and extending far enough behind the saddle to protect a roll of blankets or other package from touching the horse. On the horn of the saddle always hung the "lariata," or lasso, and fastened to the rear of the saddle tree were long leather straps to lash on such packages as the rider might wish to carry.

They always wore spurs on their heels, seemingly large and fierce enough to disembowel an ordinary Indian pony by one gouge. In those days an Oregon beau

thought nothing of riding 30 to 60 miles to see his girl. He always took his blankets, and in case night overtook him he used his lariat to stake out his horse, removed the mochilla from the saddle, which he spread upon the ground, and rolled himself in his blankets and slept until morning. Spare rooms in Oregon houses were generally scarce, and he often had to spread his blankets on the floor or go to the barn to sleep. A mounted Oregonian of the "olden times" presented a queer spectacle, almost bordering on the romantic. He almost always rode in a sweeping gallop, causing the broad brim of his hat to flap up and down with the motion of his horse, his long hair to flutter and dance, keeping time to the clank of his ponderous Spanish spurs, while the long-fringed ends of his red silk sash waved coquettish adeous to objects so swiftly passed by his fleeing pony. Many of these young fellows when riding at full speed kept their bended arms moving up and down as if they were wings assisting the pony in his rapid flight. I almost envied them the great pleasure they got out of life, and was grudgeful of their sweet contentment. They were so different from any people that I had ever seen that they were almost as interesting to me as the splendid landscapes, grand mountains, magnificent rivers and peerless climate of beautiful Oregon. Though Oregonians of that day might not have been particularly noted for their industry, enterprise or progressiveness, they were honest, orderly and law-abiding.

I liked Oregon from the first, and was satisfied that it was the best part of the United States that I had ever seen. But I was troubled to know how the people could get along without corn, as I had come from a part of the country where corn was king. I soon learned that corn was not essential where wheat, oats, barley and rye yielded so abundantly. Later on, it was found that corn grew fairly well here. At that time it was believed that the high, rolling lands of the Willamette Valley would not grow wheat, and were only fit for grazing; but ex-

periment proved them to be the best wheat lands, so it was said then and for years later, that wheat could not be grown east of the Cascade Mountains, and that all that vast empire was useless excepting for grazing purposes. Yet that part of the state is annually exporting millions of bushels of wheat.

The oak grub lands, as they are called, from which thousands of cords of good oak wood is cut to supply city, town and farm with fuel, were then but low, bushy thickets, scarcely high enough to hide a deer, having always, until within a few years, been killed down by fires set out in the dry prairie grass by the Indians. They have grown into trees, and furnish vast quantities of wood.

I visited the Legislative Assembly at Salem in the Winter of 1852 and 1853, which was the first legislative body I ever saw. My high ideas formed in boyish days of noble Senators, great statesmen, thrilling oratory and capital splendors were not realized. The Legislature met in an old barnlike building near the south end of Commercial street. Fred Waymire, of Polk County; Ben Stark, of Multnomah, and F. A. Chenoweth, of the Cascades, are the only members whose names I remember.

To show how Oregonians did business, and what confidence they had in each other, I will relate one incident: When I closed my school and was ready to go out to locate my "donation claim," I called on a person in the neighborhood to whom I had sold my wagon and some oxen to get the money due me. He said: "I have not that amount of money on hand, but will give you letters to some of my friends, from whom I hope you will be able to get your money." He gave me a letter to I. N. Gilbert, who lived in a small log cabin two miles east of Salem; one to Dr. Wilson, a prominent physician and merchant in Salem, and another to some business man in Salem, whose name I have forgotten, requesting each to give me the amount of my bill and charge same to him. Mr. Gilbert being the nearest one, I called on him first, and presented my letter. After reading it, he said: "I do not owe Mr. M. anything, but as I have the money to spare, I will pay your bill, and accommodate both Mr. M. and yourself." My surprise was as great as my delight, because I did not expect to get the money through those letters. The easy-going days of early Oregon are gone, never to return. Perhaps no people ever had such opportunities to make fortunes, improve their farms, homes and their country as had they from 1850 to 1860. During those 10 years a farmer's own labor, if properly managed, should have turned his farm into a mint. Every product of the



land then brought three to eight times as much as it does now. But regrets will not bring back lost opportunities.

P. W. GILLETTE.  
Portland, Dec. 7, 1900.

Mr. P. W. Gillette, a well-known Oregon "Pioneer," now living in Portland, has written the Bishop the following interesting letter, which we are glad to add to the foregoing matter:

Portland, Oregon, April 25, 1901.

My Dear Bishop Morris:

I reached Oregon City on the 16th day of September, 1852, having just completed a journey across the plains of 135 days, with ox teams. I had a letter of introduction to General E. Hamilton, then Secretary of the Oregon Territory, who had come from an adjoining county in Ohio to my own.

When a boy my father sent me to Portsmouth, Ohio, 65 miles away to have some printing done, and I happened into Mr. Hamilton's office. He then owned, published and edited the *Portsmouth Tribune*, a weekly paper in Scioto county, which was the first newspaper published in the United States under the name of "Tribune." A few years later I heard him make a speech in my county, at a "General Muster," when the government of the United States was calling for volunteers to go to the Mexican war. Enough men volunteered that day to form a company, and young Hamilton was elected captain.

Upon reaching Oregon City and presenting my letter to the General, he urged me to go to dinner with him, and spend the night at his house. There I met the Rev. St. Michael Fackler, who, I believe, was the first regular Episcopal minister in Oregon. The Hamiltons and Mr. Fackler were my first Oregon-made acquaintances. Mr. Fackler lived on his "Donation Claim" in Marion County, as no lands had then been patented to claimants under the Donation Law.

He held services in Portland, and, I believe, in Oregon City also, and in attending to his clerical duties in Portland he had either to go on horseback or by steamboat. If he went by boat each round trip cost him \$12.00, and to have gone on horseback in winter would have been almost impossible, on account of the great distance and bad roads, as he lived, by road, thirty miles from Portland, so Mr. Fackler must

have had plenty of money, or a very generous congregation, to enable him to afford such expensive weekly trips.

General Hamilton lived at that time in Linn City, a small village on the west bank of the Willamette River, opposite Oregon City, which place was named in honor of Senator Linn, of Missouri, the author of the "Oregon Donation Law." To show how even the better class of pioneer people had to live in those days, I will say that his house was so small that Mr. Fackler and I had to occupy not only the same room, but the same bed as well.

The General had just returned from Portland that evening, having accompanied his daughter, Genevieve, afterwards Mrs. Lloyd Brooke, there to assist Miss Mary Dryer in the preparations for her approaching wedding. Miss Dryer was the only daughter of the Hon. T. J. Dryer, founder and editor of the *Oregonian* newspaper.

The Hamiltons, as well as Mr. Fackler, were very pleasant, and made my first social visit in Oregon exceedingly enjoyable.

A few weeks later I was on the "French Prairie," trying to find a boat landing, to board a steamboat for Corvallis, and just about dark came to a small house where I asked to be kept over night. The young gentleman who came to the door welcomed me heartily, saying that he was alone, and would be glad to have me with him until Monday morning, at which time the first upriver boat was due.

I soon learned that he was a young Episcopalian minister, recently from Philadelphia, and that the house we were in was the Rev. Mr. Fackler's, who had gone down to hold services in Portland. It was a small board house, not worth more than \$300. We were both young, and soon became acquainted with each other, and had a jolly good time. We found on Mr. Fackler's table a pamphlet entitled "A Melo-Drama by Brakespeare," written in Shakespearean style, a most excellent take-off on the Oregon Politicians of the day. We both made speeches and recited all the declamations of our schoolboy days, and had a good time. His name was Woodward, and I have never chanced to meet him since, nor have I seen Mr. Fackler since I met him at General Hamilton's.

With Mr. Fackler, I believe began the Episcopal Church and its history in the "Oregon Country." Several other denominations had been established and had organized Churches previous to that time. The churches of that day, like the towns



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and cities in Oregon, were small and had very small beginnings.

At the time of which I write Portland had less than 800 population, Oregon City less than 400, and the whole Territory of Oregon, embracing what is now the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and a good part of Montana and Utah, had less than 20,000, not counting the savages in that boundary. Then there were no white people living in Idaho and Montana, and none living east of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington. At that time quite a number of Mormons had settled in Utah, while all the balance of that vast country was the home of savages, but the tireless hand of progress swept over the land, subduing savagery, and planting in its stead civilization and Christianity.

In less than 49 years that 20,000 population of old Oregon has grown to over twelve hundred thousand, and the city of Portland from 800 to 100,000.

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No. 1

### Early Pilotage on the Columbia River. ❖ ❖ ❖ By P. W. Gillette.

ON the 17th day of August, 1775, Captain "Bruno Heceta," an enterprising Spanish navigator, discovered the mouth of the Columbia River and named it "Rio de San Roque." It is shown on the old Spanish charts of the North American coast in the proper latitude for the Columbia. Heceta did not enter the river because, he said, the "current between the two points (meaning Cape Hancock and Point Adams) was too strong for his ship to stem. He said in his journal:

"The current and the eddies of the water caused me to believe the place to be the mouth of some great river, or some passage into another sea." Captain Heceta was evidently in close so that he could observe the tremendous outflow of the great river.

Three years later Captain John Meares, of the British Navy, went south from the Straits of Fuca purposely to see and verify the Rio de San Roque of Heceta. On the 5th day of July, 1778, he discovered and entered Shoalwater Bay and named the cape at its entrance "Cape Shoalwater." A few days later, while yet the summer freshet from melting snow was pouring its mighty flood into the ocean, he reached the mouth of Heceta's river and gave it a most careful inspection, and found to his satisfaction there was no river there; so he named the promontory overlooking what Heceta had supposed to be the mouth of a river, "Cape Disappointment," and the mouth of the river itself he named "Deception Bay," because it had deceived the wily

old Spaniard by making him believe it to be the mouth of a river. His journal reads: "We can now safely assert that no such river as San Roque exists, as laid down on the chart of Heceta." The cape that he named is still known as Cape Disappointment, although Captain Robert Gray named it Cape Hancock, and it is so described on the map. In this locality it is generally called Disappointment.

Fourteen years later George Vancouver, a famous navigator and an officer of the English Navy, in passing north along the Oregon coast, diligently hunting for the great unknown river of the West, says in his journal: "April 27, 1792—Noon brought us up into a conspicuous point of land, comprised of a cluster of hummocks, moderately high and extending into the sea."

Those hummocks were the point on which the old lighthouse stands, "McKenzie's Head," nearly a mile north, and the "North Head," on which the new lighthouse stands, two miles further north.

"On the south side of the promontory was the appearance of an inlet or small river, the land not indicating it to be of any great extent, nor did it seem to be accessible for vessels of our burden, as the breakers extended from above the point to three miles into the ocean, while they joined those on the beach nearly four leagues further south. On reference to Meares' description of the coast south of the promontory, I was first induced to believe it was Cape Shoalwater, but upon ascertaining its latitude, I found it to be what he called 'Cape Disappointment,' and the opening south of it 'Deception Bay.' This was found to be in latitude 46 degrees, 19 minutes. The sea had now changed from natural to river-colored water, the probable consequence of some stream falling into the bay. Not considering this opening worthy of our attention, I continued our pursuit to the northwest, being desirous to embrace the advantages of the now prevailing breezes and pleasant weather so favorable to examination of the coast."

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So Vancouver, as Meares had done before him, lost the greatest opportunity of life; lost the honor and distinction of finding and naming the second largest river in North America. And so England lost an empire.

Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, in the ship Columbia, had only a few days before Vancouver been off the mouth of the river, and spent nine days in trying to enter it, but owing to light wind and the strong outflow of the river's current, he was unable to get in. About two weeks after Vancouver had left the mouth of the river on his northwest journey Gray returned and entered the river without any trouble, thus securing to himself the honor of making the discovery and to the United States the empire that England lost by Vancouver's want of discretion and perseverance.

Captain Gray ran so close into the bar that he could plainly see the channel from his masthead. So enormous is the discharge of water and so plainly marked is the channel of the Columbia that no storm can make its waters so rough that its channel cannot be easily distinguished from any point from which it might be seen.

Captain Heceta, the first discoverer, had a far better understanding and a clearer conception of the place than either Meares or Vancouver. He knew from the strong current and great eddies the place was the mouth of some great river, or an entrance to another sea. Both Meares and Vancouver went there with all the information that Heceta's charts had thrown on the subject, yet each, after a careful examination of the place, went away believing there was nothing there worthy of their attention. Vancouver plainly saw the sea discolored by river water, but very unwisely concluded that it was "in consequence of some small river falling into the bay."

From the date of Gray's discovery down for many years but few ships entered the Columbia. In 1806 the Clatsop Indians gave to Lewis and Clark the names of some eight or ten captains of ships who had visited the Columbia. Of course, there were no pilots, each captain having to find his way in. In 1811, when Captain Thorne, with Mr. Astor's ship Tonquin, approached the mouth of the river, he made the same mistake that Meares and Vancouver had made by standing too far off shore. He hove to "three leagues off the bar as the water seemed to be breaking clear across the mouth of the river." He manned a small whaleboat with five men and dispatched her to find and sound the channel. On the following day his ship had drifted so close in to the bar that the man at the masthead saw the channel and she came in. This performance on the part of Captain Thorne was as cruel, stupid and foolish as had been his career in general from the day he left New York until its tragic close, when, by his gross carelessness and unwise conduct, he so needlessly allowed the savages of Puget Sound to slaughter himself and his crew.

For many years after 1811 there was but little traffic in the Columbia. As the business of the Hudson Bay Company increased they had two or three ships making regular trips, but during all those years there is no record of any pilot at

the bar. The company kept among their servants some one who was capable of piloting their vessels in and out. Along in the '30s they had in their service a Kanaka who sometimes acted as pilot. But there was not business enough at the mouth of the river for one pilot until about 1847. Alexander Lottie was among the first, if not the first, pilot on the bar. He was also a river pilot, and took the Hudson Bay Company's ships up to Vancouver. As near as I can learn he came to Astoria some time from 1825 to 1830. After that company became pretty well established on the Columbia some one of their people acted as pilot. Lottie was captain of the steamship Beaver for several years. It will be remembered the Beaver was the first steamship ever seen on the Pacific Ocean. She is an historic craft. A prominent lady now living in Portland was born on the Beaver while Mr. Lottie was captain of her. Lottie was a Scotchman, a large and powerful man. After Major James Birnie retired from the service of the Hudson Bay Company at Astoria to his farm at Cathlamet, Mr. Lottie succeeded him in charge of their affairs at that point. A feud existed between Lottie and Colonel John McClure, an American, who had taken up a claim joining the old Astor place on the west, and which later on became the principal business portion of Astoria. McClure was an ill-tempered and dangerous man when under the influence of intoxicating drink. During one of his sprees he went up to Hudson's Bay headquarters and wrapped on Mr. Lottie's door. When Mr. Lottie opened the door, McClure said with an oath: "I have come to kill you," and commenced shooting at Lottie, who seized an old saber encased in a heavy iron scabbard, with which he knocked McClure down, injuring him severely. When McClure's friends called to take him home, Lottie refused to give him up, saying: "The Colonel is my guest, and I will take good care of him until he can go home." Lottie was not blamed in this case, as he had a right to defend himself. Mr. Lottie was drowned in the Columbia River below Vancouver some years later, and Colonel McClure sold out his town site to Judge Cyrus Olney, late in the '50s, and returned to Indiana, his native state, where he died many years ago.

Captain John Scarborough, an Englishman, was also one of the earliest pilots. He resided at Scarborough Head in 1844, and doubtless had been there much longer, but I find no record of him before that time. His home was near where Fort Columbia now stands. He died in 1856.

When Captain Charles Wilks, of the United States Exploring Expedition, with the sloop of war Peacock, entered the Columbia in 1841, she came in over the bar without a pilot and was met just inside

the cape by several prominent Oregonians, who recommended a colored man, who lived at or near the cape, as a pilot, but he ran the ship aground on the Chinook sands. He lived afterward in Astoria as late as 1857. His name was George Washington. His wife was a Chinook woman, a sister of the wife of Colonel John McClure, one of the proprietors of Astoria. "Old George," as he was called, was very fond of speaking

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\* But Lottie was swamped by the breakers, and men and boat were lost. The next day he manned his own canoe with 5 men and sent her for the same purpose, but she was cast ashore on North beach, with three of her crew. Then he lost 2 boats and 8 men, without any benefit or aiding him in finding the channel.



of "Con'el McCloo, my broder-in-law, sah." George was very old, and once, when asked his age, said: "I doan kno' 'zactly how ole I is, sah; but I war jis' 18 year ole when de British laid de bargo on de tea."

The first pilot-boat on the bar was the launch of the sloop of war Peacock. She was wrecked on the bar as she was departing from the Columbia, on the 18th day of July, 1841, and "Peacock Spit" still bears her name. Her launch was saved and Captain Wilks left it with Dr. John McLaughlin, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, with instructions that it should only be used as a pilot-boat and to assist mariners at the mouth of the river. The "provisional" Legislature of Oregon some time after passed an act requiring Dr. McLaughlin to deliver the launch up to the legislative authority, and Governor Abernethy made a formal demand, which McLaughlin ignored by referring to the positive orders of Captain Wilks, at the same time claiming that the "provisional Legislature" could not act for the Government of the United States. Finally, to avoid trouble, Dr. McLaughlin turned her over to Lieutenant Niel M. Howison, of the United States Navy, and he sold her to an Astoria pilot, whose name I have not been able to learn. She was not nearly as seaworthy nor so fit for a pilot-boat as a good, large Chinook Indian canoe.

The first pilot on the bar of the Columbia not connected with or under the influence of the Hudson Bay Company was one Captain Reives. In May, 1848, he took a crew of Indians and went outside to bring the Hudson Bay Company's bark Vancouver, but lost her on the bar. He figured but little as a pilot and was soon lost sight of.

Some time in 1849 Captain White and his son, Cornelius, bought the schooner Mary Taylor and put her on the bar as pilot-boat, with himself and J. G. Hustler as pilots. She was really the first craft acting as pilot-boat on the bar worthy of the name and position. Both Captain White and Hustler hailed from New York.

Not long after the Mary Taylor made her appearance, Captain George Flavel arrived in from San Francisco with the fine schooner California, and put her on the bar as an opposition pilot-boat. Aided by a longer purse and perhaps better management, the Mary Taylor was forced to retire. I think she went to Puget Sound. After that, for more than a quarter of a century, Captain Flavel had almost undisputed possession of the pilotage at the mouth of the Columbia, which was notorious as a dangerous bar, principally from the description of it as given by Washington Irving in relating the stupid adventures of Captain Thorne, while trying to get the Tonquin in. Irving's glib pen, vivid descriptions and fascinating style, though doubtless unintentional, gave the Columbia bar a bad name and did it great damage. The first legislation in Oregon territory regulating pilotage on the Columbia bar allowed enormous fees for such service. Prior to 1862 the fee for piloting a ship in over the bar and up to Astoria or from Astoria out over the bar was \$15 per foot draft up to 12 feet and \$18 per foot draft for every foot above 12 feet draft.

That year, 1862, I was chosen to represent the counties of Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook in the Legislature. At that time the population of those counties was so small that it took all of them to make a representative district. I will quote from a newspaper article of mine published some years ago on the subject: "Knowing that the commerce of the Columbia River had grown to such a magnitude that the fees allowed by law were excessively high, were oppressive to every industry in the state and were enriching the few to the injury of the many, I introduced a bill, which became the law, reducing pilot fees on the bar and on the river between Astoria and Portland one-third, which still left their fees more than

double what they now get. And it left them ample remuneration for their services. They had been so long in possession of the business, and knowing it must pass through their hands anyway, they had become too independent and too neglectful of their duty. They seldom ever went outside in bad weather to look for ships, no matter how many were due, or how important a speedy arrival might be. Vessels often had to lay outside in stormy weather one, two, three, four, five and sometimes six weeks, waiting the pleasure of the pilots.

In 1864 I was again elected to the same position, and believing that the growing commerce of the state required an improved system of pilotage, introduced a bill, which soon became the law, giving the exclusive right to pilot on the Columbia River bar to the owner or owners of a steam tug of sufficient power to tow ships in or out of the river. Heretofore only small sailing schooners had been used as pilot-boats. At the same session I had a "joint memorial" adopted by both houses, asking the Washington territory Legislature to enact a similar law, so as to prevent the pilots from getting license on the Washington side, to use sail vessels for pilot-boats on the bar. Fearing that Legislature might not act promptly in the matter, I went to Olympia on the 1st of December, 1864, over those almost impassable roads, in person, to ask the passage of this important measure. In ten days my bill was passed by both houses and was signed by Governor Pickering and was the law of both Washington and Oregon, making it impossible for any one to act as pilot on the Columbia River bar unless he was the owner or connected with a steam tug.

"I will always remember with gratitude, pride and pleasure the promptness with which the Washington Legislature took up my bill, and the kind, courteous and generous manner in which I was treated by them during my stay in Olympia." I insert here what the leading Olympia paper said on the subject to show how willing all of the Sound papers are and always have been to publish the dangers of the Columbia River bar:

"The Hon. P. W. Gillette, member of the Oregon Legislature from the lower



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counties of the Columbia, is in this city. Mr. Gillette is here to endeavor to induce our Legislature to enact a law regulating pilotage on the Columbia River bar so as to give the exclusive right of pilotage to one or more steam tugs, instead of the uncertain sailboats. His bill has passed both branches of the Legislature and is now the law of the land. This is right; the interest of life and commerce demand that the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River—the worst and most dangerous on the continent—should be guarded by steam power. The traveling public may and will be grateful to Mr. Gillette for his sagacity in originating, and his energy in getting so necessary a measure through the Legislature of Oregon, and then coming here through storm and snow to secure its adoption by our Legislature."

In less than four months after the passage of my bill through the Oregon Legislature Captain Paul Carno put the powerful steam tug Rabone on the bar as pilot-boat, and she came to stay. Steam tugs have been there ever since and will always be there as long as sailing vessels continue to arrive and depart from the Columbia River.

Captain Flavel's first pilots were J. G. Hustler, Moses Rogers, A. Crosby and A. C. Farnsworth, while Mr. Edwards and Captain Wass came a few years later.

Captains George Flavel, J. G. Hustler and Moses Rogers all married into prominent Astoria families. A. Cole Farnsworth, who died a bachelor, was usually spoken of as Captain "Cole," and was a great society man, a favorite with the ladies, was very polite, companionable and obliging, and always dressed well in garments that were scrupulously clean.

In reviewing this most interesting sub-

ject, the discovery of the Columbia, one can but wonder why Heceta, Meares and Vancouver could not but have known that the "opening," as Vancouver called it, was the mouth of some vast river, extending far inland. All of them were there at a time of year when the weather is almost certain to be clear. In clear weather, when opposite the river's mouth, Mount St. Helens may always be seen plainly. The river valley divides the Coast range of mountains, forming, as it were, a broad avenue, with St. Helens in full view at the head of it. To move a mile or two either north or south cuts off the view of St. Helens, the grand old landmark which one can almost imagine had been placed there by nature to mark the position of the river. If any of those navigators saw St. Helens it must have been when they were opposite the mouth of the river, because it is visible from no other point. Heceta was there in August, Meares in July, and Vancouver the last of April, such times as the weather is almost always clear of both clouds and fog. It must have been clear when Vancouver was there, because he saw and named St. Helens, saw the "cluster of hummocks" on Cape Disappointment, saw the breakers on Clatsop beach, extending south 12 leagues, and he said: "There was the appearance of an inlet or some small river, the land not indicating it to be of any great extent."

But time has wrapped her dusky veil about them, leaving us nothing to judge them by, save the brief mention in their journals. So little was then known of this far-off land or of the vast ocean, whose billows lashed its lonely shores, that none can but admire those brave old navigators for their courage, skill and daring perseverance.

## UP THE COLUMBIA RIVER

SCENERY AT ITS BEST IN MONTH OF OCTOBER.

A Trip That Few Cities Have as an Adjunct to their Attractiveness.

1891  
PORTLAND, Oct. 29.—(To the Editor.)—Few cities in the world are surrounded by so many elegant and beautiful landscapes as Portland, and perhaps as few have so many beautiful routes for excursions and pleasure trips.

A little over 100 miles down one of the grandest rivers in America takes one to the ocean, giving an entire change of temperature, scenery and climate. About 100 miles up the river takes you to "The Dalles" of the river, where the great river runs several miles through a narrow crevice in solid rock, and instead of being over a mile wide, as it is elsewhere, it is a "mile deep" and only a few rods wide. There one finds another climate, atmosphere and scenery, so different from Portland that he might easily believe he were a thousand miles away. I made that trip during the fine October weather, and though I had often been there before, found it exceedingly enjoyable, not only on account of the fine scenery but for the many historical and traditional reminiscences it recalls.

Near the mouth of the Willamette River is a point from which five of our grandest perpetual snow peaks may be seen at one view, dotting the great Cascade range of mountains for more than 200 miles north and south, Mount Rainier being the most northerly, while Mount Jefferson stands farthest south. Six miles above the mouth of the Willamette is old historic Vancou-

ver, the oldest town in the Oregon Country, excepting Astoria. Vancouver was the Hudson's Bay Company's headquarters until the British withdrew from Oregon. There Dr. John McLoughlin was for many years the Governor; indeed, he might be said to have been the Government itself. A few miles above Vancouver on the Washington side is the site of the first mill in Oregon. The first apple, pear, peach and plum trees planted in old Oregon were at Vancouver.

A few miles farther east is the mouth of the Sandy or "Quicksand River," as Lewis and Clark called it, where they halted while on their way back in 1805 to lay in a supply of game for food, having learned from Indians from the Cascades that food could not be had further up on account of its scarcity, and where they learned for the first time of the existence of Multnomah or Willamette River. A short distance above the Sandy River stands the famous "Rooster Rock," at which every passer-by takes a "snapshot," and whose picture is seen almost everywhere. A little beyond on the Washington side is the wonderful "Cape Horn," with its impregnable battlements, its stupendous pyramids, towers and walls of solid basaltic rock many hundreds of feet high. There begins the magnificent gorge of the Columbia with rugged mountains on either side, many thousands of feet in height, dizzy cliffs, yawning canyons and beautiful waterfalls, some of which have a perpendicular fall of 700 feet. Next comes grand "Castle Rock," on the Washington side, 700 feet high, standing alone on an almost level plain, a goodly distance from the mountain from which it has some time fallen.

Jay Cooke, one of the original movers in the Northern Pacific Railroad, bought of the Government the land on which it stands, and people who did not know said he intended to erect upon it a princely mansion. Back of Castle Rock stands one of the lofty abutments of the "Bridge of the Gods." The other one stands about four miles east on the same side of the river. They are 4000 feet high, and on a very clear day I can see one of them distinctly from my home in Portland. South, and in front of them, is the Cascade



falls of the Columbia, a place of great interest, which recalls many interesting happenings of written and traditional history. There once stood the ancient village of "Whishram," inhabited by a tribe of "sharp traders and arrant rogues," who took the advantage given by the falls to fleece and rob the people who were obliged to pass through the narrows. There, according to Indian tradition, once stood the Bridge of the Gods, a natural bridge across the Columbia, which long since is supposed to have fallen into the river, making the falls or Cascades.

There may be seen the place where Lewis and Clark landed and the trail over which they carried their goods and equipments in 1805, and where they lowered their canoes down over the falls with ropes.

There is where the first railroad in all the Oregon country was built, which for many years received for transporting for six miles \$20 per ton for all the freight that passed up or down the great river. That obstruction in the river caused the organization of a great corporation, which for many years controlled all of the carrying trade east of the Cascade Mountains, and which made colossal fortunes for its owners in a short time.

There is where the brutal Indian massacre of men, women and children occurred in 1856, when Lieutenant, later General, P. H. Sheridan was sent from Vancouver with a small detachment of soldiers to relieve and defend the white settlers. There he fought his first battle, for which, by special order from General Winfield Scott, he was highly complimented for his sagacity and bravery. When Sheridan arrived at the Lower Cascades from Vancouver he found 300 Indian warriors between himself and the upper blockhouse, where the surviving whites were defending themselves as best they could. He stealthily crossed the river to the foot of Bradford's Island with his handful of men, where he found of lot of old men, women and children, who had been left there by the warriors for safety. By severe threats he forced the able-bodied squaws to assist in towing his barge up the rapids against the strong current. The Indians were soon routed and captured and the whites saved.

Another interesting feature of the Cascades is the Government canal, which cost about \$4,000,000, and is a masterpiece of workmanship. This public work unloosed the hand of greed from the throat of the great Columbia Valley, and quickened its progress and great prosperity.

The mountains on each side of the river at the Cascades are 400 feet high. To an ordinary observer the distance from the tops of those mountains on one side to those on the other would seem to be but two or three miles, when, in fact, the distance is 10 miles by actual measurement.

A few miles above the Cascades stands the mysterious "sunken forest." When the water of the river is very clear, I have been told by reliable persons who claim to have seen them, that hundreds of trees, petrified to solid stone, are standing erect on the bottom of the river in its deep, deep water, where they grew.

I have seen many specimens of that petrified wood, and have no doubt of the truth of this statement. These petrified trees give very strong evidence to sustain the Indian tradition of the Bridge of the Gods. It seems quite improbable, in fact impossible, that the river bottom could have sunk in the midst of so extensive a formation of solid rock. It is far more rational to believe that a portion of the tall mountain, in the highest and narrowest part of the gorge, had sometime fallen into and dammed up the river, submerging the lower lands along the river above, for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, giving the "sunken forest" ample time to become petrified. Everything that one sees at the Cascades indicates that the Cascades were formed by the mountain falling or sliding into the river. On the south side it yet is slowly sliding.

Not many miles above the sunken forest is beautiful Hood River, cool and fresh from the snows of Mount Hood,

rushing, dashing, flashing through its fruitful, healthful valley.

Beyond Hood River the mountains change to hills and are less abrupt and more sloping. Soon Memaoose Island is reached, on the highest point of which stands the white marble monument of the eccentric "Vic" Trevitt, who loved the Indian more than he did his own race, and, dying, willed that his body should be placed on Memaoose Island, in their burying place.

I know of no 100-mile route that is equal in variety, beauty and grandeur of scenery and points of historic interest than a trip to The Dalles in fine weather. It is seen to best advantage on the open river by steamboat.

P. W. GILLETTE.

## GROWTH IN RECENT YEARS.

### Portland on the Broadest and Easiest Trade Route to Asia.

When I first saw Portland, a little more than 49 years ago, she was a small town, thinly scattered along the riverbank, from about Madison street to Burnside, with a background of tall fir trees, reaching up to the very back-doors of the manufactories, and but few stores. All of the stores were on Front street, and there were but five or six residences back of Third street. At that time she did not contain over 800 population.

For many years her growth was slow, owing to the long distance from the great heehive of population, and the expense and dangers of the trip. The passage around Cape Horn, or across "The Isthmus" was enormously expensive; and took much time, while a trip across the plains took from four to six months, besides its great cost, and the danger from passing through numerous bands of hostile Indians.

In 1860, she had a population of 2800. The census of 1870 gave her a little more than 8000, which she more than doubled by 1880. Since that time her growth has been much more rapid. In 1890 she reached 46,385, while the census of 1900 gave her 90,426. From the large number of dwelling houses erected within the year, and the great increase in the number of school children, the best judges now estimate her population at 105,000. Ever since 1870 Portland has been a city of great wealth per capita, ranking among the highest in the country, and her own money has made her what she is, together with her favorable location. She stands near the foot of the great Valley of the Columbia, which contains 245,000 square miles, an area more than equal to the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois and Virginia, an Empire of itself. The

productions of this vast region naturally flow and roll down into her warehouses on a water level, and can find no other road to the markets of the world, except by being carried over high mountains.

This vast Empire is yet in its very infancy; is just beginning to feel the healthful glow and push of growth and prosperity; is just beginning to pour its surplus trade into Portland's lap.

Portland stands on the nearest, broadest easiest road from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Orient. The trade between the United States and Asia is growing so rapidly that it promises soon to become a flood.

She is already a railroad center. Her railroad depots stand alongside the great ship docks, where inland transportation ends, and where ocean transportation begins! Portland stands right in the way of everything advantageous. Nothing can miss her without being carried over mountains at greater cost. Competition must, and will, eventually, bring all the productions of the Columbia Basin to Portland. She will see that the great river is kept open between her docks and the ocean, that ships of every size may come and meet the cars from all the land.

Portland's wholesale, or jobbing trade, has reached the handsome sum of \$120,000,000 per annum.

Her banks' deposits amount to \$20,000,000.

Her banks' clearances, \$110,000,000, and the lumber cut of the city's mills fully 300,000,000 feet per annum.

The site of Portland is most picturesque, and beautiful. No city excels it. Her climate is exceedingly healthful and free from extremes of heat and cold. Her public schools are equal to the best in the country. Her churches are numerous and many of them elegant. Her society is good, and her people intelligent. Her advantageous position, which naturally draws trade to her, together with the wonderful growth of the Columbia Basin, and the prodigious increase of the Oriental trade, give her a most brilliant and alluring future. Well may old Portlanders, who have known her village days, and have helped to build her up, be proud of her as she is, and hopeful of her future.

P. W. GILLETTE.

## THIS IS ENERGETIC.

### And the Well-Known Citizen Signs His Name.

PORTLAND, Or., March 12.—(To the Editor.)—Your remarks in this morning's Oregonian on the election or choosing a United States Senator are timely and proper. Oregon is in pressing need of able men in the Senate. Shall we re-elect Joseph Simon? If so, why? What has he done for the benefit of Oregon or of the United States? Answer, who can.

No one knows better than Mr. Simon that the United States Senate is not his sphere. No one than himself sees so clearly the great disparity between himself and other Senators, in ability, influence, dignity and the character necessary for the position. Mr. Simon has ability, but it is not Senatorial ability. His ability is in marshalling the boys, rallying, handling and controlling the baser elements of political life. He is remarkably secretive and expert at working in the dark. He has his captains, lieutenants and men, as secretive and dark as himself, and who work for him like slaves. He is a cunning, artful schemer of great force, and handily guides and controls those who know less than himself, and whose conscientious scruples are no higher than his own, with wonderful success. His work is all done on the sly. He can neither work nor fight in the open. I think he must have been born in the dark.

What have been the results of his work? He has given us ring or Simon politics, ring county and city officials, who have little regard for their official duties. Their main business seems to be to collect the salaries, set up jobs, intrigue and plan for their re-election, boost their boss, and obey Joseph Simon. When his election was accomplished, no one knew how it was done. Not one man in 50 in Oregon will say that Jo Simon was his choice for Senator. It may be asked, Why did not the people rise in their might and defeat him? Because he had gotten control of the good old Republican party and governed the primaries. The people honored and loved their party, had no desire to rebel against or desert it, and under the old primary system could not change or get it out of his control without open desertion. It is to be hoped that under the new primary law the people can exercise their rights and get their choice. But Mr. Senator Simon is here—having deserted his seat in the Senate, when he is most needed there. Now he plunges into the depths, and his old underground tricks, without doffing his Senatorial robes or dignity, and is trying with his might to make us believe that he is Oregon's favorite candidate for the United States Senate. Shades of Webster and Clay!

Now I write this from no personal antipathy to Mr. Simon, but I am a citizen of Oregon; all I have is here. I am proud of my State, and am desirous of seeing her represented in the United States Senate by one of whom I can also be proud. Where is the Oregonian who can stand up and look you in the eye and say, "I am proud of my Senator, Jo Simon"? I have held my breath, and nose, too, all this time, grinning and bearing it, but do not consider it my duty to do so longer without a protest. When unfit people force themselves into the most important positions, and try to fill those of which we are most proud, and which are most dear to us, and where our best interests are, we have a right to condemn with tongues of fire and pens of steel. I have gnashed my teeth and suffered under this cruel misrepresentation in the United States Senate so long, and I would have continued to do so until the end of his term, had he not again put in an appearance and began to lay his wires to thrust himself upon us again. This is too much—enough to make the worm itself rebel. We have had enough of Joseph Simon ringism. We are tired of high taxes, bad government, misrule and bossism. I appeal to the people of Portland and of Oregon to cut loose the hands of greed that bind them, and free themselves of this disreputable ring.

P. W. GILLETTE.



## THE MAYORALTY.

Judge Williams and Mr. Inman—Contrasts Between Them.

PORTLAND, May 29.—(To the Editor.)—The June election is near at hand. The people of Portland now have an opportunity of getting a Mayor to serve them who will be an honor as well as a great benefit to the city. During his eventful life he has held many official positions, all of which he has filled carefully, faithfully and successfully. He ranks among the great men of the Nation. Any country or any people may be proud of such a man. His honor, integrity, character and acts are as pure as the snow of Winter. Judge George H. Williams was not a seeker of the office, and not until after much persuasion did he consent to become a candidate, when he said, "If the people really wish my service, and choose to elect me, I will serve them as best I can." The men who want office most are not the most desirable or best qualified; their desire for office is not qualification. Those who prefer to attend to their own business, and care little for offices, make the safest, and best officers, because such generally serve for the good they may do.

Judge Williams is a man of great ability and large experience in governmental affairs. The Presidential chair has been occupied by several men greatly inferior to him. I entreat every voter to ask himself candidly if Mr. Inman is as capable and well qualified to fill the Mayoralty of this city as is our grand old man, who has done honor to the bench of justice, the United States Senate, and many other high positions he has so well filled. Mr. Inman has had no experience in public affairs, excepting one session in the Oregon Senate, and there he failed to make his mark. But for the pen lines of his name on the Senate roll, it would not be known he was ever there. Many persons who do not know, suppose that Mr. Inman is a bright, rushing, successful business man. But that is all a mistake, which probably comes from his name being at the head of the firm. Mr. Inman is a lucky man; or perhaps fortunate man, in having a good partner. Every one who knows anything about the firm of Inman & Poulsen knows that Mr. Poulsen furnishes the brains, business sense and financial ability for the concern.

The success of the firm is wholly due to the good sense, good management, and long experience of Mr. Poulsen. I am informed by those who claim to know that Mr. Inman even consults Mr. Poulsen before he undertakes any private enterprise of his own. Mr. Inman is "the fifth wheel," and plays only "second fiddle" for the establishment. Mr. Poulsen is the business man.

Mr. Inman said in one of his campaign speeches: "If elected I will run the office as I run my mill." Well, the "mill" is run by or through Mr. Poulsen, and I fear that Mr. Poulsen would not have time to run the office of Mayor also. This fear seems well founded, because when Mr. Inman was in the Legislature, beyond the reach of the guiding hand and counseling voice of Mr. Poulsen, he was a dead failure as a lawmaker.

The only reason that I have ever heard offered by Mr. Inman's friends why he should be elected Mayor is "that he is such a solid business man." Well, I will use an ugly old phrase to explain, "they have the wrong pig by the ear"; it is Mr. Poulsen who is the solid business man, not Mr. Inman.

I am not writing this to injure Mr. Inman as a man; he is a good citizen, jolly with the boys—keeps a yacht—sports and has a good time, while substantial Mr. Poulsen makes the money. But I am a citizen of Portland, have large interests here, and believe it to be my right as well as my duty to use my best efforts to secure the election of the best man to preside over the city government, enforce the law, preserve order and protect the rights of the people. Judge Williams is a man of marked ability, it is no experiment to place such a man in an important office, and the people of Portland can ill afford not to elect him.

It is more to the interest of the people of Portland than to Judge Williams, that he should be elected; they cannot afford to lose such an opportunity. It is an experiment to elect Mr. Inman, and this is not the time for the people of Portland to try such an experiment.

Judge Williams is a host within himself. He needs no partner to prompt, counsel or "give him the cue." His judicial mind, long and varied experience, and honesty of purpose make him just the man for the place.

P. W. GILLETTE.

## This Will Be Ended Now.

PORTLAND, June 1.—(To the Editor.)—I am glad to see that Mr. John Poulsen, in his advertisement in Sunday's Oregonian, confirms and proves exactly what I said in my article on "The Mayoralty," in Friday's Oregonian. I said "that Mr. Poulsen furnished the brains, business sense and financial management of the firm." "That Mr. Poulsen, not Mr. Inman, was the brainy business man of the concern."

I did not say right out that Mr. Inman was a helpless, dependent numskull, incapable of filling the office for which he is running. But Mr. Poulsen says so by taking up the cudgel in his defense,

which he is doubtless unable to wield himself.

No man is wise in all things. Mr. Poulsen can see nothing in Judge Williams but "a fine old gentleman." Mr. Poulsen is as I said, a great "financier," a money-maker, a money-lover, no doubt is blinded by the rosy twilight of the future, and sees, with his financial eye, only the glittering and alluring salary that Mr. Inman would draw in case he were elected, the half of which would belong to Mr. Poulsen, the financier. Under such exquisite circumstances, Mr. Poulsen is excusable for wielding his cudgel in behalf of his partner—to help whom is to help himself.

P. W. GILLETTE.

Mr. Gillette also pointed out the second building from that corner as the original house, where Landrod Boelling had put a cupola as a lookout for the pilots, who all boarded at the hotel.

The cupola is still there. The Miller cigar store, south east corner of Bond and Ninth, was pointed out as the saloon and butcher shop, which Hart and Blissett kept. Hart was sheriff at the time.

Mr. Gillette remarked that the tide flat south of Boelling's hotel was then "a swamp," as it was then designated. A gravel ridge served as the street leading to Ingall's store on the corner of Eleventh and Duane street, the same building that now stands at that corner. The only other store in the place was that of Leonard and Green, located diagonally across Ninth street from the south east corner of the present Parker house. Two logs ran out from that store to the channel, where they were anchored. The shore ends were secured by a log chain and cross planks served as a roadway for landing passengers and freight in the future seaport of the Columbia.

Mr. Gillette is on his way to Portland from Long Beach, where his family are spending the summer. He is 77 years and past, having been born June 2, 1825. Mr. Gillette is one of the most successful of Portland real estate dealers, and has become quite rich. Mr. A. Montgomery the rich old pioneer who was hob nobbing with Mr. Gillette is 80 years old and past. They are both as spry as boys.

## OUR ANCIENT LAND MARKS

### Two Pioneers of 1852 Meet and Compare Notes.

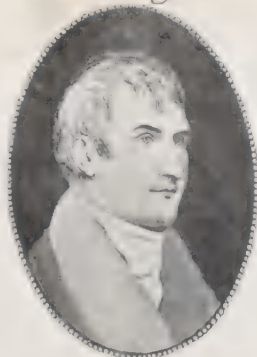
#### OLD BOELLING HOTEL ON NINTH

#### Some Interesting Facts About Several Astoria Buildings and People.

Preston W. Gillette, the old time settler on the Lewis and Clark, where he owned the present Dement ranch, is in town today. He came to Astoria in the fall of 1852, shortly after the arrival of Mr. A. Montgomery. The two were around this morning comparing notes as to the old land marks. When a DAILY NEWS reporter met them they were on Ninth, corner of Bond, discussing the identity of the old Boelling hotel, where all the early immigrants had quarters at one time or another. Mr. Gillette says the third house from the south west corner of Ninth and Astor is the original Boelling hotel. Mr. Montgomery was inclined to think that it had been entirely renewed, but Gillette insisted that only a new front had been put in. "I will go right down to see Sophie Boelling," said the enthusiastic veteran, "and ask her about it. She was then 7 or 8 years of age and will remember all about it."



Lewis



# The Lewis and Clark Expedition.

Clark



in Three Parts:  
by P. W. Gillette.

ON THE 18th day of June, 1803, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, sent to Congress his somewhat celebrated "Confidential Message," recommending the appropriation of money to explore the Missouri river to its source, thence over the "Stony" (Rocky) Mountains, westerly by the waters of the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado, or any river affording the most practicable route to the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Jefferson was the first American statesman of importance to take any interest in the great West beyond the Missouri, and on to the Pacific Ocean. As early as 1792, he tried to induce the American Philosophical Society to join him in an effort to raise by subscription a sum of money sufficiently large to explore the Missouri river and a route to the Pacific Ocean, but was unsuccessful. Congress, however, at once responded to the request of the President by appropriating \$2500.00 for that purpose, a sum that would now seem ridiculously small for the accomplishing of so great an undertaking. That amount of money lacks \$700.00 of being enough to pay the mileage one way to Washington, allowed by law, to the Oregon Congressional delegation, consisting of only four members. Yet that was sufficient to defray the expense of that great exploring expedition extending over three years. In those days the affairs of the government were managed with far more prudence, care and economy, than in these days of abundance and extravagance. Every man felt that it was his country and his government. Then there was much true patriotism in the country. Now patriotism is almost overwhelmed by selfishness and speculation—is sneered at as being old-fashioned and out of date. Then men served the country as carefully and faithfully as though working for themselves. Now they too often serve it only for the pay in sight and the opportunities ahead.

## Lewis and Clark

President Jefferson selected Captain Meriwether Lewis to take command of this important expedition. Captain Lewis was of a fine old Virginia family, and a man of sterling character. President Jefferson said of him: "Having been my private secretary for two years, I had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage, undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction, careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order

and discipline; honest, disinterested, liberal; of sound understanding and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves—with all these qualifications as if selected and implanted in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

The President also appointed Mr. William Clark as assistant and successor in case of the death or disability of Captain Lewis. He was a man of great industry and firmness of purpose and was in every way well qualified for the place. President Jefferson at once sent him a commission as Captain of the United States Army. Captain Lewis was instructed to make up a complete list of such articles and supplies as would be needed for the expedition, with the cost thereof, which was as follows:

Camp equipage .....	\$255 00
Mathematical instruments .....	217 00
Arms and accoutrements extraordinary .....	81 00
Medicine and packing same .....	55 00
Means of transportation .....	430 00
Indian presents .....	606 00
Provisions extraordinary .....	224 00
Material for and making into portable packages the various articles .....	55 00
To pay hunters, guides and interpreters .....	300 00
To transportation of men from Nashville, Tenn., to the last white settlement on the Missouri, in silver coin .....	100 00
Contingencies .....	87 00
Total .....	\$2500 00

The instructions, written by the President himself and given to Lewis and

Clark, were most comprehensive and particular, covering everything they could possibly learn of the country, its rivers, mountains, climate and soil, its productions, vegetable, animal and mineral, the different tribes of Indians they found, their names, numbers, habits and customs; their laws, language, religion and morals; their relations to each other, the extent of their domain, and the possibility, amount and character of trade that might be established with them. They were to take astronomical observations at the mouths of all rivers and other important points, to ascertain their latitude and longitude, and so describe and mark them that others besides themselves could find them. They were instructed to treat the Indians in the most kind and friendly manner, and to use every reasonable endeavor to cultivate their friendship and confidence.



# MRS. MICHELL THE CLATSOP

Not So Aged as She Was Reported to Be—Her Name.

PORTLAND, March 6.—(To the Editor.)—In an editorial in The Oregonian of February 27 last, you refer to the age of Mrs. "Michell," a Clatsop Indian woman, "the last of the Clatsops," who lives near Seaside, whose age is said to be 103 years. Her name is not Michell. Her Indian name is Tsin-is-tum, her mother's name was Wah-ne-ask.

When Tsin-is-tum came to marriageable age she married Wah-tat-kum, who died in 1860. Later on she married one "Mi-chell Martineau," a Canadian Frenchman, Wah-tat-kum, her first husband, was the last chief of the Nehalem tribe.

Her last husband was always spoken of and called Mi-chel, so she is called Mrs. Mi-chel. Her "Boston" name is Jennie. Jennie Mi-chel.

It is a singular fact that the Pacific Coast Indians never have but one name, and that name is never handed down from either father or mother to the offspring, but ceases to exist when the owner dies. Each Indian was given his particular name, which had no relation or resemblance to that of either his father or mother. Among the Indians it was considered improper or irreverent for the living ever to mention the names of the dead.

You were quite right in doubting that she had reached the age of 103 years. In May, 1900, I went with a committee of the Oregon Historical Society to Fort Clatsop, Lewis and Clark's headquarters in 1805 and 1806, to show them its location; from there we went to Clatsop Beach to see the remains of their salt works, which had been recently discovered. We had Mrs. Mi-chel brought there to identify the place. In a conversation between the late L. B. Cox, one of the committee, and Mrs. Mi-chel, the late Silas B. Smith, acting as interpreter, Mrs. Mi-chel identified the place, which her mother had often shown to her as the place where Lewis and Clark made salt. Her mother knew Lewis and Clark and had seen their men at work there.

In the same conversation she said she remembered when Dr. McLoughlin bombarded the Indian village at the mouth of the Columbia in 1829, saying that she was only a little girl and that her father was killed in that bombardment. If she was nine years old in 1829, she would now be 83 years old.

At the time of the conversation just referred to Silas B. Smith, who had known her all his life, said that she was about 80 years of age. If she was a "little girl" in 1829, she could not now possibly be 103 years old.

Mrs. Mi-chel, Sel-l-kee and a Clatsop woman, living at Bay Center, Wash., who is a granddaughter of Twilch, an old Indian, whom I used to know, and who remembered Lewis and Clark, are all of the fullblood Clatsop Indians living. The tribe is practically extinct. Few Indians ever lived to be as old as is Tsin-is-tum.

P. W. GILLETTE.

Savagery of the Tariff.

## ARGUMENT FROM THE "OUTSKIRTS."

PORTLAND, Jan. 18.—(To the Editor.)—Will The Oregonian kindly allow me space for a few lines on a subject directly opposed to its views? The amending of the city charter so as to allow the city to authorize a 2-mill tax to pay for the construction of a bridge or bridges costing over \$30,000 each.

I consider the proposition not only absolutely "fair," but strictly right and just. The true the central parts of the city have made all their improvements at their own expense, but it must be borne in mind that the central part of the city was comparatively level, with no deep gulches or expensive bridges to build. People who bought property beyond the gulches did not buy there because it was cheap, but because the old central part of the city no longer afforded room for them, and they were obliged to go farther away where there were deep gulches to find places for homes and business.

When the lots on which the building of The Oregonian stands were first sold, they brought far less per lot than any lot or lots in the vicinity of the bridges in controversy, possibly excepting a very few lots in the bottom of some deep gulch.

Besides the people in those "outskirts" have improved their streets "at their own expense" as well as the central parts of the city have improved theirs, excepting perhaps a few streets in the best business part of the city. I know a whole block in the central part that once sold for \$300 or \$37.50 per lot, which is now worth \$200,000 without the buildings. I know a corner lot in the business part of the city which a washerwoman had to take in the payment of a washbill of \$50. It is now a fortune.

The Oregonian says "people who have bought property beyond the gulches because it was cheap may wish doubtless for their own convenience and profit to tax others who have no share in the benefits." This is as absurd as it is unjust. Every day The Oregonian sends its army of carriers out over all those distant streets with its papers for those people who pay The Oregonian a handsome profit therefor. Every day the people from those distant localities have to go to The Oregonian office to insert and pay for advertisements from which it makes its living.

The central parts of the city have and make more use of the streets in those distant parts of the city than the residents thereof do.

Look at the vast army of wagons from the central parts of the city that every day invade those distant parts beyond the gulches, laden with goods, wares and merchandise of every description and sort, sold to the people living in those distant parts, on which great profits are made, and from which those merchants make their living.

Does Portland expect to be a great city by confining herself to the old flat, on which she once existed? Well, then, those great gulches are a misfortune, and cause extraordinary expense, a part of which should be borne by those living in the central part, and who make their living off those distant and surrounding parts.

One of the great roads tapping one of the largest agricultural districts of the country, from which comes a great portion of the food and fuel supply for the central part of the city must use these bridges.

Does the rich old central part expect the distant parts or outskirts of the city to build those bridges, costing over \$50,000 each, over which to bring in food and fuel to fill their stomachs and warm their bodies?

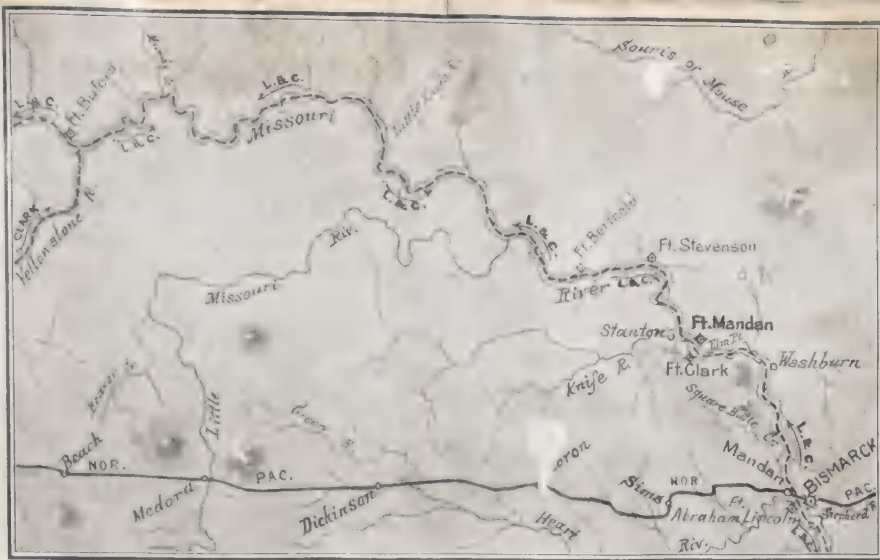
Now, in all fairness, are not those bridges of more advantage to the business part than to any other portion of the city?

"All roads lead to Rome." There would have been no Rome without roads, so Rome had to build them.

P. W. GILLETTE.

*I answer to an editorial in the Oregonian of Jan 15, 1900*





ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LEWIS AND CLARK BISMARCK TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

### Conditions at the Time

As the history of the Lewis and Clark exploration has never been very extensively published, or generally read, a brief review of it may interest many readers. Few people of this day know how small and poor our country was at that time. In population the United States numbered less than five and a half millions. Ohio was the only State west of the Ohio river, and she had enjoyed statehood but one year. Indiana had but recently been organized into a Territory, and was the most westerly Territory. The wheels of a steamboat had never disturbed any of the waters of America, and not until four years later, did the "Clearmont," Fulton's first steamboat, make her maiden trip on the Hudson. A railroad, with steam engines drawing their mighty loads of freight across the country had never entered the thought of man, and it did not come into existence for twenty-five years. The wildest dreamer had never imagined the telegraph flashing words and thoughts over the country with the speed of light, or the electric light, electric power, the telephone, or of the hundreds of thousands of useful and important inventions which have since been made.

At that time all of the small grain of the world was harvested with a sickle, and the most visionary farmer had never hoped for the great reaper and thresher of today. Then every housewife in America cooked her meals by the open fireplace, in the "dutch oven," the pot and the frying pan, because the cooking stove was yet among the things unknown. She had to light her fires by the flint and steel, or the tinder box, as friction matches were not invented until twenty-six years later. Gas and coal oil were unknown for lighting purposes, candles and fish-oil lamps being almost universally used by our people.

Such was the condition of the country at that time, and very few of this age

can realize the great change that has taken place—the vast difference between then and now.

Lewis and Clark, with their men, met at Louisville, Ky., on the 5th day of July, 1803. After procuring suitable boats, they set out on their wonderful voyage, proceeding down the Ohio to its mouth, thence up the Mississippi, passing St. Louis—then only a village of shanties, inhabited by Canadian French, Indians and half-breeds—reaching Wood (De Bore) river in December. There they encamped for the winter. After building log huts in which to live, they spent their time in drilling the men and preparing to start in the spring, as soon as the river was free from ice. The party contained 45 men, all of whom were enlisted in the United States army, excepting a black man, York, a slave who belonged to Captain Clark.

On the 14th day of May, 1804, the company embarked in their boats, one of which was a "keel boat" 55 feet long, rigged with a large square sail and 22 oars, and two pirogues, one having five and the other six oars. They were provided with two horses, which were led along the bank of the river to be used for carrying the game which the hunters might kill. Their progress up the Missouri was necessarily slow against the stubborn current of the mighty river. When it was possible, they used the sail, and often made good progress by its use, but when the wind was adverse or during a calm, the oars and the setting pole or towline were brought into play. At the mouth of each tributary river of any considerable size, they stopped, took observations, and explored it for some miles to learn the course, depth and width.

### Abundance of Game

Hunters were kept out most of the time, who found it an easy task to supply the camp with meat. From the mouth to the



head of the Missouri, those boundless plains of unsurpassed fertility were dotted with herds of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, while beaver, bear, geese, brant, duck, wild turkeys, quail and pheasants were exceedingly plentiful. The buffalo were innumerable. They frequently saw herds containing 10,000 or more, and throughout the length of that river they were seldom out of sight of them. All over that vast empire from St. Louis to the summit of the Rocky mountains,

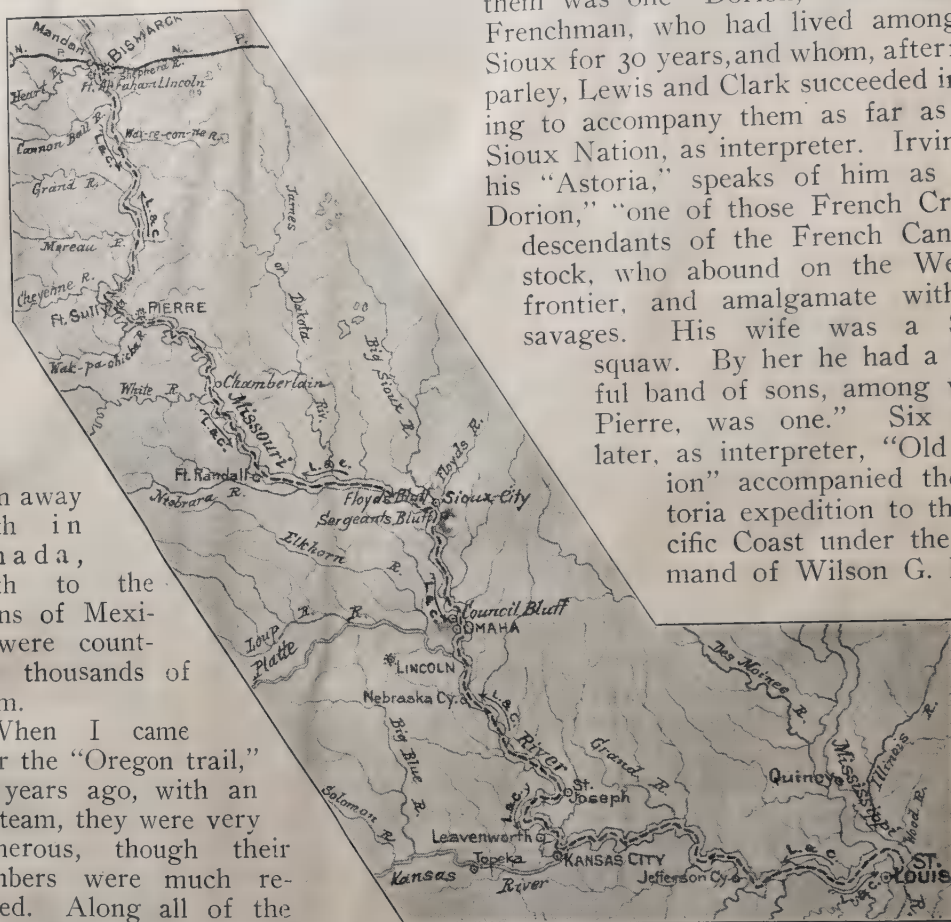
extinct. The survival of the fittest prevailed. Now man tills the soil that gave them food. Their drinking places are now steamboat landings and mill sites. Their pastures are farms and fields, dotted with dwellings, towns, cities and striped with railroads.

### They Secure an Interpreter

The expedition had not proceeded far until they met a party of traders from the Sioux nation, on rafts, laden with buffalo hides, furs and buffalo tallow. Among them was one "Dorion," a Canadian Frenchman, who had lived among the Sioux for 30 years, and whom, after much parley, Lewis and Clark succeeded in hiring to accompany them as far as the Sioux Nation, as interpreter. Irving, in his "Astoria," speaks of him as "Old Dorion," "one of those French Creoles, descendants of the French Canadian stock, who abound on the Western frontier, and amalgamate with the savages. His wife was a Sioux squaw. By her he had a hopeful band of sons, among whom Pierre, was one." Six years later, as interpreter, "Old Dorion" accompanied the Astoria expedition to the Pacific Coast under the command of Wilson G. Hunt.

from away north in Canada, south to the plains of Mexico were countless thousands of them.

When I came over the "Oregon trail," 50 years ago, with an ox team, they were very numerous, though their numbers were much reduced. Along all of the rivers were thousands of their deeply trodden trails, made by their regulation single-file mode of traveling. All of those trails led by the most direct route to water. It seems to have been their habit to graze until they were very thirsty and then go on a sweeping run, single-file, to the nearest water. It is less than 100 years since Lewis and Clark saw them in such innumerable multitudes, yet the buffalo has disappeared from the face of the earth—is practically



ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LEWIS AND CLARK—ST. LOUIS TO BISMARCK

### Winning Favor with the Indians

When Lewis and Clark entered the domain of a new tribe or nation, they halted to make their acquaintance, and learn all they could of their habits and surroundings. They had with them a large number of men's coats, made of bright red cloth and trimmed with gaudy tinsel. They called together the chiefs and principal men, and after smoking with them



"the pipe of peace" presented each chief with a coat, and some of the principal men with smaller presents, informing them that they were sent to them by the "Great Father," the President of the United States, and that he would send his people out to trade with them, and buy their furs and hides and all they had to sell. They also had many United States flags and large silver medals, which they distributed among the different tribes.

The medals bore on one side the bust of the President, surrounded by the words: "Thos. Jef-

erson, President of the U. S. A., A. D. 1801." On the other side was a battle

ax and pipe of peace crossing each other at oblique angles, under which were two hands clasped in friendly greeting, with the inscription, "Peace and Friendship." Several of these medals have been found about old Indian encampments in recent years.

### Trouble with the Sioux

Lewis and Clark came very near having serious trouble with the fierce and treacherous Sioux. Two of their chiefs had been invited on board the keel boat,



TOP CUT—THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS, MISSOURI RIVER LOWER CUT—ROCKS MENTIONED BY LEWIS AND CLARK AT THE SOUTH END OF THE GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS



OLD LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL AT HOLO HOT SPRINGS, STILL IN USE







1—THE FORT ROCKS OF LEWIS AND CLARK  
2—LOOKING UP THE GALLATIN RIVER AT THREE FORKS  
3—MADISON AND JEFFERSON RIVERS

and were treated in the most friendly manner, shown all the curiosities, given many presents, and finally treated to a small drink of whiskey "of which they seemed very fond." They were so well pleased with their visit that it was hard to get them to go away, but after much maneuvering, Captain Clark succeeded in getting them started, by accompanying them himself. No sooner had the pirogue touched the shore than the cable was seized by several warriors, and one of the chiefs, who affected intoxication, insultingly informed Captain Clark that he had not given them enough presents, and therefore his party could not proceed any farther through his country. Captain Clark said, "We will not be prevented from going. We are warriors, not squaws." The Chief replied: "We, too, are warriors," and was about to offer violence to Captain Cook, who drew his sword and signaled the boats to prepare for action. The warriors surrounded him and had already taken arrows from their quivers and were bending their bows, when the "swivel," small cannon, on the large boat was turned upon them, and a dozen resolute men jumped into a pirogue to join Captain Clark. Seeing the swift determination of the white men to defend themselves, the Chief at once ordered the young men to desist. The Indians, realizing that they had fearless, resolute men to deal with, men who could not be bullied or frightened, suddenly became very friendly and peaceable, and they had no more trouble with those cunning, cowardly savages.

#### **A Helpful Shoshone Woman**

Dorion, the interpreter, having completed his contract, remained with the Sioux, and Lewis and Clark had to proceed as far as the Mandan Nation without an interpreter. Among the Mandans they found one "Toussant Claboneau," another Canadian Frenchman, who had long lived with the Min-ne-ta-ros, and took him into service as an interpreter. His wife, Sac-a-ja-wea (the bird woman) was a Shoshone Indian woman he had purchased from the Mandans for a wife, though he already had two other wives. Six years previously she had been cap-

498  
tured from the Shoshones in a battle, in which four Shoshone men were killed and all the women and girls taken into captivity, and made slaves. Sac-a-ja-wea became very serviceable to the expedition not only because of her knowledge of the Shoshone language, and so much of the country throughout which they had to pass, but also on account of her capability and willingness to render them substantial aid. Although Sac-a-ja-wea had a babe but three months old, yet Captain Lewis said of her: "She contributed a full man's share to the service of the expedition, besides taking care of her baby." She was very fond of the white people and tried to adapt herself to their manners and make herself as useful to them as possible.

### Winter of 1804 and 1805

On the 30th day of November, they selected their winter encampment on the bank of the Missouri, near a Mandan village, and commenced building log cabins in which to live. The weather had grown so cold that the river was liable to be closed with ice any day. Since the 14th day of May, they had traveled 1600 miles against the almost irresistible current of the Missouri, besides spending much time in exploring tributary rivers, and making the acquaintance of so many tribes of Indians.

As soon as the houses were completed, the goods, arms, ammunition, etc., were removed from the boats, and the boats secured against damage from ice. The Mandans were a numerous and friendly people and were of much benefit to their

white visitors. As soon as the party were settled in their houses, they chopped wood and built and burned a "pit of charcoal" to be used in blacksmithing. One, Fields, an ingenious man, set up a shop and did a brisk business all winter in making battle axes, tomahawks and spears, and in repairing their guns, tools, etc.

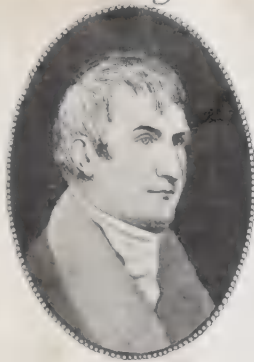
He took corn for his work, and in this way earned enough corn to supply the whole party all winter, besides considerable to carry with them. Other members of the party were busy; some hunting and killing game and carrying in the meat, others drying meat, dressing skins and making them into clothing and moccasins, and others building canoes to carry the load of the keel boat, which was to be sent back to St. Louis in the Spring. They spent a very busy winter, yet one not entirely without amusements. The different chiefs often invited them to witness their national war dances, while Lewis and Clark in turn invited the Indians to see their men dance, accompanied by a fiddle in the hands of one of their men, who was expert with that instrument. On the 7th day of May, 1805, after a sojourn of four months and four days, the whole party embarked in their boats. Thirteen, in the keel boat, taking the official report of the expedition and many presents and curios for President Jefferson, started back for St. Louis. The remaining thirty-two men, with Sac-a-ja-wea and her infant, started in six canoes and two pirogues to continue their journey up the Missouri and on into the great unknown wilderness.

(To be Continued)





Lewis



Clark



# The Lewis and Clark Expedition.

in Three Parts  
by P. W. Gillette.

## PART II

THEY had many adventures and escapes hunting bear. On one occasion Captain Lewis and a hunter found two grizzly bears and fired at the same time, wounding both bears, one of which fled. The other attacked them, but was so badly wounded that Captain Lewis had time to reload his gun as he ran, when he turned and shot again, killing the animal, which weighed 300 pounds. At another time, while Captain Lewis was approaching a band of buffalo to get a shot, he observed a large grizzly following him. He quickened his pace a little, when the bear broke into a run after him, open-mouthed. Knowing the danger of a wounded bear in the open prairie, Captain Lewis struck for the river near by, which he reached only a few feet ahead of the infuriated beast. He rushed into the water waist deep, then whirled about and looked his pursuer square in the eye. The bear halted and gazed for a moment at him, then turned and fled, panic stricken, as if he had met a foe tenfold more dreadful than himself. Not long after that Captain Lewis and three others attacked a huge grizzly bear, each one shooting him. The maddened beast turned and pursued one of the men so closely that he dropped his gun and jumped over a high cliff into the river. The bear was finally killed, seven bullets having passed

through his body. He weighed 600 pounds.

They had many such adventures, often narrowly escaping with their lives. In their reports they say that the buffalo were so tame they could go up very close to a herd without disturbing them. Sometimes the bulls would step out and approach quite near to them, and after taking a careful look, would go to grazing again without manifesting any fear.

They tell how, by a cunning trick, the Indians often killed a great many buffalo at one time. The most fleet and active young man was chosen, who disguised himself in a buffalo skin in such a manner as to resemble a live buffalo. He then concealed himself between the herd and some precipitous river bank. His companions, in the meantime, got in the rear of the herd, and at a given signal showed themselves and rushed upon them, when they instantly took the alarm and fled towards the disguised Indian, who led them on at full speed towards the precipice, then suddenly hid in some crevice, before selected, leaving the leaders of the herd on the brink of the cliff. It was useless for the buffaloes in front to attempt to retreat, or even to stop, as they were pressed on furiously by the frightened ones behind, until all were precipitated over the cliff and killed. Lewis and Clark counted 100

ment of Shoshone Indians, of which Ca-me-ah-wait was chief. After much smoking, palaver and sign-talk—for they had no interpreter with them—they made an agreement with Ca-me-ah-wait for horses and aid. The chief and some of his people with the horses accompanied Captain Lewis to the encampment on the Missouri.

Soon after their arrival "a woman was seen making her way



GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI—ROCK POINT AT THE RIGHT BELOW THE FALLS WHERE CAPTAIN LEWIS WROTE HIS DESCRIPTION.

dead buffalo at the foot of one of these cliffs, besides what the Indians had taken and what had been carried away by the current of the river.

### Great Falls of the Missouri

About June 6th, 1805, the expedition reached and discovered the great falls of the Missouri. Now a city stands there, teeming with busy trade; with schools, churches, newspapers, railroads and great manufacturies. They had to construct tracks on

through the crowd towards Sac-a-jawea, and, recognizing each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting between these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only from the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but also from the real interest of their situation. They had been companions in childhood, and in the war with the Minnetarus they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle."



500  
When the bustle caused by the meeting of the two large parties had subsided, Sac-a-ja-wea was called to interpret the language of the Shoshone chief. Not until she had begun to interpret the words of Captain Lewis did she discover that she was talking to her own brother. "She instantly jumped up, ran and embraced him, throwing her blanket over him and weeping profusely. The chief himself was moved, but not in the same degree."

The Indians did not bring enough horses to carry all of the goods, but the remainder was carried by the men of the expedition and by a number of Shoshone squaws, who took great loads on their backs. When the Shoshone village was reached, a lively trade in horses at once began, and while the Captain was buying horses the men were busy making pack-saddles and arranging the goods in convenient packages to be carried on horseback.

Learning of the arrival of Sac-a-ja-wea, a young Shoshone warrior, who had been betrothed to her before her capture, came to claim her; but learning that she was the wife of another and a mother, he said he did not want her. Sac-a-ja-wea's influence with the Shoshones was of great service to the expedition.

Lewis and Clark found the Shoshone Indians to be the most honest, trustworthy and obliging of any Indians they found on their whole journey. They were among them many days, but did not detect a single case of thieving or any attempt to pilfer. They were very poor, but always divided their food with the whites, even in cases where they were themselves almost starving.

When I crossed the plains, 50 years ago, on my way to Oregon, we camped at noon on the bank of the Snake and drove our oxen to the river for water; but, without stopping to drink, they all plunged in and swam across to a green willow thicket on the opposite shore, supposing it to be green grass. The river was wide and deep, and we had no boat, nor was it possible to get one. While we were discussing our helpless condition, two Shoshone Indian men came to our camp. We at once asked them by signs if they could drive our

driven our stock into the mountains that bordered the north side of the river where we could never have recovered them. We were so overjoyed by the faithful performance of their agreement that we loaded them down with shirts, food and other presents. I mention this circumstance to show that the Shoshones, 46 years after Lewis and



THE CLEARWATER RIVER, IDAHO



LEWIS AND CLARK ROUTE—MOUTH YELLOWSTONE RIVER—GREAT FALLS

oxen back. They said that for two blue shirts, such as some of us wore, they would bring them back. The offer was at once accepted.

All the dress they had on was a small breech-cloth, so without having to disrobe, they swam the river and in less than one and a half hours our oxen were all safely driven back to us. Had they been so disposed they could have

Clark were among them, yet maintained their estimable qualities.

**Pronunciation of Shoshone** I cannot refrain from speaking here of the spelling and pronunciation of Shoshone. In Lewis and Clark's book it is often spelled *Shoshone*, as it should be. Again, it is often spelled *Shosh-o-nee*, and sometimes





SHOSHONE FALLS, SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO  
ALMOST A RIVAL OF NIAGARA IN GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY

Photo by Myers, Boise, Idaho

*Shosh-o-ney*, which, I think, must be mistakes of publishers, because no one who has ever heard a Shoshone Indian pronounce the name could possibly be in doubt. They make it a two-syllable word, with the accent on the last syllable. It is universally conceded that every nation or people knows the correct pronunciation of its own name. When I came through the Shoshone nation 50 years ago, I often heard them speak the word, and it was always unmistakably and absolutely *Sho-shone* and *Sho-shones* for the plural. If one should go into the Shoshone country and inquire for the *Shosh-o-nee* Indians or the *Shosh-o-nee* falls, he would not be understood, and would fail to find them without some other explanation.

In Polk county, Oregon, there is a large mill stream known as "Rickreall." Its true name is "La Creole" from the

Creole who first settled on its bank. But the untutored Missourian came and settled there and, misunderstanding the word, called it Rickreall, and Rickreall it will always be. Rogue River, in Southern Oregon, was named *Rouge* river, from its red clay banks, but the ignorant frontiersman who first settled there thought that "Rouge" spelled "Rogue," and so called the river, which is now, and ever will be, Rogue river.

The blunders of ignorance may be overlooked, but the unpardonable barbarism of "Shosh-o-nee" has been committed by the educated, and is as ridiculous as it is inexcusable.

#### Over the Bitter Root Mountains

Having purchased 20 horses from the Shoshones, on the 30th day of August they set out, accompanied by an old Shoshone guide, to make

their way over the Bitter Root Mountains. This they found to be the most difficult part of the journey. The mountains were high, steep and rocky, with numerous deep and almost impassable ravines. Game and food were so scarce that they suffered greatly from hunger, and were obliged to kill some of their horses for food. They did not reach the navigable waters of the Koos-Koos-Kee (Clearwater river) until the 27th day of September, and when they arrived there nearly all of them were sick from eating some roots purchased from the Indians, together with the change of climate from the cool mountain air to the heat of the river valley. There they found good timber from which they made canoes enough to carry the party and all their luggage. As soon as they were completed, they made arrangements with an Indian chief to keep their horses until their return, and again resumed their voyage by water.

### Down the Columbia to the Goal

From the time they left the Missouri river until they reached the Columbia, they found food and game very scarce, and the Indians poor and destitute. On the Clearwater and Snake rivers they had to pass over many dangerous rapids, but met with no important losses. Down the Columbia to its mouth they found food plentiful, and met a great many Indians, who were far more friendly and peaceable than those east of the Rocky Mountains, and, excepting occasional pilferings, gave them no trouble. They stopped at all of the Indian villages, explained the object of their visit, smoked with the chiefs, and gave them presents.

At the Dalles, or "Long Narrows," as Lewis and Clark called it, as well as the Cascades of the Columbia, they had

to drag and carry their canoes and baggage around those obstructions. A short distance above the Cascades, in the great gorge of the Columbia, where the mountains are 4,000 feet high on either side of the river, they say, "The river is now three-quarters of a mile wide, with a current so gentle that it does not exceed a mile and a half an hour, but its course is obstructed by the projection of large rocks, which seem to have fallen promiscuously from the



ALONG THE MISSOURI BETWEEN "GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS" AND "THREE FORKS"

mountain into the bed of the river. What, however, is most singular, is that there are stumps of pine (fir) trees scattered for some distance in the river, which has the appearance of being dammed below and forced to encroach on the shore. These obstructions continue to a distance of twelve miles."

Those fir stumps mentioned by Lewis and Clark are a part of what is now called the "Sunken forest." When the river is very clear, in the fall or winter, hundreds of trees, petrified to solid stone, may be seen standing erect on the bottom of the river in its deep water, just as they grew. When the river is very low, late in the Fall, those same stumps that Lewis and Clark saw, may yet be seen. They are under water nearly all of the year, and cannot decay.





LEWIS AND CLARK'S ROUTE—BITTER ROOT RANGE AND RETURN

**"Bridge of the Gods"**

When the white people first came to Oregon to live, the old Indians of that location told them that long, long ago, there was a natural

bridge of earth and rocks across the Columbia river at the Cascades. But later on, Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens, two of the highest snow-capped mountains in Oregon and Washington, had

a great fight, spitting fire, smoke and flame, and hurling rocks at each other so furiously that it shook down the "Bridge of the Gods." This made the Falls or Cascades of the Columbia, and dammed the river, submerging the forests on the low bottom land for many miles above.

At the Cascades, everything one sees indicates that at no very remote period a part of the mountain has fallen or slid into the river.

About 20 years ago, the government brought suit to condemn the land on the south side of the Cascades for a canal, which it has since built. Judge M. P. Deady, of the U. S. court of this district, tried the case and went to the Cascades with the jury, of which I was a member, to view the property and determine the amount of damage the owner of the property should receive. We walked on the south side of the river from the Lower Cascades up to the site of the canal, on the old portage railroad bed, which was all twisted and drawn out of shape by the sliding earth. For several years after the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company built their road there, they had to keep men constantly straightening and repairing the roadbed.

I have no doubt of the truth of the old Indian legend of the "Bridge of the Gods" across the Columbia at the Cascades, excepting, of course, the fanciful part about the battle of the mountains.

### They Reach the Pacific

On the 7th day of November, 1805, they came in sight of the Pacific ocean. The great goal was reached; the major part of the enterprise had been accomplished.

They were the first white men to explore and cross the great wilderness, and theirs the first civilized footsteps to mark the Oregon trail. They were sev-

eral days going from Pillar Rock down to Cape Hancock, only 20 miles, on account of their small, heavily laden, unseaworthy canoes. The Columbia from its mouth up for many miles is four to six miles wide, and it empties directly into the ocean, consequently becomes very rough in windy weather. It is marvelous that they reached the mouth of the river in their frail craft. Lewis and Clark were astonished to see the Indians crossing the great river with perfect safety in their canoes, even in the hardest storms. But when they inspected those canoes they found them to be of superior model, and capable of riding the waves of most any storm.

Though the Indians of the coast are almost extinct, yet they have maintained the perfection of their canoes, and no craft is safer in rough weather. The coast Indians valued their canoes higher than any other property they owned, and considered one of them of equal value to a wife. In fact, such an exchange—a wife for a canoe—was often made.

Lewis and Clark found game so scarce on the north side of the mouth of the Columbia that they sent exploring parties over to the south side. There they found a suitable place for camping, sur-



THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA

GREAT FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA



rounded by good hunting grounds, on 7th day of December, 1805, they established their winter quarters, and named the west bank of the Netdle, now the place Fort Clatsop. Lewis and Clark river. There, on the

(To be Concluded)



BRIDGE OF THE GODS

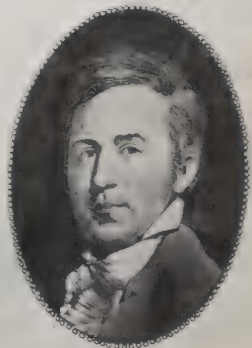
*Lewis*



## The Lewis and Clark Expedition.

*in Three Parts  
by P. W. Gillette.*

*Clark*



### PART III

**F**ORT Clatsop is situated in Clatsop County, Oregon, six miles nearly due south of Astoria and three miles from the ocean.

I came to Oregon 46 years after the visit of Lewis and Clark and took up a donation land claim one and a half miles above Fort Clatsop on the Lewis and Clark river. At that time a part of one of their log cabins was visible. In 1850 Carlos W. Shane took up a donation land claim which contained the site of Fort Clatsop. In clearing off the timber that had grown up since they left, he burnt up the remains of two of the Lewis and Clark cabins, and destroyed the greater part of the third, the ruins of which I have often seen. At that time the trail that Lewis and Clark opened through the timber from Fort Clatsop to the ocean was still in use. I have passed over it many times, as it had been kept open by the Indians and

wild animals.

#### The Salt Cairns

The place where Lewis and Clark made 300 pounds of salt from ocean water was not discovered until three years ago. It is about 12 miles south of Fort Clatsop and about 200 yards from the Ne-can-i-cum creek, very near the ocean, and is in the vicinity of "Seaside." The larger cairn is elliptical in form, and is nearly perfect. The ruins of two smaller ones are visible. They were made of stones laid in clay. Their location was chosen on account of its nearness to the ocean

506  
and to fresh water, also to an Indian village, where the salt boilers could get food.

The Oregon Historical Society has securely enclosed these cairns to protect them from the vandalism of relic hunters. In both location and general appearance these cairns agree with the descriptions given by Lewis and Clark. Besides, they have been fully identified by an old Clatsop Indian woman, "Sten-is-tum," who is now 91 years old. She says that when a girl she often gathered "sal-lal-ol-il-lies," (sallal berries) with her mother, Wah-ne-ask, near the cairns and heard her mother say that she knew Lewis and Clark and had seen their men making salt there.

### Twilch, the Elk Hunter

Along in the fifties, when I lived on my ranch near Fort Clatsop, I knew an old Indian man, Twilch. "Twilch, the Elk Hunter," we called him. He remembered Lewis and Clark well and often spoke of them to me. He was greatly impressed with their skill and success in hunting and killing elk. In speaking of them to me, he said: "*Klos-ka mam-ook mem-a-loose hy-iu mo-lock, klos-ka hy-iu kum-tux nan-ich mo-lock; hy-as closhe suk-zwol-lal.*" (They killed a great many elk, were excellent hunters, and had the best of guns.)

Poor old Twilch! I felt great sympathy for him when he told me that my land had belonged to himself and his



Lolo Creek (Travelers Rest)

ancestors for ages, and that the name of the place was Kalotska. The Government took the lands of the Wa-ki-akums, Cath-lam-as, Chin-ooks and Clatsops, peaceable tribes near the mouth of the Columbia, without giving them any compensation whatever, and gave or sold it to the white people.

### They Resort to Dog Meat

Although game was quite plentiful at Fort Clatsop, yet, at times, enough could not be had to supply the camp, in which there were 32 men, one woman and one child. Sergeant Patrick Goss, of the expedition, in a published diary says: "During our stay at Fort Clatsop the hunters killed 131 elk, 21 deer, 4 beaver, and great numbers of ducks, geese, brant and swans." That number would give them more than one elk a day, besides all the other game and fish. But it must be remembered that much of the elk meat was spoiled on account of the warm, rainy weather. Many

times they were quite out of meat, and had to buy dogs of the Indians to eat. They had previously been forced to depend upon horse and dog meat while moving from the summit of the Rockies to the navigable waters of the Columbia, and became very fond of dog flesh. Captain Lewis said it was more nourishing than any meat they could get, although the meat of the beaver had the finest relish. They bought and ate all the dogs they could get of the Clatsop Indians. None of the Indians they met

would eat dog flesh, but all sneered at the white men for doing so, and called them "Dog eaters."

Very many times they were glad to get anything to eat that would sustain life. About the middle of the winter at Fort Clatsop, they learned that a large whale had come ashore at the mouth of Elk creek, 20 miles south of Fort Clatsop. Captain Lewis at once summoned ten or twelve men to prepare to go with him to bring loads of the whale blubber to be used in cooking. Sac-a-ja-wea was anxious to go, but Captain Lewis said it would be too long and hard a trip, and advised her to remain; but she said, "I have come this long distance to see the Great Water but have not yet been allowed to see it. Now the great fish is there, also. I am going."

Captain Lewis modified his order, and Sac-a-ja-wea, the "Bird-woman," and her husband accompanied the party. That was the first and last time that remarkable woman asserted herself in such a positive manner. She had used her best endeavor to serve them faithfully, was willing to make any sacrifice for them, and probably thought she ought to be allowed to have her own way once. When the expedition reached the mouth of the Columbia, Concomly, the noted Chinook chieftain, visited their camp, wearing a splendid robe, made of two elegant sea-otter skins, which Captain Lewis was anxious to purchase; but all of his offers were rejected by Concomly. At length the savage discovered the handsome belt, tastily ornamented with blue beads, worn by Sac-a-ja-wea, which so pleased him that he offered to exchange the robe for the belt. Sac-a-ja-wea at once gave him the belt and handed the robe to Captain Lewis.

### Other Instances of Sac-a-ja-wea's Faithfulness

While at Fort Clatsop, Captain Clark was seized with a severe fit of illness. Sac-a-ja-wea had saved a little wheat flour, some of which she occasionally baked for her babe. Thinking he might relish it, she baked a small loaf for him, which he said tasted better

than anything he had ever eaten. He had not tasted bread for many months.

When the expedition reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on their way east, the party separated and Captain Clark, with a part of the force, Claboneau and Sac-a-ja-wea, went north to explore the source of the Gallatin and Yellowstone rivers. When they had reached a certain point, he was much perplexed as to what to do.





Yellowstone River looking West from Pompey's Pillar



Yellowstone River Looking East from Pompey's Pillar



Pompey's Pillar from Railway Track

tion to take, and asked Sac-a-ja-wea if she knew anything of the country. She proved equal to the occasion, and pointed out the right way. She had often been there with her people on hunting excursions. So highly was she appreciated by Lewis and Clark for valuable service in their work that they named one of the tributary rivers of the Missouri *Sac-a-ja-wea*, or *Bird-Woman* river.

As soon as they reached the Mandan Country on their return home, Claboneau and Sac-a-ja-wea, after receiving their pay, 500 dollars, took their leave, rejecting the offer of Captain Lewis to take them to the States. He

thought it would be better for them to live among civilized people than to remain among the savages, but Claboneau said he had no acquaintances there, and did not know how to make a living among white people, and, therefore, preferred to remain with the Indians. He unquestionably knew his unfitness to live among

better people. Captain Clark said of him: "Claboneau is a tolerably good interpreter, but beyond that he is only fit to eat, sleep and wag his tongue." Claboneau had three wives, and was a brutal wife-beater. That wonderful woman Sac-a-ja-wea was most unfortunate indeed in falling into such cruel hands. She was his superior in every respect, and well deserved a better fate."

At Fort Clatsop they dressed large quantities of elk skins and made them into clothing and moccasins to wear on their journey home. The officers and some of the men hired the Clatsop squaws to measure their heads and make hats for them. These hats were made of the finer material the Indian women use in making their best baskets. They were water-proof and very durable.

### First Ships Entering the Columbia

Captain Robert Gray discovered and entered the Columbia about thirteen years before Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific Coast. The Clatsop Indians gave to Lewis and Clark the names of eight or ten captains of ships that had entered the river since Gray. The Indians said that some of those ships came in to trade, and made one or two trips a year, while some came and remained a few days and departed.

While at Fort Clatsop, Captain Lewis prepared a brief report of his expedition, giving the names of the party, and the object in coming. He sealed it up and addressed it to the captain of any ship that might come into the river, requesting him to forward it to the President of the United States. He did that, not knowing what mishap might befall them on their return. He knew the dangers that continually overshadowed them, and wished to make sure that it would be known that they had reached the Pacific Ocean.

W<sup>m</sup> Clark  
July 25<sup>#</sup> 1806

Clark's Signature—Pompey's Pillar

### Salmon in the Columbia

On their return up the valley of the Columbia, in the spring of 1806, the expedition suffered greatly for want of food. Had it not been for their medicines, and their skill in administering them, they might have starved, or been compelled to resort to force to get food enough to sustain their lives. Many of the Indians had sore eyes and other ailments, and believed Lewis and Clark to be great medicine men. For medicine and treatment they would part with some of their scanty supply of food.

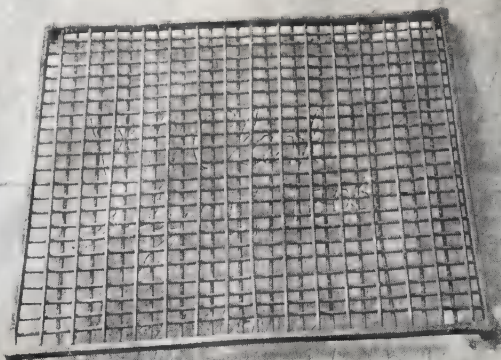
The Indians were very destitute and poor, many of them being almost on the verge of starvation. The salmon had not begun to ascend the river, and, as always, improvident, the Indians had neglected to save a sufficient quantity of that over abundant and excellent fish from the catch of the previous year to last them until the next run. From May until September, the Columbia was alive with Salmon. They could always have secured more fish than they could possibly use, if they cared to make the

exertion to get them. The fish were as sure to come each year as was the springtime, and never fell short in their abundance. Within the past fifty years, over seventy-five millions of dollars' worth of these fish have been caught,

canned, or frozen in blocks of ice and shipped to the great cities East and to Europe; yet they are now almost as plentiful as when Lewis and Clark fed upon them nearly one hundred years ago.

Lewis and Clark mention a method of preparing salmon practised by Indians at the Cascades, which made a nourishing and palatable food. On account of the rapids there, the Indians could always get as many fish as they desired. The fish were first dried and the bones removed. They were then pounded into powder and carefully packed into closely woven baskets of equal size. These were securely fastened, and the salmon was ready for market. Sometimes the powdered fish was mixed with pulverized *wap-a-too* or *camus*, both of which are very palatable bulbous roots. Fish thus prepared was often taken east of the mountains, into

the buffalo country, and exchanged for dried buffalo meat, or prepared buffalo robes. It was also taken to the mouth of the river and sold to the Coast Indians, who had plenty of fish, but were not familiar with that method of prepar-



Iron Screen over Captain Clark's Name—Placed by N. P. R. R.

### Co-bo-wa, the Clatsop Chief

While they were at Fort Clatsop, Lewis and Clark made the acquaintance of Com-o-wool, as they spelled it, the Clatsop Chief. But his descendants, who still live on the Clatsop plains, say it should be Co-bo-wa. They spoke of Co-bo-wa as the best Indian they had met. They had much trade with him, and were

greatly benefited by his kindness and influence. He paid them many friendly visits at their fort, and when they were to leave he made them a special farewell visit and gave them many valuable presents. In return, Lewis and Clark gave to Co-bo-wa Fort

Clatsop with the seven log houses and the stockade, and there the Chief made his winter home during his life, on account of the good hunting grounds surrounding it.

In 1832 Solomon H. Smith, a young Vermont man, crossed the plains to Oregon with Captain Wythe, and a few years later married one of Co-bo-wa's daughters and settled on Clatsop near the Chief's old home. I have often been at their house, and have eaten at their table. Her son, Silas B. Smith, is a prominent lawyer of Clatsop County, and lives upon a part of the old homestead. Two or three of Co-bowa's grand children are yet living.

It may be interesting to mention one of Co-bo-wa's subjects. He was a white man, apparently about 32 years old, and had red hair and fair skin, but was an

Indian in everything but the color of skin and hair. Sergeant Patrick Goss said of him in his diary, "This fellow had the reddest hair I ever saw, and his face was covered with large freckles." It had been only thirteen years since Captain Gray, the first white man ever in Oregon, was there, and this man was too old to be of their descendants. There is no doubt that such a man really existed, because Captain Lewis himself speaks of him in his report.

Was he a "freak," or had white men been here before Gray?

### Their Mission Fully Accomplished

Through their courage, energy, industry and good



management, Lewis and Clark accomplished most fully and satisfactorily the object and purpose of their mission. It is astonishing how accurately they described the country, rivers, animals, fish, trees, plants, fruit and insects which they saw. I have been over

much of the route they traveled, and it is easy to trace their footsteps by their descriptions. Having no means of measurement, they erred more in their statements of distance than in anything else. In going up stream against a strong current, over high, steep mountains, or through dense, brushy thickets, the distance seemed greater than it was in fact. From Fort Clatsop to the ocean, through heavy timber and almost impassable thickets, they said it was seven miles, when it is but little over three. But that was of little importance.

Surely, no other men could have been chosen who would have accomplished so much in the face of such terrible obstacles as they met.

### Title to the Oregon Country

The discovery and entrance of the Columbia river by

Gray, 1792, made that river and all territory drained by its tributaries the property of the United States. This was in accord with old English and European precedent, that the first ship of any civilized nation that entered a river made that river the property of the nation to which such ship belonged. Thirteen years after Gray's discovery, Thomas Jefferson, President, dispatched the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore the Valley of the Columbia, and to inform the natives thereof that the President, their "Great Father,"

would soon send some of his people to trade with them.

Five years later, John J. Astor, an American citizen, sent across the continent some 70 or 80 men to the mouth of that river, to settle there and establish a business. This they successfully accomplished, and many of the descendants of those people now live in Oregon. They were the first white people of any nation to settle, build houses, clear and cultivate land, and conduct a business in the Oregon country. At intervals, other citizens of the United States came, until, in 1843, a convention was called and the

"Provisional Government" was organized and put into operation.

Oregon was ours by right of discovery, by right of first exploration, by right of first settlement, by right of occupation and by right of possession. The sagacity of Captain Robert Gray gave us our first right and claim, while the wisdom and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson saved and perfected our title to Oregon, and extended our domain to the Pacific. England never had any just claim to Oregon, and but for the Hudson Bay Company probably never would have at-

tempted to set up any claim. The men of that company were intruders, interlopers and trespassers, who followed Mr. Astor's expedition and scattered their hunters and trappers through the mountains and valleys of the Northwest. They constantly importuned their Government to take and hold the Oregon country, as they wanted protection in their ignoble occupation of robbing the country of its furs and peltries.

Lewis and Clark were five hundred and forty-seven days going from the mouth of the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean. Forty-six years later, when

I crossed the plains to Oregon, we made the best time we could and still maintain the strength of our horses, yet we were 134 days going from our starting point, St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Willamette Valley, where—excepting the four small military posts scattered along the road—we found the first houses of white people. Now, this trip is made by rail in three days, the distance being 2,000 miles.

When ~~we~~<sup>they</sup> started to Oregon, New York City had a population of only 60,000. Now she is the second largest

city, and is one of the greatest money centers on the globe. Chicago did not come into existence for a quarter of a century after that time,

yet it is now the fourth largest city in the world. Then there were but seventeen States in our Union. Now we have forty-five and others asking for admission. At that time the nearest road to the Orient was by way of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Now the far

East lies beyond the far West, whose shores are lashed by the waves of the same ocean that wash the shores of China and Japan. On those waters lines of great steamships constantly ply, discharging their cargoes of Ori-

ental trade into our Pacific ports, returning laden with the products of our soil and factories.

So marvelous have been the changes, and so prodigious the growth, improvement and progress in every branch of industrial affairs throughout this country since the days of Lewis and Clark,

that it almost bewilders the understanding to contemplate and defies human wisdom to compute.

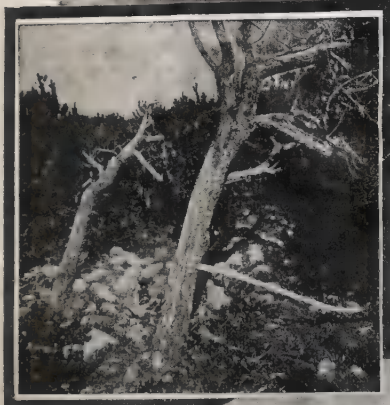
JULY NUMBER OF THE PACIFIC MONTHLY.  
—The July number of the Pacific Monthly is one of unusual interest, and shows progress that must be very gratifying to the publishers of this bright and readable home magazine. The leading article is the first of a series of three contributions by P. W. Gillette, a well-known pioneer, on "The Lewis and Clark Exposition." Mr. Gillette has had occasion to keep in touch with the work that was accomplished by Lewis and Clark, and the Pacific Monthly is fortunate in securing his services.



Site of  
Fort Clatsop



Site of  
Fort Clatsop  
and  
Netul River



Ruins of Salt Cairn  
used by  
Lewis and Clark



Tillamook Head and  
Light House

# LEWIS AND CLARK'S ITINERARY, TABULATED

MONTH	YEAR	PLACE	Miles from m'th of Missouri River	REMARKS
May 14 ..	1804	Left mouth of Missouri River .....	0	
June 26 ..	1804	At mouth of Kansas River .....	340	
July 21 ..	1804	At mouth of Platt River .....	600	
July 30 ..	1804	At Council Bluff .....	650	Not Council Bluffs, Iowa
Sept. 20 ..	1804	At Big Bend of Missouri River .....	1172	Below Pierre, South Dakota
Nov. 2 ..	1804	Arrived at Fort Mandan .....	1600	Below Knife River, North Dakota,
April 7 ..	1805	Left Fort Mandan .....	1600	where they passed winter of 1804-
April 26 ..	1805	At mouth of Yellowstone River .....	1880	18' 5.
June 2 ..	1805	At mouth of Maria's River .....	2521	
June 16 ..	1805	At Portage Creek, Gt. Falls, Mont..	2575	
July 25 ..	1805	At Three Forks of Missouri River..		Gallatin Valley, Montana
Aug. 12 ..	1805	At head waters of Missouri River..	3096	"Fountain" or spring, at head of Jefferson Fork (Beaverhead) of Missouri River
Sept 9 ..	1805	At mouth of Lolo Creek .....		Bitter Root Valley, Montana
Oct. 10 ..	1805	At mouth of Clearwater River .....	3567	Idaho
Oct. 16 ..	1805	At mouth of Snake River .....	3721	
Oct. 30 ..	1805	At Cascades of Columbia River .....	3950	
Dec. 7 ..	1805	Arrived at Fort Clatsop .....	4135	On Lewis and Clark River, Oregon,
March 23 ..	1806	Left Fort Clatsop .....	4135	where they passed winter of 1805-
April 27 ..	1806	At mouth of Wallawalla River .....		1806
June 30 ..	1806	At mouth of Lolo Creek .....		Washington
Aug. 3 ..	1806	At mouth of Yellowstone River .....		Captain Clark's party via Three Forks
Aug 7 ..	1806	At mouth of Yellowstone River .....		Captain Lewis' party via Great Falls, Montana
Sept. 23 ..	18 6	Arrived at St. Louis.		

By courtesy of Wonderland



Milton Oct 24 1903

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## ASTOR'S FORT AND ITS LOCATION

Mr. Gillette Definitely Describes It—Located in a Ravine on the Corner of Block 17, at Astoria



ASTOR'S FORT, ON THE PRESENT SITE OF ASTORIA.

PORTLAND, Oct. 24.—(To the Editor.)

—As there is quite a difference of opinion, even in Astoria, as to the exact location of the old Astor fort, at Astoria, and as there are but few people now living who ever saw its remains and remember its precise location, I think it advisable that I should tell what I know of the matter. It may not be important whether its location is ever known, yet, as it was the very first place on the Northwest Coast of America settled by white men and people of the United States, and permanent improvements made and a business of importance started, it seems proper that its location should be known.

I first saw the old fort's remains 41 years after it was built—51 years ago. It was used and kept in repair by the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies for many years after Mr. Astor parted with his interest in the property. I saw some of the remains of the Lewis and Clark cabins 46 years after they were built. They, in all probability, had never received any repairs, but were left exposed to the destroying elements of nature until they decayed; yet after the lapse of 46 years some of their timbers were sound. Therefore, I cannot see why the timber in the Astor fort, which was built five years later than the Lewis and Clark cabins, should not last a third as long, having been kept under roof at least two-thirds of the 41 years. Gabriel Franchier, a Canadian Frenchman, who entered the mouth of the Columbia in the ship Tonquin, March 25, 1811, and who was in the employ of Mr. Astor, helped to build the fort and houses, and he says the houses were all built of hewn logs.

In his book, "A Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America," he says: "Having built a warehouse 62 feet by 20 feet to put under cover the goods and articles we are to receive from the ship, we were busily occupied from the 16th until the 30th of April in storing away the goods and other effects intended for the establishment."

"We, therefore, hastened to put ourselves in the best possible state of defense."

"The dwelling-house was raised parallel to the warehouse; we cut a great quantity of pickets in the forest and formed a square, with palisades in front and rear of about 90 by 140 feet; the warehouse built on the edge of a ravine formed one

flank; the dwelling-house, the other, with little bastions at each angle north and south, on which we mounted four small cannon."

The "ravine" on the "edge" of which the warehouse stood runs down north-westerly, behind the Captain Brown, Mrs. Stevens and other residences, and falls into the bay between the site of Colonel John McClure's and the late Mr. Dan Warren's old residence. The ravine can be clearly traced in Franchier's sketch picture, the frontispiece in his book, a copy of which I present with this article. Any one well acquainted in Astoria cannot fail to see that the ravine shown is the one I describe.

The site of the old fort was on what is now the northwest corner of block 17, "Shively's Astoria," and partly in the streets on the west and north side of block 17. The lots on which the fort stood in part now belong to Jacob Ramm, of Portland.

The lines of the fort did not run parallel to those of the streets. If the north line of the fort had run exactly through the northwest corner of block 17, running easterly, it would have crossed the street on the north of the fort, within a distance of 600 or 700 feet.

When I first saw it the outlines of the fort were plainly marked by numerous pieces of hewn timber and embankments of earth and stone. These embankments were seen plainest on the north and west sides, and were probably made by leveling off the ground on the inside of the fort.

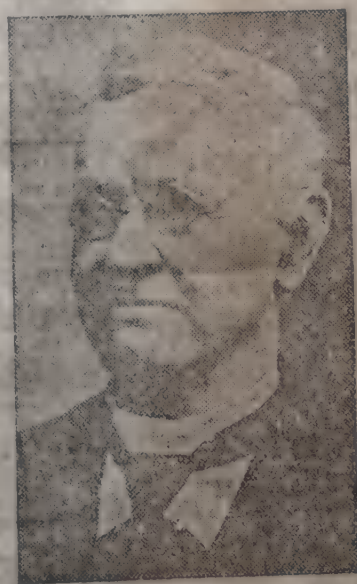
The stone was undressed, and there was but little of it, excepting in one place on the north side, where for 10 or 12 feet it seemed to have been a wall; doubtless the foundation of one of the bastions mentioned by Mr. Franchier in his book. The most of the stone was removed pretty soon after I came to Oregon, probably for foundations, fire places, etc.

When I first saw those remains, I was greatly interested in them, and suspected what they were, but to satisfy myself inquired of the old settlers, Colonel John McClure and J. M. Shively, who had lived there since 1843, and was assured by them that it was all that was left of the old Astor fort.

A few years later I made the acquaintance of Major James Birnie, who went to Astoria to live in about 1818. Mr. Birnie had the management of the Hudson's Bay Company's business at that place for many years. He and his family had lived in the old fort for a long time, and some of his children were born there.

In his narrative published in 1834, J. K.

Townsend, a noted naturalist, in speaking of his visit to Astoria in 1852, spoke of stopping with Mr. Birnie, and said: "A few days since one of Mr. Birnie's children found a large silver medal, which some chief had lost." His description of



P. W. Gillette.

it proved it to be one of the large silver Jefferson medals which Lewis and Clark distributed among the Indian chiefs. Mr. Townsend also spoke of "walking down the beach to the foot of Young's Bay, to see the house in which Lewis and Clark resided," etc.

I have had many interesting conversations with Mr. Birnie about early times in Astoria. He once saw 300 Indian warriors set off in their canoes from Astoria on an expedition of war against the Kikikitsats.

Mr. Birnie lived in Astoria in 1841 when Lieutenant Wilkes came in the United States Sloop of war Peacock, which was wrecked on Peacock Spit that still bears her name.

Along some time in 1832 to 1835 the Hudson's Bay Company built a store and



warehouse nearer to the Columbia River, where it would better accommodate trade. The new store was erected a little further east and nearer the river than the Astor one. I think it stood near where the Catholic Hospital now stands, perhaps a little west, but as I was not much interested in those buildings, my recollection of them is not so clear.

This store and several other buildings built by the Hudson's Bay Company were standing when I came to Oregon, but all of them had been abandoned and were not used. They had a bleached and dilapidated appearance and seemed to be 15 to 20 years old.

I feel absolutely certain that the place that I have described is the site of Astor Fort. When I first saw that place, several acres of land near the old fort showed marks of cultivation. Easterly and north-east of the fort the ground was covered with a heavy sod. The rows where the potatoes had grown could be plainly traced over several acres.

But this, of course, had been the work of the Hudson's Bay people, who had cleared much land after the Astor people had left the country.

In 1852 there were no stumps nor the remains of any of the original growth of timber to be seen on any part of the high land between the little Astoria Bay in front of Colonel John McClure's residence and the small mud flat bay immediately east of the high land on which were the improvements made by the Astor and Hudson's Bay Companies.

People now living in Astoria may be loth to believe that their town had no wagon roads nor wagons for 50 years after its foundation in 1811. Yet such is the fact. The first horse I ever saw there was brought down from Portland by Joseph Jeffers in about 1855. He was turned out to run on the Astoria common with an old Government mule for several months; how, or why that old mule came to Astoria I have forgotten, though I once knew.

When we took Mr. Jeffers' horse away in a scow to the Lewis and Clark River, the mule was determined to go also, and it was all we could do to keep him out of the scow. It followed us down the beach to and around Smith's Point and when we started across Young's Bay, it plunged in and swam after us; so we were obliged,

not wishing to see it drown, to turn back and drive it ashore. As it stood on the bank gazing at its departing comrade I thought it the most dreary and melancholy-looking mule I ever saw.

The hillside leading down the north-westerly slope to the old McClure residence was overgrown with a second growth of alder, elder and salmon-berry bushes, through which the old trail up to the fort ran. I remembered it presented a singular appearance. James Welch, whose residence was on the same block on which the old fort had stood, had a band of common goats that had eaten every leaf off this dense growth of underbrush as high as they could reach by standing on their hind feet, some five or six feet high.

I remember, too, that a lady, Mrs. Trutch, who boarded in the Welch family, used each day to milk some of these goats for the milk. Her husband, an Englishman, had a contract from the United States Government to survey a large tract of land on the Lewis and Clark River; and late D. P. Thompson, then a young man, was one of his surveyors. In surveying a township line Mr. Thompson's party reached my place at dark and camped on the bank of the Lewis and Clark River in front of my house. I called on them in the evening and first made his acquaintance. Many years later it was a custom of his, when he met me in company, to tell them "that he had discovered me long ago, away down in the woods of Clatsop County."

Mr. Trutch afterwards became Governor of British Columbia, and Mr. Thompson Governor of Idaho.

So Oregon has furnished two Governors for California, Peter H. Barnett and William Irwin; one for Idaho, Mr. Thompson, and one for British Columbia, Mr. Trutch; yet she has never fallen short of gubernatorial timber.

I have carefully examined all of early Oregon history that I can find that refers particularly to the Astor place, and its location and description but have failed to find any description of the Astor fort and its location so clearly and well defined, as that of Franchier's. Nor have I been able to find a single word that indicates that its location was elsewhere than I have described.

I think I should say that the topography of the ground at the northwest corner of block 17, has been greatly changed by the grading of the streets, especially the street in the west side of the block running up to the cemetery, by filling up, and removing "the ravine" farther west.

E. W. GILLETTE.

Written Nov 16<sup>th</sup> 1903 in  
reference to the true location of the  
old Astor Fort. Now known having  
gotten up a theory, that it is located where  
I do not. P.W.G.

## WHERE WAS FORT?

*Gillette*  
Mr. Gillette Replies to Article on  
Famous Astoria Site.

PORTLAND, Nov. 16.—(To the Editor).—On October 28 The Oregonian published a special from Astoria in refutation of my article stating that the Astor Fort was located on block 17 of Shively's Astoria.

The special says: "All the local authorities contend that the fort was situated on the block bounded by Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Duane and Exchange streets; the block now occupied by St. Mary's Hospital, which is one block north and one block east of the spot mentioned by Mr. Gillette. A most conclusive proof of this contention was found 12 years ago when a sewer was being constructed along the east side of Fifteenth street.

"As the men were digging the trench they found the ruins of an old stockade.

The timbers were about eight by ten inches in size and were so badly decayed they crumbled to dust when disturbed.

The timbers were planted to a depth of about six feet."

I said in my article that the Hudson's Bay Company built a large store and warehouse on, or perhaps a little west of the block on which St. Mary's Hospital now stands, and removed into it from the old Astor place. That old building was standing there when I came to Oregon and remained there for some years.

Of course they did there what they always did at all of their important places—built a stockade around it to protect their property and themselves from the Indians. This great mare's nest found in digging the sewer on Fifteenth street is considered "by all local authorities" as sufficient proof that that was the Astor Fort. At the conclusion of the above mentioned "special" it says: "As there is no record or tradition of any other stockade of this description having been erect-

ed here, the remains found are supposed to be all there was left of the old Astor Fort." "The timbers which Mr. Gillette spoke of as being found at the other point claimed as the site of the fort, are accounted for by the fact that John Welch erected a house there many years ago, which has since fallen into decay."

Bosh! As to there being no record or tradition of any other stockade.

Your "special" is too tender in age, or is scantily versed in the lore of early years. Fifty years ago every intelligent old settler knew the old fort was located where I say it was. They all knew James Birnie, who had lived in it; Lattie, Dr. McLaughlin and many others who had often seen it. Then it was no "tradition"—all knew it. The stockade found in digging the sewer had timbers eight by ten inches in size; Franchier, who helped to split and carry on his back and plant the stockade around the old Astor Fort, says they were pickets, and his picture shows them to be broad pickets sharpened at the top. This "mare's nest" found in digging the sewer is thus proved to be a different stockade. Besides, Franchier's picture shows the ground where the hospital now stands as covered with timber.

Only a few months ago Judge Frank Taylor, of Astoria, assured me that his father, Colonel James Taylor, an old settler of Clatsop County, always said that the old fort was at the point I assert. Franchier's picture shows the fort flanked by a ravine leading northwesterly to the bay. Every one knows there is but one ravine leading down the Astor or Shively hill in that direction. His picture alone is sufficient evidence to prove the location of the Astor Fort. The "special" says: "The timbers which Mr. Gillette spoke of at the other point claimed as the site . . . were the remains of an old house erected by John Welch (he doubtless means James Welch). Not at all. That old house was standing there when I came and was there until the 60's. It

was a small, one-story house with a front porch and all roofed with shakes. Joseph Jeffers lived in it for a time and it was afterwards spoken of as the "Jeffers house." So much for that part of the "conclusive evidence."

I have a letter written by Judge Bowlby, of Astoria, on the same subject. He quotes from Ross Brown as saying the palisades of the Astor place were 15 feet high. He also adds, "the kitchen garden was in front and the wharf a few hundred yards to the left." If the garden was in front of the hospital block it would have been on a very steep hillside and very little of it. I do not pretend to know where the wharf was, but would suppose it to be at, or near, the place where the schooner is moored in Franchier's picture, somewhere near the old Dan Warren residence.

Judge Bowlby also said: "Sidney Doll tells me that J. M. Shively pointed out to him the site of the old fort as being diagonally southwest from the hospital." That is the direction to the Astor Fort. It is unfortunate that this matter had not been settled 50 years ago when there were plenty of living witnesses. I do not know of one man now living in Astoria who lived there 51 years ago, but there are several men now living in Astoria who were small boys at that time.

In conclusion I would like to intimate that "the local authorities" in Astoria are probably better posted in the modern, than the ancient history of the place.

P. W. GILLETTE.

*I hope this will  
end the dis-  
cussion*

## Come Across

Mr. Gillette is one of the substantial business men of Portland. He came over the Oregon trail in 1852. He has accumulated wealth and has been prominently identified with the up-building of the city and state. In 1867 and 1868 he served in the state legislature and is the father of some pilotage laws which were of great benefit to the country and commerce. The prices charged were exorbitant for piloting vessels into the Columbia. The work was performed with a sailing schooner. The law he introduced regulated the fees and forced those in the business to secure steam tugs. He went to Olympia about that time and secured the passage of the same law in the territory of Washington.

P. W. Gillette, one of the pioneers of Oregon, who for many years lived on the Lewis and Clark river in the Clatsop country and observed closely his surroundings, is the best informed man in the state about the past and present of the Clatsop tribe. Through his courtesy The Journal is enabled to supply its readers with information on this subject that it would be impossible to obtain elsewhere. Mr. Gillette in talking about the Indians told the following interesting story:



# THE SITE OF FORT CLATSOP

Where the first land was cleared and houses built by American citizens on the Pacific Coast

By P. W. Gillette



Locating the sight of Fort Clatsop. At the extreme left is Silas B. Smith, the descendant of Cobaway, the Clatsop chief. In the center are L. B. Cox and C. W. Shane. All three are deceased. At the extreme right is the writer of this article.

SOME three years ago the Oregon Historical Society, realizing the necessity of permanently establishing the location of Fort Clatsop, deputized Mr. L. B. Cox to visit the locality, in the company of the writer, and to leave such marks as will permit no future doubt as to the exact site. In the party were also Silas B. Smith, Judge Galloway and Carlos W. Shane. The latter is an old settler, who was at one time in possession of the ground occupied by the fort.

The writer was able to identify the exact spot, and, by the relative location of standing timber, to determine the boundaries of the pallisade. Stakes were driven, so that the site of the fort—the "Plymouth Rock of the Pacific"—is fixed for all time.

Fort Clatsop, so named by Lewis and Clark for the Clatsop Indians who occupied the surrounding country, is situated on the west bank of the river Netdle, now the Lewis and Clark River, one and a half miles above its mouth, and three miles from the Pacific Ocean, in Clatsop County, Oregon.

X running almost due west, and nearly through the timber, to the Skipenon Creek, across which they felled a tree for a bridge. This stream ran through a broad marsh, through which the men were obliged to wade. When the writer came to Oregon in 1852 this trail was in pretty good condition, having been kept open by Indians and wild animals. I have walked over it many times.

The houses of Fort Clatsop were built of round logs and roofed with "split shakes," and the cracks chinked with timber and moss.

When Lewis and Clark left Fort Clatsop, March 28, 1806, they gave the fort, houses and furniture to Co-ba-way, the Clatsop chief, with whom they were very friendly.

Lewis and Clark reached and selected this point on the 7th day of December, 1805, and on the 8th commenced to cut down trees, clear land and build their cabins. They erected seven cabins in all; the smokehouse was built first, in order to have a place to smoke and dry their meat. A storehouse was built for their ammunition, stores, etc.; a small cabin for Tousaint Chabonau, the interpreter, and his wife, "Sac-a-ja-wea," and the remainder of the cabins were used as quarters for the officers and men. As soon as the houses were completed, they constructed a strong stockade around the clearing, as a protection against the Indians.

The stockade enclosed something over a half an acre of land, and stood on the high land, about two hundred yards back from the river; within and on the north side of the inclosure was a beautiful spring, which supplied the garrison with an abundance of pure water. After the fort was completed, a number of men were set to work to survey and open a trail through the forest to the ocean, three miles west.

Fortunately they found a dividing ridge

importance. There the first land was cleared and houses built by American citizens on the Pacific Coast; there our flag was first planted by officers and soldiers of the United States, by direction of President Jefferson.

On the same trip a visit was paid to the "Salt Cairn," where Lewis and Clark boiled sea water to extract salt for their use. The appearance and location of the "Cairn" is sufficient evidence that it is the one referred to by members of the expedition; but the best possible testimony was from the lips of the old squaw, "Stin-is-tum," or Jennie Micheal, as she is now called. The old woman—she is over 80—was brought to the spot, and testified that her mother had often told her of Lewis and

## THE SITE OF FORT CLATSOP.

93

Some of Co-ba-way's grandchildren yet live on Clatsop Plains. One of his daughters married a white man, Mr. S. H. Smith, who crossed the plains in 1834.

Fort Clatsop is a spot of great historic

Clark, and had spoken of this pile of stones as the place where they made salt. It is noteworthy that Stin-is-tum is one of the three (one man and two women) surviving full-blood Clatsop Indians.

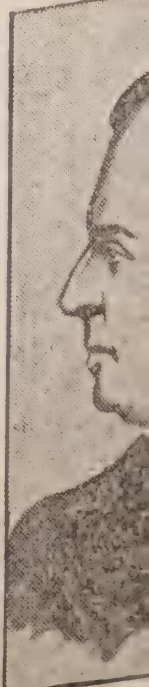
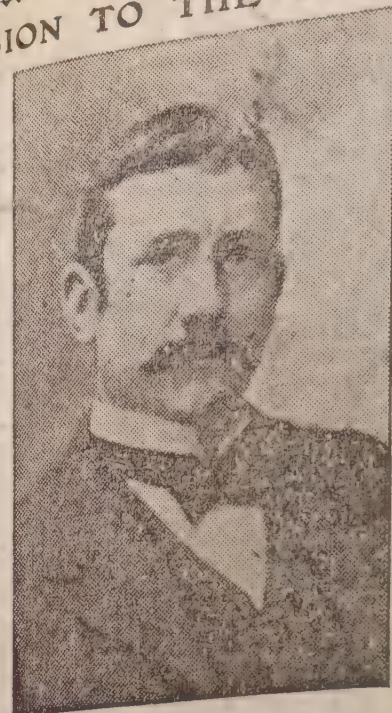
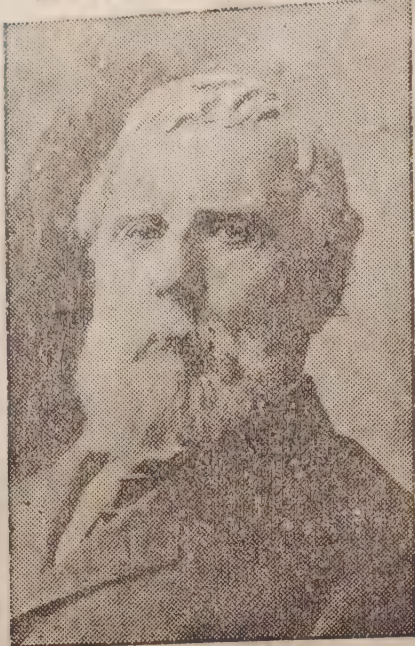
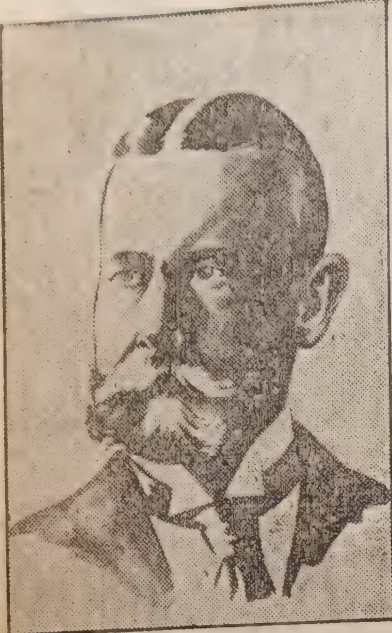


Stin-is-tum, who located the "salt cairns" of Lewis and Clark.





MEN IN LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE PRESIDENCY.



Secretary of State John Hay. Secretary of Treasury Lyman J. Gage

Secretary of War Elihu Root.

Attorney-General

The duty of providing for the succession to the Presidency in case of the death, resignation or disability of both the President and Vice-President devolves on Congress, according to the Constitution. In 1792 Congress passed a law that in this contingency the President pro tempore of the Senate, or, in case there was no such officer, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, should act as President until the disability were removed or a President elected. The law also provided for a special election to fill out the term of the Presidency.

In 1886 Congress passed an act fully regulating the Presidential succession. The act provides for the succession in the following order: Secretary of State, Secretary

of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior. This act also repeals an act of 1792 in regard to a new election, and a Cabinet officer assuming the Presidency would fill out a full term.

Such a Cabinet officer becoming President must assume office within 20 days of assuming his office, unless Congress is in session within that time. He must also be confirmed by the Senate to the Constitutional qualifications for the office.

Jul. 23, 1891.

8.

Spaulding's intense prejudices and vindictiveness toward the Hudson's Bay Company and the Catholic missionaries." The Whitman myth, then, seems to have been unlike the ordinary religious legend which is the product of well-meant enthusiasm. It had method in its madness.

"IS THIS HOT ENOUGH?"

The Highest Temperature Ever Recorded in Portland.

102 DEGREES IN THE SHADE

Unusually Dry Atmosphere—Cool Nights Always Follow Warm Days—Why Sunstroke is Practically Unknown in Oregon.

The highest temperature ever known in this city was recorded by the weather bureau yesterday, 1.2 degrees being the record. The day opened at 5 o'clock with a temperature of 69 degrees. At 11 A. M. it was 90 degrees; at 2 P. M., 100 degrees, and it remained from 100 to 102 degrees for three hours. There was a light northerly wind blowing, and a few cirrus clouds were observed for a short period about 2 P. M. From noon to 6 P. M., the relative humidity was from 15 to 20 per cent., showing an unusually dry atmosphere. On Wednesday the highest temperature recorded was 95 degrees. The maximum solar thermometer—a black bulb maximum inclosed in a glass vacuum in the direct sun's rays—recorded 143 degrees. This record is by 12 degrees the highest recorded. The solar thermometer register is the sun's rays temperature and not the air temperature, which is usually understood. The air temperature was 102 degrees, showing the direct heat to be 46 degrees greater.

The hottest previous air temperature on record is 99 deg., which occurred on June 17, 1876, July 6, 1885, and May 10, 1887. This latter high temperature occurred the earliest in the season of any on record. In the past seventeen years the extreme summer heat occurred eleven times in July, twice in August, three times in June and once in May. Usually the extreme occurs about July 17. Every year for the past seventeen years the temperature has reached 90 deg. or more on from one to six days, or an average of four days a year.

The period of extreme heat is very small, the temperature of 90 deg. or more continuing for from one to four hours each day, when it does occur. In the year 1890 for example, there were eleven hours, during which the temperature was 90 deg. or more—the highest being 96 deg.—divided as follows: June two hours, July five hours, August four hours, being less than 1 per centum of the year.



# TO THE PRESIDENCY.



Secretary of War William Root.

Attorney-General P. C. Knox.

The President's Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Interior. This act also repealed the provision of the act of 1872 regarding a new election, and a Cabinet officer who thus succeeded to a full term.

Under a President's power President must call a special session of Congress unless Congress is then in session or is to meet at that time. He must also be confirmed by the Senate, and must possess the qualifications required by the Constitution.

work sculptor has just finished  
 clay of Blaine preparatory to  
 bust was  
 or has  
 incing  
 tried

can

# TWO VOICES

## A Southern Volunteer

Yes, sir, I fought with Stonewall,  
And faced the fight with Lee;  
But if this here Union goes to war,  
Make one more gun for me!  
I didn't shrink from Sherman  
As he galloped to the sea;  
But if this here Union goes to war,  
Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—  
The bully Boys in Gray;  
I heard the thunderers roarin'  
Round Stonewall Jackson's way,  
And many a time this sword of mine,  
Has blazed the route for Lee;  
But if this old nation goes to war,  
Make one more gun for me!

I'm not so full o' fightin',  
Nor half so full o' fun,  
As I was back in the sixties  
When I shouldered my old gun!  
It may be that my hair is white—  
Sich things, you know, must be,  
But if this old Union's in for war,  
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'—  
Nor how, in sixty-two,  
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts,  
I charged the Boys in Blue;  
And I say: I fought with Stonewall,  
And blazed the way for Lee;  
But if this old Union's in for war,  
Make one more gun for me!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## His Northern Brother

Just make it two, old fellow,  
I want to stand once more  
Beneath the old flag with you  
As in the days of yore  
Our fathers stood together  
And fought on land and sea  
The battles fierce that made us  
A nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg.  
You licked me at Bull Run;  
On many a field we struggled,  
When neither victory won,  
You wore the gray of Southland,  
I wore the Northern blue;  
Like men we did our duty  
When screaming bullets flew.

Four years we fought like devils,  
But when the war was done  
Your hand met mine in friendly clasp,  
Our two hearts beat as one.  
And now, when danger threatens,  
No North, no South, we know,  
Once more we stand together  
To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty—  
Old age is creeping on;  
Life's sun is lower sinking,  
My day will soon be gone.  
But if our country's honor  
Needs once again her son,  
I'm ready, too, old fellow—  
So get another gun.

—Minneapolis Journal.

## THE MEANING OF "CHE."

Mr. Minto Thinks It Is the Indian Prefix for "New."

To the Editor: The prefix "Che," as used by the native race west of the Cascades, has been brought to our attention by the reminiscences of Louis La Bonte, by Professor H. S. Lyman, published in the quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society and the Native Sons' Magazine for October.

The name of Chemawa was given to the National Indian training school, it is said, at the suggestion of the late J. L. Parrish. It was very natural that it should be so, as Mr. Parrish began the study of the native tongues at Wala-met, the M. E. mission, 1½ miles west of Chemawa, the name of the site of the Gervais farm and mill, near which in La Bonte's boyhood was a little community of the free trapper class, of which Joseph Gervais, the elder La Bonte and Ettenle Lucein were the leading spirits of Canadian birth, as T. J. Hubbard and Solomon S. Smith, of the N. J. Weyth enterprise, were previous to the arrival of Ewing Young, representatives of the American or republican side. La Bonte's statements indicate that Chemawa was the site of the beginnings of agriculture, through Joseph Gervais, instead of Lucein, as we have been told. It is not questioned that the first school (independent of the Hudson's Bay Company) was being taught there by Solomon S. Smith when the two Lees, the first missionaries, were sent on horses and with guides furnished by Dr. McLoughlin to the Gervais farm. Even as late as 1815 the Gervais bottom and the farms located upon it, its wornout horse mill superseded by one run by water-power, the contiguity of the Laderoot and Delore homesteads, gave the place much the appearance of a village.

As to the meaning of "Che." Its widespread use in naming districts and tribes, as Chehalis, Chehalien, Chehulpan, was perhaps a chief reason for its being in the Chinook jargon, which might be Che-nook as properly as its kindred tribal name of Chehalis.

Certain it is a potent word in the jargon, which always was used for our words "new" or "newly, as Che nika ishcome nika cultan," I have newly got my horse; "Che nika wawa yaka," I have newly told him; "Che nika calapin," my gun is new; "Che nika wawa mesi-ka," I give you new talk; "Che n chaco," I have newly come. We know very little of the shades of meaning, the native dialects, and it is too late, now that our power over the race has removed the suspicion and prejudices nearly akin to fear and hatred; but I ever got the full meaning of "Che" as used in the jargon, it justifies me in believing it was used by the natives as we use the word new, in New York, New Jersey, New Era and Newberg.

JOHN MINTO.

## Wild Flowers, East and West.

PORTLAND, April 9.—(To the Editor.)—I read with much pleasure the article "First Country Flowers," as interesting in itself, and also from early associations, for I knew and loved the wild flowers of portions of three New England states. It is true that flowers come much earlier here than in New England. I have known "May days" in Vermont when not a flower could be found, and the "Queen" was crowned with wild white everlastings and ground pine kept over from the year before. But New England has this advantage, her flowers linger later. All through the late Summer and Autumn there is something to repay a woodland walk.

There is a great difference between this country and New England in the distribution of Flora's gifts. Vegetation here is luxuriant, but, by comparison, monotonous. I find here exactly the same Spring flowers that grow about my home in Clark County, Wash., and excursions in various directions from that home have resulted in disappointment as to the discovery of new flowers. In New England, although many varieties may be found on a small farm, others, entirely different, may be found on all adjoining ones. For instance, in my childhood I had to go to a neighbor's beech woods for bloodroot and columbine; to another for the pretty chickweed wintergreen (Trientalis); to another for the bluets, and yet another for iris, meadow lilies and the beautiful tall wild phlox. All these within less than a mile, but the trailing arbutus made its chosen haunt two miles away.

The crowning glory of New England woods in late Summer and Autumn is the "wood violet" (v. canadensis). Growing in rich clusters, the leafy, branching stems a foot high, flowers as large as the pansies of the olden time, white, tinged outside with purple, slightly fragrant, so pure, so graceful, so perfect. Over the lapse of nearly half a century memory returns to them with undiminished love and longing. A relative, another exile, once wrote of them: "When I think of those wood violets as they grew in our maple grove, they seem like beautiful, intelligent spirits standing there." F. E. B.

## Meaning of Words in Jargon.

PORTLAND, Oct. 27.—(To the Editor.)—The explanation of "cultus mamook" in this morning's Oregonian is correct, as far as it goes, but it does not cover all the meanings of these words. "Cultus mamook" means worthless or good-for-nothing work. It also means play work, amusement work, or making fun. If an Indian, when he is not very busy, is asked what he is doing, he will say: "Oh, cultus mamook"; that is, passing the time, doing for amusement or idling away the time. Like, also, "kultus," for this is the correct spelling of the word, "wawa," which means worthless talk, also idle talk, funny talk, playful talk and joking. Also "kultus" milite, meaning lazily sitting or aimlessly staying in a place, loafing about a place. When an Indian wishes to use "kultus" in its strongest meaning, he says "ku—l-tus," with a hissing sound, accompanying it with look and gesture of contempt and disgust. The words in the jargon are few, and have many meanings, which depend upon the sense in which they are used and the intonation and gesture accompanying their use, as "sl-ah," means far away, but if an Indian wishes to express a vast distance, he stands on tiptoe and points to the utmost limit of the earth and says "s—l-ah" in a high key as long as he can hold his breath. B.

## States and Territories.

PORTLAND, Oct. 27.—(To the Editor.)—Please, give the number of states at present in the United States, and name the territories.

There are 45 states. The organized territories are: Arizona, Indian, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Alaska, has not got a fully organized territorial government. Hawaii is just organized under act of Congress. Porto Rico will soon have territorial government. In the Philippines events must be awaited.

## The Man With the Broom.

Chicago Tribune.  
Beatrice Harraden thinks that women should bring up their sons "to do thing in the home," and that men should be permitted to stand with reluctant feet upon the kitchen threshold, but should learn to master the problems of that domain just as women have learned the secrets of the counting-house. As a rule,

men have never manifested any great longings to learn the mysteries of dough and dish-washing, and they neither care to be tied to apron-strings nor to have these tied about them. But once get a man into leading-strings and he is both happy and useful in the kitchen, and he will apply the same systematic thoroughness to bread-making as he does to bread-winning. Of course, it is not to be expected that a man will do his own work and a woman's, too, but there are times when he can readily spare a few moments to domestic tasks. And in that trying hour of need when the maid-of-all-work goes her way, if a man will show a disposition to help fill the gap, or, better yet, to fill the coal scuttle, or sweep the carpet, he will prove a helpmeet indeed. And, as Miss Harraden says, if he is a gentleman, he will do these things.



Like a strong breath from the pure, salt sea is the voice of patriotic grief and hope that comes on the air from the South at the news of the President's assassination. On this page this morning we reproduce two typical utterances of Southern Democrats—those veteran opponents of McKinley and McKinleyism, the Louisville Courier-Journal and the Atlanta Constitution. Stubbornly as they have opposed the President and his policies, mercilessly as they have criticised his party and his immediate circle in his party, their impulse in this tragic hour is the common impulse of the sound head and the right heart. Out upon the assassin and the anarchist! Up with law and order, up with reverence for Government, up with the flag!

In the presence of National danger and shock, hope and fear, humiliation and grief, how small and mean do the appear—the controversies of personal ambition and party strife and sectional hate! How little does it matter, when the Chief Magistrate lies unconscious on his couch from the fell bullet of the assassin, whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, whether he is for gold or silver, expansion or anti-imperialism, protection or free trade! What does the exigency of partisanship avail against the common prompting of our common humanity to love of the blameless life and scorn upon the conspiracy of cowardly knaves?

Emma Goldman sits defiant in the Chicago courtroom. Nothing move her the aversion of every patriot of all colors, sections and extremes of belief, the united voice of condemnation, the universal reprobation of her murderous creed. Nothing could more forcibly show forth the utter incongruity of the anarchist doctrine than this uprising of all against her and her kind. What hope can there be for a creature who realizes that his hand is against every man and every man's hand against him? It is bad to be outside

[illegible][illegible]

Satisfaction at Last for the Vexed  
Archaeologists.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—For nearly four score years archeologists and artists have speculated as to the origin of the Venus de Milo, and as to what the completed statue was intended to represent. Artist after artist has had his own pet scheme for the restoration of the peerless original, and one archeologist after another has reached an entirely new and, to his mind, unassailable decision as to conducting data.

One avers that it is Venus holding the shield of Mars; another, that she is looking at her own reflection in a mirror; still another, that she is showing a shield upon which she has graven an inscription of the victory of the Greeks over the Persians. According to others she was originally a winged Victory, a muse playing a lyre. Venus at her toilet, a woman who is avoiding an attack upon her chastity, Venus receiving in the Elysian fields the hero who founded Athens, &c., &c. The line of argument which precedes these various conclusions, complicated and often banal in the extreme, would constitute a small library.

But so far as the wonderful statue is concerned, the archeologist's occupation is gone, for new and unexpected information, just given by a young officer, M. de Trogoff, settles once for all the mooted question.

M. Trogoff writes: "I have just heard

showed her to the officers of the French  
squadron.

There is, of course, a mass of evidence, when the testimony of M. de Trochu, our ally, shows that the publications occurred on the night that the magnificent measure was taken at Leila. Since by the officers of the Legion it appeared, perhaps encouraged, by M. de Marsillac, who is well known in Paris, against the shame for the Marquis de Riviere, investigation in France is commenced. It was a veritable battle between Turkish, Greek and French soldiers, and in the battle Venus had down her arms. "It is a victory," says an eyewitness of the scene, "beautiful Venus should have been transformed into Venus Riva. She would have groined and went hot waps at seeing herself dragged along the streets on ropes, rolled over and over, and jerked this way and that by furious men."

This way and that the various men  
to avoid diplomatic trouble, to shield  
the soldiers, culpable only by excess of  
zeal, and to spare M. or Mar thus the  
accusation of vandalism, it was generally  
agreed upon that the Venus de Milo had  
been found by Peasant Yorgas in incom-  
plete and mutilated as she finished by an  
axe, when loaded upon the Estafette.

Perhaps, near the middle not restored in the future, will be placed a plaster model completed according to the latest and probably final information from one of this will come a strong basis in estimates, and the condemnation recovery of all restoration, even the least artistic.

The statue of AMO without arms, uncertain and enigmatical, is indeed the purest flower of the art which assumed only to the highest means of form. Let us call her Venus, since Venus signifies divine beauty, but let us torment ourselves no more to know what was her genuine nor what her attributes.

ERNEST DIXON.



Various attempts to restore the Venus de Milo.

of the scientific discussions which have been taking place these last years about the Venus de Milo, and that I have been so long in absolute ignorance is due to the fact of my having been absent from Europe for 15 years.

"I claim for the squadron of the Levant, commanded by M. le Baron des Rotours, the honor of having been the first (in the month of March, 1820) to see the celebrated Venus de Milo with her arms."

He then quotes from the log book of his father, a young midshipman on one of the schooners: "After a year of cruising about Echelles of the Levant, the squadron entered the port of Toulon April 4, 1821, preceded by la Lionne, which conducted to France the Marquis of Riviere, our ambassador to Constantinople, with the statue he acquired at Milo."

he acquired at Milo.

In the daily journal of this young midshipman of 1820, is the following interesting account: "At the time of our stay at Milo (from the 4th to the 11th of March) a Greek peasant, while plowing in his field, found that the earth resisted the repeated strokes of his pick-axe, and having withdrawn it, he perceived a kind of vault. Flushed by curiosity and the hope of discovering something precious, he dug entirely around it, and, after much labor came upon a good opening, into which he threw himself. To his very great astonishment he saw before him a magnificent statue of a woman. She is well preserved. In one of her hands she holds an apple, which caused her to be taken for the goddess of the Isle—because Milo in Greek signifies apple. But one might otherwise well take her for a goddess. She is of great beauty, the draperies of admirable finish." \* \* \*

This testimony of M. de Tregoff is absolutely unimpeachable, and fixes two points in the history of this controversy: First, it was in March, 1820, and not the 8th of April, as is generally admitted, that the statue was found. Second, she had both arms, and in one of the hands held an apple.



# LIFE'S BRIGHT JEWELS

MRS STOWELL'S INTERESTING PAPER ON FLORICULTURE.

Mother Nature's Wise Provisions to  
Brighten the Pathway of Duty—  
Part of Flowers in History.

At the meeting of the Horticultural Society Friday evening Mrs. George Stowell, of Salem, read a very interesting paper on floriculture. The floral section of the Horticultural Society is in charge of the ladies of the state, and it was under the auspices of this organization that Mrs. Stowell read her paper at the meeting held in the Chamber of Commerce hall Friday afternoon. The paper, in full, is as follows:

"The practical and utile necessarily takes precedence of every other phase of life. Physical wants must first of all be provided for. The question of what shall we eat, of what shall we drink, and where-withal we shall be clothed ever presses. It is well that it does, for it is the spur that urges us onward and prevents inertness and stagnation. Nevertheless, the toil for food and raiment only becomes monotonous and prosaic, and, if this were all, life would be but a dreary pilgrimage indeed. But it is not all. Mother Nature is very wise and very kind. To brighten the pathway of her children she implanted within them a love for the beautiful, and then scattered with a lavish hand over the broad surface of their habitations objects for its gratifications. But of all the multifarious objects which charm and cheer us, flowers are the crown jewels. The love of flowers, to some degree at least, seems to be as universal as the race, and their existence is coextensive with the possibilities of human life. Wherever the habitation of man is possible, there can be found some varieties of those symbols of divine beneficence, for the cactus fringe the burning desert and the edelweiss skirts the eternal frost. They are, in fact, the universal priests of nature, and by their gentle but voiceless ministrations soften, refine and elevate, and, as one of Oregon's most gifted poets has so beautifully written—

"These flowers are God's own syllables;  
They plead so lovingly, they lead  
So gently upward to his hills.  
If we might only learn to read—  
If we might only learn to read and know  
Christ's book of eighteen hundred years ago."

"They are indeed factors so interwoven in the fabric of all civilizations as to merit consideration even in a practical, matter-of-fact horticultural society, and hence 'A Talk on Flowers.'

"The Scriptures are full of references pertaining to flowers, and Palestine is carpeted with the choicest of them.

"Thy lilies blossom still the same  
In holy places, and thy hills  
Yet blaze with poppies and the flame  
Of yellow fax.

Thy crimson salvias, like a sea,  
Still bathe thy levels and thy steepes;  
Bright iris, bright anemone,  
Bright purple mallows and bright deeps  
Of dandelion still dash the marigold  
And pile thy flowery glories fold on fold."

"The Romans worshiped the goddess Flora and erected a magnificent temple, where annually festivals were held in her honor. Flowers have played no small part in the development of nations, and each country has for its emblem some special flower.

"The War of the Roses in England was waged for 30 years between the houses of York and Lancaster, and the flower and chivalry of England was sacrificed to maintain the supremacy of the red or white rose.

"The fleur-de-lis, according to an old tradition, was first employed as an armorial bearing by Clovis I, and represents the lily presented by an angel to that monarch at his baptism, the three fleur-de-lis of his shield being the sign of the Trinity, and since then it has spurred the French to deeds of valor.

"The thistle of Scotland, with its significant motto, 'No one provokes me with impunity,' saved the army from ignominious defeat at Bannockburn by an Englishman treading on a thistle as they were stealthily approaching the camp of the Scots. His outcry aroused the Scots in time to defeat their plans.

"The shamrock, the national emblem of Ireland, is more familiarly known as the white clover. It is said, when St. Patrick first preached the Christian faith in Ireland, before a powerful chief and his people, when he spoke of one God and of the Trinity, the chief asked how it could be in three. St. Patrick, instead of entering into an argument, stooped to the earth and plucked from the green sod a shamrock, and, holding up the trifol before them, he bade them look at the leaf and to see how the three were one, and the one was three."

honor, save in their own country. We find our beautiful trillium Oregon grape, mock orange and varieties of currants carefully cultivated in the celebrated botanical gardens of Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, while we pass them by for some inferior foreign flower.

"What more beautiful flowers than the magnificent specimens of lilies found in the Willamette valley, which rival any cultivated ones. The golden rod, rhododendron, azalia, of Southern Oregon, the dogwood, violets, orchids and dozens of others, which are just as familiar.

"On the university grounds at Salem is a small yellow and black violet flower (which we called a violet), whose fragrance fills the summer air with its perfume. It is not found in any other part of the state, to my knowledge, and may be indigenous to that locality, but is generally supposed to have been brought by some of the early missionaries from some foreign country. I have often tried to cultivate it, but it resents all interference, and so far my efforts have not been successful.

"There are about 75 varieties of wild flowers in this immediate vicinity, but, of course, there are many more in Oregon, the flora of which has not been completed, although Professor Henderson and later Drake and Dr. Bolander have devoted much time to the subject. A display was made at the world's fair by Mr. Drake, which excited the wonder and admiration of all who saw it. It may not be out of place in this connection to refer to the autumn leaves which adorn the forests of Oregon in their season. For beauty of coloring they are no mean rivals of the flowers. Their gorgeous brilliancy excites the admiration of all. But few countries are so highly favored in this respect as ours. They are becoming more and more prized every year for decorative purposes in Portland, especially the Oregon grape and vine maple.

"It is needless to speak of our ferns, for any lover of flowers has gathered the delicate maiden-hair and other varieties, which excel in beauty those in any of our greenhouses. The rose is pre-eminently the queen of flowers. Its beauty of form, its exquisite blending of coloring, and the delicacy of its fragrance have made it the favorite flower of all ages, and as such has a place in literature that is accorded to no other. There is a captivating witchery in the rose fields of Persia and Cashmere as it is etched in song and story, and it is gratifying to know that our own state is their peer in the production of this flower.

"Oregon seems to be especially adapted to it. It grows luxuriantly either on its own stalk or budded or grafted on the manetta, or even on our own wild rose. It flourishes even under the most adverse circumstances, but with a good rich soil and an abundance of sunshine it will repay one, and it becomes a labor of love. It is estimated that we import annually from California about \$1500 worth of cut flowers. The most of these cannot be grown here in winter, on account of the slight mist that prevails at that time, but our holly, which was used in the city this year for decorating, was all imported from Victoria, B. C. With a little enterprise it might be raised in our own state. The Oregon grape, which grows so luxuriantly here, is of the same species.

"John Robinson says: 'There is no spot on the farm that grows such a paying crop as that devoted to the cultivation of flowers. If it does not pay in golden coin it does in all that makes life worth staying here for.' We think the question of the farmer's boy remaining on the farm would be nearly solved if the attractiveness of the farm were increased by a few flowers and shrubbery, a smooth, green lawn, a hotbed and a small greenhouse. There the boys and girls would spend many a rainy day, and the added knowledge would more than compensate for the small amount of money expended.

"The lack of variety makes farm life irksome and monotonous, and engenders that unrest and disquietude which too often drives to the overcrowded cities. These little refinements would lead to other enterprises, and our farms would become homes indeed. The work of this society cannot be too highly commended in endeavoring to make the farm more attractive, the interest in flowers. The possibilities of this state are great; greater perhaps than we even dream of. Oregon is being rapidly denuded of its forests, and active steps are being taken to preserve them. With the march of civilization the flora will also pass away. Would it be out of place to suggest to this society that steps should be taken to this serve in our city parks specimens of our wild flowers and shrubbery, and have at least one little corner devoted to Oregon. Let us be true to its interests and may the good work of this society go on until every lawn in our state shall 'blossom as the rose.'"

And the average Eng-  
eking.

## LOSING YOUR GRIP.

A man in Oakland, Cal., is reported as having committed suicide through despondency caused by losses in speculation. A rich New Yorker, who had plenty of money left, took his life recently because of very large losses in grain speculations. Not many months ago a handsome young woman shot herself at Metropolis, Ill., because her lover broke his troth and married another. Suicides of this sort are simply proof that the self-murderers were not persons of healthy organization in mind or body; they lacked nerve tone which is the basis of what we call grit and grip. Grief strikes such natures and they hang out the white flag. Sensibility to suffering is entirely consistent with sound mental and physical health, but surrender without fight is not. A base man breaks faith with a woman; she ought to be glad she escaped marrying such a scoundrel; she ought to despise him and thank her good luck that he showed his true moral colors before she was bound by marriage to a false man, but she elects on the contrary to shoot herself for the sake of a treacherous knave that was not worth a tear, let alone her heart's blood. The suicide of this girl, who was not of the kind that suffer, and yet wax strong through suffering, is due to the very same radical lack of nerve tone, the physical basis of moral grit, that makes a man, when reverses overtake him, refuse to fight on, fight ever until he captures the flag, or dies on the battle-field sword in hand; for lack of nerve tone he either turns thief or slinks out of the world by suicide. Another illustration is the common class of men who shoot the woman who refuses to marry them and sometimes shoot themselves. It is the same miserable lack of moral grit, the same flight from and surrender to every hard fate, a natural and perhaps desirable act in a hopeless professional gambler or criminal who had by his life of wickedness burned all the bridges down between him and a better end, but an act of melancholy folly when perpetrated by a person of reputable character and humane instincts in a moment of moral cowardice.

As a matter of fact duty is only another name for difficulty, and the man or woman who consents to suicide or moral self-surrender whenever some scoundrel makes them suffer sentimentally, or calamity cuts the cable of their business anchor, is an invalid, a subject for debate among doctors, who sometimes heal such people, rather than a candidate for the world's effusive sympathy and sorrow. The men and women who suffer just as keenly as the cowards, but in face of failure continue to fight in the spirit of Nelson, when he said, "Now for a peerage or Westminster Abbey"—that is, victory or gallant death and an honorable burial—are the best objects of the world's sympathy and sorrow when they are found with their backs to the field and their feet to the foe. The world is fond of a successful man, and yet the world is just enough to treat respectfully every stout fellow, who has every gift of good soldier-ship save good fortune. The world says, "You didn't win, but you made a good fight as long as your hardy hand had strength enough to swing your battle axe," and the world gives you the praise that if not a successful general, you were a manly soldier. You didn't break for the bomb proof when the battle grew bitter; you didn't turn guerrilla; you didn't rob the dead nor pillage the camp; you didn't say, whin-ingly, "Success or suicide." You accepted a soldier's fate with a soldier's courage. You are entitled to the sympathy and admiration of all brave men who make an honest fight for success, who display a hero's courage even if they miss a hero's rewards. It is common to cry over the good, but spiritless and cowardly people who kill themselves on the graves of their buried hopes. A girl who dies because of her love for a base man is a text for the sentimental eloquence of fiction, while the girl who sues for breach of promise and recovers damages is sneered at as a mercenary, indelicate person. But for the business of this world the girl who scouts suicide and sues for damages, is altogether the most sensible person of the two. She doesn't pretend that she has suffered any incurable wound because she has been jilted, but she reasons fairly that all delicacy is wasted on the memory of a treacherous scoundrel; she has suffered a serious practical injury to her marriage prospects; she wastes no time in trying to touch the traitor's heart indirectly; she stabs it by striking straight from the shoulder for his pocket and taking without scruple whatever the law gives her; she is not a heroic figure for a modern novel, but she has chosen altogether a better and more sensible part than suicide; she reasons that no scoundrel is worth an hour of sorrow or regret; if he can be made to pay for his treason, very well; if not, "let the wild world wag as it will; I'll be gay and happy still." Kissing the picture of a contemptible fellow who doesn't care a fig for you, and im-molating yourself on the high altar of your bruised affections is excellent fustian, fine padding for cheap fiction; but for everyday life the plucky man or woman who thanks God the traitor has taken to flight before his treason was irremediable, throws the picture into the fire and makes ready for a better fate, is, if not





CORNELIA AND HER JEWELS.

#### OUR PICTURES.

THE cut on the first page of this number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY illustrates a story familiar to every student of Roman history. Cornelia, the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, was the daughter of Scipio Africanus the Elder. Left a widow, she was offered marriage with the King of Egypt, but preferred to devote herself to the education of her children. When a rich friend once exhibited to her a cabinet of rare gems, she called in her two sons, saying, "*These are my jewels!*" Her statue bore the inscription by which she wished to be known: "The Mother of the Gracchi."



Wednesday morning 3 a.m.  
February 31" 1900.

THE MORNING O

GRAND PATRIOTIC celebration this evening, at 8, Hibernia hall, Sixth and Washington. Address, Hon. John M. Gearin; national melodies. Admission, 25c and 50c.\*

REMOVAL NOTICE.—The Electric Laundry Company has removed to 126 Fifth street, where they will be pleased to meet their old patrons.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

#### "Red, White and Blue" at Metropolitan.

Commencing Sunday evening, the Metropolitan company will produce the latest successful military drama, dealing with strong situations of the late Spanish-American war, entitled "Red, White and Blue." The cast will be strengthened by five people and 50 supernumeraries. New specialties will be introduced by Miss Georgie Cooper and Miss Laura Adams. Mr. Norfleet, who is so popular this week as the baron in "O'Brien, the Contractor," has a strong part in the cast. Mr. King, of course, will play the leading role. Manager Jones is preparing a complete new

## PIONEER PASSED AWAY

JOHN M. BRECK, VETERAN MERCHANT,  
CHANT, IS DEAD.

Had Lived in Portland Nearly Fifty  
Years and Was Mayor of  
the City in 1861.

John M. Breck, the pioneer merchant is dead. After a lingering illness of about three months' duration, superinduced by old age and a general failure of vitality, he expired at his home, at 935 Corbett street, at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Breck's condition was not considered dangerous until about a week ago when he began to sink rapidly. His only living son, George, who resides in San Francisco, was telegraphed for and arrived in Portland several days ago.



JOHN M. BRECK.

set of scenery for each act, and there is no doubt that this production will be a good one. The Metropolitan has been entirely refitted and renovated, and is really one of the most comfortable theaters in the city, warm and pleasant.

#### The Frawleys' Programme.

The Frawley company will arrive in the city tomorrow morning, and will rest until Sunday night, when they open at the Metropolitan with "The Sporting Duchess."

The Frawley engagement is the heaviest in the history of Cordray's theater. The company is said to be the best Actor-Manager Frawley has ever had under his control, and if it scores a hit on its opening performance there is no doubt as to the success of the season here.

The programme for the three weeks' stay of the company at Cordray's

was with his father during his hours.

The funeral will be from the late residence Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock, and the interment will be at Elver cemetery.

John M. Breck had been closely identified with Portland since 1851, and been prominent in the affairs of the metropolis of the North Pacific coast for nearly a half century. He was born in Berks county, Pennsylvania, April 1828. His father was a native of Berks but the family is of old English descent, having come from the mother country in 1634. The family settled in Dorchester, Mass., and became prominent in the affairs of that country. Some of the family won renown in the Revolutionary war. Mr. Breck was educated in



## THE LATE JUDGE BRONAUGH.



Earl C. Bronaugh, the well-known attorney, died last night at 8:45 o'clock at his residence, corner of Front street and Lowell avenue.

The immediate cause of his death was a general giving out of the vital forces. He was taken sick about three months ago, and during the month of January he contracted la grippe. For a long time he was kept up with stimulants, but he gradually rallied, and Saturday last was able to walk over to his son's house. Sunday he also felt fairly strong. He collapsed about 6 o'clock last evening, and went peacefully to the end, surrounded by his wife and other members of the family.

He was aged 68 years and 2 days. A wife and two sons, Earl C. Bronaugh, jr., and J. P. Bronaugh, survive him; also grandchildren.

Judge Bronaugh was held in high esteem by the members of his profession, not only for his talents and profound knowledge of the law, but for his fairness and integrity in all his business transactions with them. In private life his gentle, kindly nature and genuine piety endeared him to a large circle of friends.

He was a man of strong individuality, and, aside from the practice of his legal profession, his favorite occupation was the study of the Bible. His numerous articles pertaining to Biblical research are familiar to all.

The most recent business association of Judge Bronaugh was as a member of the firm of Bronaugh, Fenton, McArthur & Bronaugh. He retired upon the death of L. L. McArthur, about two years ago. Since that time he had visited his office almost daily, but only to attend to his private affairs.

Mr. Bronaugh was born March 4, 1831, in Abington, Va. When 12 years of age he removed with his parents to Shelby county, Tennessee, where they founded their new home in the woods. Here young Bronaugh spent several years of his life, and succeeded in obtaining a fair education, although meager were the facilities. In 1849, when 18 years of age, he became imbued with the desire to study law, and entered the office of Hon. J. W. Clapp, one of the best-known lawyers in Mississippi, and in 1851 was admitted to the bar. Finding himself without sufficient means to proceed as he desired with his new calling, he taught school for two years in Tennessee and Arkansas.

In 1854 he married Araminta Payne, of Jacksonville, Ark. He removed with his wife to Brownsville, Ark., and opened an attorney's office in a little log cabin designed and built by himself, with the aid of a colored boy.

He was never in sympathy with slavery, but was a firm believer in state sovereignty, and when his native state seceded he went with her, heart and soul, and enlisted in the hopes of the new confederacy.

In 1860 he was elected judge of the first judicial circuit of Arkansas, which office he filled until the close of the civil war. About this time he decided to cast his fortunes in the West, also thinking the change would prove beneficial to the health of his family. He arrived in Portland in November, 1868, and formed a partnership with John Catlin, lasting two years. He next made one of the firm of Dolph, Bronaugh, Dolph & Simon. Here he remained until 1882, at which time J. N. Dolph was elected United States senator. The partnership was dissolved, Mr. Bronaugh going to California. Here he passed two years on a fruit farm in the beautiful Santa Clara valley. Returning to Portland, the firm of Whalley, Bronaugh & Northup was formed, and afterwards that of Bronaugh, Fenton, McArthur & Bronaugh.

Judge Bronaugh was a hard student, and ranked among the very best lawyers of the Northwest, and enjoyed a large practice. His death will be regretted by all who knew him.



# AN OREGON PIONEER

DR. WM. C. MCKAY, OF PENDLETON

Death of an Old Indian-Fighter  
Whose Life Was a Part and Parcel of Oregon's History.

PENDLETON, Or., Jan. 2.—Dr. William C. McKay died of heart failure at his home near the Umatilla Indian agency this morning. He ate a hearty breakfast and went to the barn to care for his horse. He was found soon after lying by the horse's feet in the stall, dead. Sheriff B. B. Bishop, who is also justice of the peace, and Drs. Smith and Guyon, went to the agency for the purpose of holding an inquest, but it was not deemed necessary. McKay was one of the oldest and best-known pioneers in the state. He was coroner of Umatilla county, and until recently was government physician on the Umatilla reservation. He leaves a widow and three sons and one daughter, all grown.

## A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Dr. McKay a Part of Oregon's Early History.

Dr. McKay was an Astorian by birth, having been born in the county seat of Clatsop county March 18, 1824. He, with his father and grandfather, figured prominently in the early history of Oregon. His father, Thomas McKay, was born in Canada. When 14 years old he, together with his father, Alexander McKay, then a partner of John Jacob Astor, left for Oregon to establish a trading post. The expedition sailed in the ill-fated ship Tonquin, and in due time arrived at the mouth of the Columbia. A company was formed under the title of the Pacific Fur Company, and a settlement made at a point known as Astoria. Soon after its establishment Alexander McKay went up the coast on a trading voyage. His vessel, the Tonquin, was taken by the Indians, the goods carried off and the vessel blown up. Washington Irving tells how the Indians crowded aboard the vessel, killed all but four sailors and the carpenter, who hid below the hatchways. Subsequently all four sailors escaped from the vessel in a boat and were lost. The carpenter, the only one left, induced a great number of the Indians aboard, when he went below and blew up the ship, losing his own life in his revenge for the death of his fellow-sailors. Owing to sickness, young McKay did not accompany his father. Thus left to his own resources, he remained in Astoria. Soon after his father's death the war resulted in the mastery of the British on this coast. The vessels of the Pacific Fur Company were intercepted and confiscated by English cruisers, and to prevent its capture the trading post of Astoria was transferred to the Northwest Company, a Canadian organization. It soon became a prominent station of the Hudson Bay Company, with which powerful organization young McKay became connected, his services being invaluable. He was placed in charge of all important expeditions, and his word was law. He was feared and respected by the Indians, and it was due to his influence as much as anything else that the trading operations of the company were carried on so peacefully with the red men, who, at that time, little suspected that the whites would soon be the dominant race. He was one of those remarkable characters that find their fitting and most perfect type in pioneer life; a crack shot, brave, but cautious, resolute and determined in his actions, and was viewed by the Indians as a terrible and wonderful being, gifted with almost supernatural powers.

## BIRTH OF WILLIAM C.

He married a princess of the Chinook tribe, and March 18, 1824, William C. McKay was born. During his boyhood days he was given to the care of Dr. McLoughlin, who was governor of the territory occupied by the Hudson Bay Company, and stationed at Vancouver. His young mind was trained by two "Yankee" teachers, John Bent, of Massachusetts, and Solomon H. Smith, of New Hampshire, the father of Silas B. Smith, of Clatsop. These two teachers were the first school-teachers who ever came to Oregon. They came across the Rocky mountains with Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, the founder of the Pacific Fur Company, of Boston, in 1822. Two Methodist missionaries were his next educators. At the age of 14 his father concluded to send him to Scotland to school, particularly to study the art of medicine, for his father de-

tillas, Walla Walla and Cayuses obeyed the request, and the guilty Indians were yielded up to the avenging white man, and duly tried and executed at Oregon City. The chiefs of the Indians who were present at the trial invited Dr. McKay to establish a trading post in their midst, and the offer was accepted. He established a post a short distance from where the city of Pendleton now stands, then on the outskirts of civilization, and his station became the general rendezvous of traders and travelers throughout this entire region. In the spring of 1852 he returned to Oregon City, but soon went back to his station and did a rushing business until the Yakima war in 1855, when he, with many others, lost all his possessions. The cause of this war was a treaty that had been made with the Indians that year in which all of their lands east of the Cascades, to the line of the Missouri river, were purchased and their occupation begun. Valuable mines were discovered, and with the sudden rush of whites came distrust on the part of the Indians. They feared extermination, and, in their usual unreasoning way, declared war. The treaty had been made on the present site of Walla Walla. General I. I. Stevens, the first governor of Washington territory, and General Joe Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, with their associates, met the head men of the Indians in council.

## HIS FORTUNE GONE.

Dr. William C. McKay took a prominent part in the deliberations of the council, as secretary of the council for Oregon, and when the Indians subsequently went to war, McKay was singled out by them as a prominent object of their wrath. In revenge for fancied wrongs, they totally destroyed his property, thus crippling in fortune forever one of their best and most influential friends. Almost immediately after the treaty the war began, lasting two years, the Indians, as usual, doing all the deviltry they could before being forced into submission. In this war Dr. McKay took a prominent part, his services as a scout being found of extraordinary value by the commanding generals, who were totally unacquainted with the style of Indian warfare. In the fall of 1856 Dr. McKay acted as guide for the expeditions of Generals Wright and Steptoe, and it was he who selected the site of Fort Walla Walla, and a garrison was there established at his suggestion. In the meantime the doctor had taken unto himself a wife, marrying Miss Mary Campbell at The Dalles in October, 1857.

## AGAIN ON THE WARPATH.

The Indians again began to make trouble for the now hated palefaces at the close of the civil war. The red man could not remain quiet and see his possessions wrested from him. The Snakes began a bush-whacking style of warfare, harassing the entire mining section, intercepting and confiscating pack trains and supply outfits, and taking the scalps of straggling unfortunates. Everything was thrown into a state of chaos; miners were compelled to cease operations because of lack of supplies which traders were unable to send. The United States soldiers seemed powerless or unwilling to take any action, and, indeed, one wily redskin, familiar with every nook and cranny of his mountain home, was more than a match for a dozen bluecoats. Finally, measures for defense became absolutely necessary, and again McKay went to the front. A petition was signed by the settlers and sent to Governor Woods, of this state, asking in the name of God that volunteers be organized as a means of protection against the devastations of the Snakes. A bill was thereupon introduced in the Oregon legislature for three companies of volunteers, but an amendment was proposed by Judge Humason, representative from The Dalles. He said volunteers were all well enough in their way, but his plan was to fight Greeks with Greeks and Indians with Indians. He moved that a company of Warm Springs Indians be raised, and that Dr. William C. McKay be placed at their head. The amendment went through with a rush. General Steele, commander of the department of the Columbia, proposed that the scouts be equipped with the necessary arms and accoutrements, and be regularly mustered into the United States service. As is usual in such cases, a quantity of red tape was wound around the proceedings, and the Indians were kept waiting at The Dalles for three or four months, impatient for action, but not yet supplied with everything necessary to well-regulated warfare from a tactician's standpoint.

## IN THE FIELD AT LAST.

At last, in the dead of winter, the company was inspected by General Steele, and McKay was asked when it was advisable to begin the campaign. "Now," he replied.

## STREET ETIQUETTE.

Good Manners of Men and Women When Out of Doors.

There is no attention so useless and annoying, offered by a well-meaning young man to a woman, as that of steering her about the public highways by her elbow. At night a man always offers his feminine companion his arm—his left arm invariably. When walking with a woman at night he offers only one his arm, and that to the elder of the couple. In daylight he never offers his arm at a woman unless the lady is old and infirm, really in need of it, and never must be venturing to put his hand under the elbow, and rather push than aid her along.

This is a stupid, ungraceful custom, and not in the least an assistance; it is also a familiarity, though it is not intended as such, and at any time, when walking with a woman, it is a superfluous and annoying attention to seize her elbow as she comes to a pause or a street crossing. A courteous man will always place a lady on the inside of the street, that is, nearest the house line, keep step with her, moderate his pace to hers, lift his hat when she bows, whether he knows her friend or not. In her pass before him upstairs and in any vehicle. This same man will never presume to retain his pipe, cigarette or cigar when he walks in public with a woman, nor should he ask her permission to make a light and smoke in her presence on the street. At the same time he must not swing his cane or umbrella about, and wear his hands in his pockets, though he need not, if he meets a woman in public, keep his hands in his hand.

It is etiquette, when a gentleman meets a lady on the street and wishes to speak to her at length, for him to turn out of his own course and walk beside her without bringing her to a halt to listen to him. As he comes up he lifts his hat, asks permission to join her, resumes his hat instantly and lifts it again when she leaves her. If she arrives at her door and he lingers there for a few words, he need not stand bareheaded. When being in the street he lifts his hat a few inches and inclines his head, and he invariably waits for her to recognize him first, unless they are good friends of long acquaintance. Then the recognition is spontaneous on both sides.

Should he accompany a lady to her own door, or to the house where she may be going to pay a call, he will go up the steps of the house and does not leave her until the door is opened to her she passes in. In case it is a short time she is bound for, he leaves her at the door and does not presume to enter, however much he may wish, unless he intends at least simulating a purchase, or she enters his company further. If she wishes to enter a public conveyance it is in no taste for him to remain, signal to her, see her safely on the platform, or the car, or close her cab door, and by lifting his hat, pass on.

A man is not obligated ever to pay a woman's car or cab fare unless he has requested her to accompany him to a place of amusement in either of these vehicles. It is true that this attitude in a street car or bus is on his part impermissible, if they enter the conveyance on his or her invitation whether they meet in the vehicle, or enter it together by accident. So trifling is the so-called involved that no man can begrudge any woman refuse to accept it. In case of a cab, however, it is a breach of civility for a man to offer a woman of its hire, unless he is its temporary proprietor, and the female mate his guest.

In a street car no gentleman ever offers his seat to a woman when the conveyance is full. To do this he

lifts his hat, and if the woman he obliges does not see what he intends, he makes his offer of a seat and again lifts his hat in acknowledgement of her thanks. It is a fact equally well established that no gentleman ever expectorates on a sidewalk, or on the floor of a car, nor does he use his handkerchief for this purpose. Whether or not he is in a woman's company, a public conveyance, she follows him out of it. If, when riding with a woman friend in a street car, she rises to get out, he stands up and lifts his hat, but does not assist her out, unless she is infirm as was an elderly.

It is never kind nor graceful for a man to demur or try to force a woman her money if he offers to pay her car fare, neither is it good form for a man to walk with a woman who is walking.



FIRST LEGISLATURE

THE FIRST. THAT IS TO SAY, UNDER THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

Extracts From an Article Published About Fifteen Years Ago in the Alta California.

The first legislature of Oregon under the territorial government was a singular body of men. Conspicuous in it was Matthew P. Deady, subsequently one of the district judges and associate justices of the territorial supreme court, president of the constitutional convention, one of the three district judges and supreme court justices of the state, and for years judge of the United States circuit court, sitting at Portland. He had emigrated from Ohio, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar, taught school in Yamhill county, Or., and from that came into public life under such favorable auspices as to insure his constant and gradual promotion to the dignity of the bench. His opposite in the legislature was old Sam Parker, not one of the first families of the Old Dominion, who had as little respect for "book-larnin'" as Brother Jasper has for the belief that the earth revolves about the sun. It was old Sam that wanted the legislature to adopt the law that three pecks should make a bushel, as he was a farmer and interested. The election of General Taylor as president in 1848, and the appointment of General Gaines, of Kentucky, as governor of Oregon, and of whigs to all other federal offices in the territory, displacing Governor Jo Lane and the democratic incumbents, caused a sharp turn in the affairs of the territory, whose citizens were mainly democrats. General John Adair, of the distinguished Kentucky family of that name, which had furnished military heroes and a United States senator to the republic, had been appointed by President Polk as collector of Astoria, the only port of Oregon at that time. He was removed to give place to

George Gibbs.

His deputy, who subsequently distinguished himself as the most celebrated in acquiring and interpreting the vernaculars, the dialects and the jargon of the various Indian tribes of the Northwest. He was a native of Connecticut, and the author of the witty toast at a banquet, "The Nutmeg State—Where Can Be Found a Greater?" It amazingly tickled sturdy old General Mansfield, of that state, who died while inspector-general of the United States army. Judge Nelson was appointed supreme court judge of the territory by President Taylor, with Judge Strong as one of the associate justices. Judge Nelson was an amiable, courteous, estimable gentleman, of the old school, learned and conservative in law. Judge Strong was a large-framed, ponderous, stalwart man, less learned, but of more positive qualities. He was aggressive and somewhat overbearing, but he was honest and a very resolute whig. General Hamilton, of Ohio, was another of Taylor's appointees, a Virginian by birth, an Ohioan by adoption, a good lawyer, a scrupulously honest man and a precisionist in his profession. Tall, slender, dignified, polished in the arts of refined society, he was little fitted to encounter the freedom or permit the unrestrained manners of men whose lives have been passed upon the frontier. The Oregonians of that period, except the missionaries, had been bred in the comparatively wild life of the outside settlements in Kentucky, in Missouri, in Iowa and Illinois and Indiana. They had been reared to the freest independence, and unpolished habits; but they were men, every inch, and confronted dangers as they would have squared themselves in camp for an attack upon the prepared meal. They respected lawful authority, but they bowed to none clad in that authority beyond the measure of the man. They were as so many

Boones and Crocketts

Subletters, and Williams and Fitzpatricks—hunters, trappers, mountain men, fearless, but not vicious, frank, but not offensive, or not meaning to be so. They had been accustomed to going barefoot had been accustomed to going barefoot or in moccasins, when boots, or shoes were not to be had, to camping out, to subsisting upon boiled wheat and venison and other wild game, to dressing in coarse and other wild game, with the fancifully garb, or in deerskins, with the fancifully

the district courts and the territorial supreme court; William H. Farrar, as United States district attorney, and John McCracken as United States marshal. Judge Pratt was the ablest of the bench. Williams had come from Iowa. He was then as ultra in his democracy as John C. Calhoun, or became so. He afterwards went over to the Douglas democracy and subsequently landed in the republican party, just after the election of Lincoln; was Chosen United States Senator.

Thence appointed one of the high joint commission to settle the Alabama claims with England, and from that stepped into the attorney-general's office and into the cabinet by appointment under Grant. He is now practicing law in Portland, Or. McCracken resigned and accepted a similar position in Washington territory, and afterward became a delegate to congress. He died a few years ago. Judge Deady was appointed to succeed him on the Oregon bench. Judge Pratt resigned and Cyrus Olney, from Iowa, was appointed to succeed him. Olney resigned after the constitutional convention, and R. P. Boise was appointed to his place. Of all these Pratt and Deady were the ablest judges. Judge Pratt was the most learned and best read in law; Deady, of most capacious mind. Boise is still in Oregon, and has served upon the supreme bench for years under the state government, by election. He is an able lawyer and made a good judge. Olney was a judicial crank, yet an honest, conscientious magistrate. A few instances will indicate his changeable habit of mind and his queer nature. Upon resigning from the bench in 1857, he determined to take his family to the Sandwich islands, and sailed for Honolulu in a vessel from Portland. It was morning when the ship arrived at that port. Judge Olney went ashore, looked about Honolulu that day, and, without visiting any other place or seeing any other of the Hawaiian group, he took passage for his return to Oregon upon another vessel that sailed the very next day. At another time he bought the Ankeny residence in Portland, then the most pretentious and commodious private residence in the city. He thought it lacked in fireplaces and chimneys, and had 16 chimneys built to suit his fancy. Soon after, he sold the place at a sacrifice. But his last investment proved the clearness of his mind and sagacity in that respect. It was the purchase of the McClure tract in Astoria, now of great value. Under

The Democratic Administration.

That party in the territory became torn by internal dissensions. It was so overwhelmingly strong in numbers that its members, for lack of any other formidable adversaries, began to fight each other. Governor Davis was a good and an honest man, but he was unequal to the situation. The combination known afterward as the Salem clique was too powerful and altogether too able for the governor. He left the territory and returned to Indiana. Curry, the territorial secretary, became acting governor, and at length governor de facto. Among the ablest of the combination were James W. Nesmith, Asahel Bush, Judge Williams, Judge Deady, Ben F. Harding, Governor Curry, Fred Waymire, Lafayette Grover, and Reuben P. Boise. With his Statesman as the democratic organ, Bush was a power in himself. Judge Pratt was the leader of the opposition to the combination. He furnished the means to establish another democratic organ, the Standard, in Portland, with Alonzo Leland, a Rhode Island man, as conductor. Leland was a clever writer, but no match for Bush. There was also in Portland the Democratic Times, published by Carter & Waterman, with the latter as editor, but he was weak and imprudent, with no qualifications for leadership. Joseph C. Avery, of Corvallis, was the ablest of the opposition leaders, after Judge Pratt, and his superior in political craft and organization. Colonel James K. Kelly was the most popular of their number. The whig party of the Union was virtually defunct. The overwhelming defeat of 1852 had killed it, but the whigs of Oregon persisted in maintaining their party organization.

Washington Territory

Had been created out of Oregon territory and taken from it the valuable region north of the Columbia river, and above Snake river, and from the Columbia to the Pacific ocean, embracing Puget sound. Judge Strong had his home in Washington territory and there presided, after the division, until removed by President Pierce. He was, however, the acknowledged leader of the whigs in the two territories. That party had twice fruitlessly attempted to defeat General Jo Lane for delegate to congress—the last time with George W. Lawson, a man of wild and absurdisms, and as little qualified for the office as Jerry Sneak was for the mayoralty of Garratt. The quarrels of the clique and the opposition democrats culminated in open political war. Conspicuous in this, on the side of the Salem clique, was Delazon Smith, who had emigrated from Iowa to the territory. He had been minister to Peru under President John Tyler, and afterwards became a preacher in

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEATHER.

Comparisons That Will Be Read With Interest by the "Oldest Inhabitants."

Predictions of a dry season, an open winter, and of all the unusual things which the "oldest inhabitant" thinks he has a quit-claim deed to, but hasn't, have been heard until the short month of February came along and upset all of the wise sayings. While February was not a wet or a cold month, still the precipitation was about the normal amount, and the temperature was slightly lower than the average.

Yesterday morning was the coldest so far recorded within the past twelve months, when the minimum thermometer registered 23 deg. The last day of February had a mean temperature of 31 deg., the only day since the 26th of February, 1890, that the mean temperature was below the freezing point. The records of the weather bureau furnish many interesting and valuable facts. The records in themselves are, to many, very dry, and it is only to the more observant that the figures prove of value. As their use and practical utility become more apparent, the value of them will be more readily seen by the masses.

A comparison with the past two years may not be amiss, as yet the nights are frosty and a few patches of snow can be seen on the shady sides of the heights. In 1889 on February 22, a few shrubs were opening their petals. On March 6, peach trees were in bloom in many parts of the city. March 7 it was so warm and the streets were so dusty that the street sprinklers were in use and open cars were on the tracks. On March 22 fruit trees were generally in full bloom; on or near the 25th the trees were coming into full leaf and the festive youth appeared in spring clothes and the highly colored straw hat.

In 1890 in the fore part of February came the flood and heating on First street. The 28th of February was the coldest day of the year. It was not until the 15th of March that buds began to swell. On the 22d leaves on shrubs began to show. On April 10 peach trees were in blossom. On April 24 fruit trees were generally in bloom and leaves on trees were nearly developed. Straw hats were generally worn by the 25th.

The spring of 1890 was about four weeks later than in 1889. In January, 1891, buds were swelling and in sections of the state leaves and blossoms were common. February came along and nipped those early manifestations of spring, and now with signs of the present cold snap breaking, we can be reasonably sure of signs of spring to appear within a few days.

WALLOWA VALLEY. 1887

An Old Indian Legend Connected with that Portion of Oregon—A Lovely Sheet of Water.

Among the many magnificent valleys with which the eastern portion of the state is diversified may be mentioned the Wallowa, whose history, were it written, would be full of fantastic legends, says the Hoppner Gazette.

This valley was at one time the home of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces. It will be remembered that about the possession of this valley one of the most determined Indian wars was waged. It had been ceded to the whites by the father of Chief Joseph many years ago, and a few white settlers made their homes in the valley. But when young Joseph came to be chief he claimed the valley on the grounds that his father had no right to cede the valley to the whites. This was the indirect cause that brought about the war, in which Chief Joseph was pursued over 1000 miles by Gen. Howard.

There is a beautiful Indian legend in connection with the lake of water in the southern part of the valley. The Indians would never bathe in the lake. They would fish in its waters, but were always very careful never to enter it. A party of whites were camped on the banks of the lake, and one evening were making preparations to leave, when they were warned not to do so. Curiously prompted one of the party to ascertain the objection of the Indians. He was informed that in the long past the tribe had lived on the borders of the lake. An Indian maiden, one of the daughters of the chief, was the promised bride of a stalwart brave. One evening he was returning from the chase laden with the trophy of his skill. His betrothed came out on the mountain side to meet him. She had almost reached his side when some fierce monster sprung out of the forest and seized her. The Indian brave hastened with all possible speed to save his bride, but the monster plunged to the base of the mountain, and there plunged into the lake, carried the girl to the center where they sank, never being seen again. The Indian warrior hastened to the border and, the Indian said, disappeared. The waters of the lake were henceforth held sacred to the spirits of the two Indians.

The lake is about five miles long, and the water is as pure as a crystal. At some places it was not possible to reach the bottom with several fathoms fastened together. It is the most beautiful body of water in the world.



# DEATH OF GENERAL CROOK.

The sudden death of General Crook at Chicago yesterday removes the best known of the younger group of army officers, whose reputation has been made or notably increased since the war. General Crook had a very creditable war record, but he was not one of the small number of generals who achieved special distinction and high command. His most substantial and enduring reputation was made on the frontier in the twenty years following the war. He was not only a bold and sagacious Indian fighter, but a thorough Indian diplomat. No officer in the service understood the Indian character better than he, or was more successful in those tedious and delicate negotiations which often accomplish more than battles. He had command successively at the two most important outposts of the country, in the department of the Platte, on the Sioux frontier, during and after the Sitting Bull outbreak, and in Arizona during the Apache troubles. His achievements in both stations, taking into account the difficulties he had to encounter, justify the high esteem in which his military capacity is held by the army and the country.

His evidence of rare and fine personal qualities in General Crook that his character commanded the respect and admiration of enemies—even savage enemies—as well as that of followers and friends. No officer of the army possessed the confidence of the Indians and wielded more influence over them than General Crook. Their fear of him was tempered by absolute faith in his honesty. He never lied to them, and they believed that he would fulfill his promises as faithfully as his threats. His power over the Sioux was well illustrated in his service as a member of the commission for opening the Dakota reservations last summer. His word went for more with them than all the promises or threats of president, congressmen or politicians. They believed him when he told them they should be fairly paid for their lands. They believed him when he told them that if they interfered with the proceedings of the commission by violence, he would make them suffer for it. His presence on the commission made it successful. It would have failed without him, as it did the year before. This was General Crook's last conspicuous public service, though not his last prominent appearance before the public. This was equally creditable to his generous and humane nature, though perhaps less so his military judgment. But he was a man as well as a soldier, and was probably well content that nearly the last act of his life was a humane, though perhaps injudicious, championship of the cause of the dwindling remnant of his most savage enemies, the Arizona Apaches. As General Crook was the first officer to make a national military reputation after the war, he was the first not in high command during that struggle to rise to the rank of major general, which he has held barely two years. His death leaves the grade open to another officer of the same class. The ranking brigadier is General Miles, who, like General Crook, carved out a brilliant military fame upon the savage frontier. The president is not bound to appoint Miles to the vacant major generalship, but in view of his services and the fact that his commission is four years older than that of the next in rank, it will be rather extraordinary if he does not do so. This appointment will probably carry with it a transfer of station from San Francisco to Chicago, and deprive the Pacific coast of an officer who has won his laurels in fighting its battles, from the time he helped finish the Nez Perce war till he put an end to the Apache trouble in Arizona. Several other changes of station are likely to follow. The new brigadier cannot expect to succeed General Miles at San Francisco, nor to supersede the present commanders of the more important departments of the West. His natural destination would be Texas or the Columbia. If General Gibbon is relieved here, his promotion to the San Francisco station would be a natural and convenient thing, although General Stanley, now in Texas, ranks him by a year, and may claim the division.

## EARLY RIVER PILOTS.

### Pioneer Steamboat Men of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers.

#### FIRST STEAMER BUILT IN OREGON

Whale-boats, Batteaux and Canoes the Favorite Methods of Navigation—Explosion of the Gazelle—The Old Multnomah.

More than twenty years ago, in Portland, I was furnished with a compilation of records of river steam-boat navigation of Oregon, by Theodore Wygant, intended for publication. I had already prepared several papers upon the subject on information derived from sources such as I could pick up in conversation with steam-boat men, and these were published in THE DAILY OREGONIAN. As a matter of course the narratives were somewhat faulty—inaccurate in special qualities of incidents and facts, and in some cases manifestly erroneous. Still, the erring chronicles had been related by men whose purpose was to state only the facts, but the common infirmity of lapse of memory misled them into misstatements, and the gathering of years upon the period of recital had confused dates and individuals. Mr. Wygant was especially qualified for the self-imposed and generously proffered task, the product of which he offered to me. He was one of the early steam-boat men of Oregon; had entered the service in the vigor of youth and pursued it during the years toward ripening prime of life. Young, assiduous, faithful to duty and invariably courteous to every class of persons, he was all the time a close observer of the steamboating traffic of the country and an accurate chronicler of its progress and condition. As clerk and as pursuer for several years upon the boats which plied the Willamette and the Columbia, he had acquired thorough knowledge of the subject, and they were mainly Theodore Wygant's records of steam-boating in Oregon, as they were noted down for me more than twenty years ago, which are here presented.

The first steam-boat built in Oregon was a small side-wheeler, named the Columbia. She was built at Upper Astoria, or, as it was commonly known at that time, Adair's Astoria, a mile above the Astoria of Astor and the Tonquin expedition of 1810, subsequently the Fort St. George of the Hudson Bay Company, and the restored Astoria of American occupation agreeably to the Northwestern treaty of 1846 with Great Britain. The Columbia was owned by Captain Dan Frost and others. She was launched in 1850, and ran upon the route between Astoria and Oregon City, which was then the capital of the territory and chief trading mart. Although of poor model and indifferent construction, the Columbia made many profitable trips and richly rewarded her owners for one or two seasons. The rates for passage and freight were enormous—up to the California gold fever scale—and as the only other means of travel on the river were by whale-boats, batteaux and canoes, very tedious and at times hazardous. The little Columbia was inadequate to the increasing traffic; her machinery was transferred to the Fashion, built on larger plan, and her hull was wrecked in the summer flooding of the river.

Christmas day, 1850, was red letter day, aside from the universal holiday in Oregon, made so by the launching of the steam-boat Lot Whitcomb at Milwaukie, then the rival "city" of Oregon City and of Portland, and regarded by its founders as the future chief city of Oregon. The Lot Whitcomb was a side-wheeler of handsome model and good power, fitted up to the requirements of the period. The launching was made the occasion of the greatest rejoicing known in Oregon up to that time. Hundreds attended from all the settlements to witness and participate in the novel spectacle and joyous scene, and the festivities were continued into the day succeeding, with dancing and hilarious frolics. Captain J. C. Ainsworth was put in command of the grand new steam-boat, the crack boat of the territory, with Mississippi high-pressure style of boilers and engines and general construction. She proved a prosperous venture for her first owners—Lot Whitcomb, Benjamin Jennings, Dolph Dannab, S. S. White, and others, who sold her to Abernethy & Co., Captain Ainsworth and Jacob Kamm. The Whitcomb plied irregularly between Oregon City and Astoria, Portland and the Cascades, and engaged

up-freights were not heavy—thirty-five tons was the largest load of the first season of her running. In 1852 the boat was lengthened to accommodate the increase of transportation which had swelled beyond her capacity, and she made a great deal of money for her owners. They were encouraged to build another boat, and Captain Leonard White joined in the enterprise. She was a small stern-wheeler, called the Shoalwater, and was designed for the lowest stage of water on the river. She proved a failure. Their next venture was the building, in 1853, of a larger stern-wheeler, after the Mississippi model, with disconnected engines, high pressure, and fine cabins and state-rooms. She was named Wallamet. After an unprofitable season on the upper river, she was brought over the falls and put on the route between Portland and Astoria. She passed into the hands of Captains Dick Hoyt and Murray and John M. Beck and others, who took her to San Francisco and ran an opposition line on the Sacramento, to disastrous ending.

Captain Len. White and General Mack McCarver bought the Shoalwater and refitted her with new engines and in other respects. The collapse of a flue was the first accident of the kind on the river, and caused fear of her safety to passengers. Subsequently she passed through several changes of name: "Fenix,"—the phonographic style of Len. White—Franklin, and Minnie Holmes, and was at last broken up.

The success of the Canemah in 1852 encouraged Benjamin Simpson and others to build a steam-boat for the Upper river. She was called The Oregon, and resulted in loss to her owners, as she was poorly fitted for the traffic.

In the summer of 1853 was inaugurated an enterprise which promised grand results upon the Upper Willamette in steam-boating and facilities of transportation. A California company, headed by Daniel D. Page, purchased the land on the Linn City side of the river, immediately below and above the falls, and built important improvements—ware-house and wharves, to facilitate the handling of freight from the upper to the lower basin, by hoisting-works, and secure safe landing for the steamers. Misfortune attended their enterprise from the start. Their first boat was burned upon the stocks, October, 1853, and immediately the building of another was begun. She was launched early in 1854, named the Gazelle, and made her first trip March 18 of that year. April 8 her boilers exploded at the wharf, killing about twenty persons and wounding others. Among the killed were Mr. Page, the head of the enterprise, and the Rev. Mr. Miller, three of whose daughters in after years became the wives of Congressman J. Wilson, United States Senator James K. Kelly and General Cavier Grover. The Oregon in the employ of the company, had on March 23, a total loss, was another in the line of disasters. The company closed its interests and operations in Oregon. The explosion of the boilers of the Gazelle was the most calamitous that ever occurred in these waters, but it was not the first of the kind. August 8, 1853, the flues of the Canemah collapsed, and one passenger, Marion Hardcraft, of Illinois, was killed. The hull of the Gazelle was bought by Captains Hoyt, Murray and Wells, launched over the falls in August, 1854, brought to Portland, refitted with new boilers and engine, rebuilt, and as the Senorita, became a popular boat on the Willamette and Columbia, between Portland and Astoria and the Cascades.

JAMES O'MEARA.



# THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

By JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born at Millston in 1672. He went to Queen's College, Oxford; after he finished his course he traveled on the continent, studying for the diplomatic service. Returning, he held the position of Secretary of State, 1706-8, and until a year of his death held different political positions. He wrote, besides his famous contributions to the Tatler, and Spectator, "The Campaign," a treatise on Medals, "Letter From Italy," and one play worthy the name, "Cato." He died at London in 1719.

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."



# PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

BY BRET HARTE.

Bret Harte, who died in England yesterday, was one of the most American of our native authors. His short stories alone would have made him famous, but he was also known by his poems, which covered a wide range of subjects. "Truthful James," which is here reproduced is one of the best known. He filled his own place in the world of literature and his death leaves no room for a successor. A fuller sketch of Mr. Harte appears elsewhere in "The Tribune."



Which I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar.  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny,  
In regard to the same,  
What that name might imply;  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand:  
It was euchre. The same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stacked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
Which was stuffed full of aces and  
bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinese,  
And the points that he made,  
Were quite frightful to see—  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, "Can this be?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—  
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been  
hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four jacks—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were  
taper,  
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

# AN ASTORIA PIONEER

DEATH OF JOHN HOBSON, A PROMI-  
NENT CLATSOP CITIZEN.

He Came to Oregon in 1843—Was Col-  
lector of the Port During Clevel-  
land's First Term.

ASTORIA, Or., Dec. 6.—Hon. John Hobson died here this morning, at the age of 72 years, after a painful illness extending over a period of several months, death being caused by cancer of the stomach. Mr. Hobson was one of the most popular of the pioneers, and was respected by all who knew him. He possessed to an unusual degree the faculty of making friends and retaining them, his genial nature and unquestioned integrity in his dealings with his fellow-citizens endearing him to all. The general gloom which has been cast over the city by his demise has been softened to some extent by the knowledge that during the last three or four months his suffering at times was excruciating.

Although ailing for the greater part of the past 12 months, he made no complaint, believing that his condition was coincident to his advanced age, but some three months ago his sufferings became so acute that he sought medical advice. Dr. J. A. Fulton was the family physician, and upon him devolved the painful duty of informing Mr. Hobson that his ailment was cancer of the stomach, and that it would be impossible for the sufferer to live more than six months. Mr. Hobson accepted the decision with resignation, and at once began putting his business affairs in proper shape.

A few weeks ago it was necessary to perform a very delicate operation on him in order to prolong life. He submitted to this, although informed by his physician that, even if the operation were successful, its results could not accomplish more than to give him temporary respite. Prior to the development of the cancer Mr. Hobson was unusually vigorous for one of his years, and gave promise of enjoying a sturdy old age, so that the announcement of his impending death was a severe blow to him.

John Hobson was born in Derbyshire, England, December 4, 1824, and emigrated in 1842, arriving in St. Louis, Mo., January 1, 1843. Leaving St. Louis the same year, he crossed the plains and arrived in Astoria in October. He was twice married. His first wife was Diana M. Owens, who crossed the plains with him. By her he had five children, of whom four are living. They are Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Frank and Harry, and Mrs. G. C. Fulton.

After his arrival of Clatsop, Mr. Hobson resided on Clatsop plains for 20 years, engaging later in business. He was an ardent democrat, and collector of the port of Astoria during President Cleveland's first term. He was also one of the incorporators of the Astoria National bank, in which he was a director up to the time of his death. Mr. Hobson's first wife died in 1872, and two years later he married again. By his second wife, who survives him, M. Hobson had three children—Edward, Rel and Bertha—all of whom are living.



HOUSEBOATS MOVING

SWAMPERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI GO SOUTH EVERY YEAR.

The Winter's Chopping in the Louisiana Cypress Woods—Men Are Farm Laborers of Every Age.

The belief in Vicksburg was that within the last 12 months every form of houseboat known to man or to salt or fresh water had gone by on the river, from the handsome pleasure-house moving by its own steam down to the shanty-boat with an end of rusty stovepipe sticking through its roof, says the New York Sun. There were more last year than ever before, about 99 going down for every one that went up. But within the last month, or since the bulk of the Northern crops was housed and Northern farm work practically came to an end for the season, a new style of houseboat has made its appearance. Several weeks ago the first of these new river houses went by without stopping going down, of course, as it had no means of propulsion. Old river men looked at it without much curiosity, for they are used to seeing almost every kind of floating dwelling.

"There's a family going to change their quarters," was about the only guess they ventured.

It was the neat appearance of the craft, combined with its evident cheapness, that gave the idea of a family moving. It is an every-day matter along the river for a family emigrating southward to build a shanty on a float and let the current save their railroad or steamboat fares, and the shanty serves for a dwelling in the new place till they get a better. But the first of these new boats that passed was much superior to the ordinary shanty-boat. It was a tight scow painted yellow all over, with a substantial but evidently a home-made house covering more than half of its deck, the house painted bright yellow, like the float, and a big galvanized pipe chimney. To see a shanty-boat rigged up with any attention to appearances or durability was a novelty, for these craft are generally temporary affairs, intended merely for one trip down the river, to fall then into the hands of the junk man or anybody who will pay a few dollars for the lumber.

When the second yellow boat passed, almost the counterpart of the first, and then the third and fourth, and when they began to come so fast that almost every day brought two or three of them, the river men opened their eyes. It looked as if half the population of the upper river was emigrating, every family in a yellow houseboat. Within a month nearly 30 of these houses have passed, all painted yellow except two, that were white, and one that was not painted at all. The Mississippi boatman generally has humor enough in him to give some fancy name to his boat, but for the first week all the yellow houses that passed were nameless. Then the ones that followed began to exhibit names, each name rudely painted on a board nailed to the side of the house. The first name that was seen, for a number of the boats must have passed unobserved at night, was The Swamp Angel. This was followed by The Swamper, and then came The Cypress Inn. These names and many others like them, every one having some reference to the swamp, were enough to show the river men that the yellow boats were in some way connected with the swampers, who go down the river by hundreds every fall, but the swampers have always gone down in steamboats, and nobody could guess why they should suddenly have taken to yellow houseboats.

The accidental landing of one of the houses for fresh meat and vegetables brought out the fact that the yellow craft are indeed manned by swampers, who this year, for the first time, have deserted the steamboats and taken to traveling by their own conveyances. The swampers are a rough-looking lot when they go down the river, but the roughness is mostly on the outside. They are farmers' boys of any age from 16 to 60, sometimes small farmers themselves, who work every summer on the farms bordering upon the upper river, and upon the Ohio and Missouri. When the crops are gathered their Northern work ceases, and they fill in the winter months by going down to the Red river swamps to cut cypress timber for barrel staves and shingles. In the spring they return to their farm work, and many of the older ones have spent the greater part of their lives alternating thus between Northern farms in summer and Louisiana swamps in winter. Some have families in the North, but the bulk of them are hardy young fellows, with no family ties, who take to the winter work as much for love of the adventure as for the wages.

we work, and we have to sleep in log cabins that are not very comfortable or very healthful, after standing all day in the mud and water. The work is always on or near the river or some navigable stream, as it has to be to get the lumber to markets, and, when somebody suggested to us that we should get the beauty of it, the standard pay is \$20 a month and board, but we talked it over with the boss last winter, and he agreed, if we came down in our own boat this winter, to give us \$30 and let us board ourselves. We'll lose the sport of finding fault with the fare, but every other way I think it will be better for us.

"Since leaving home we have had about as pleasant a time as any of us has ever had, with nothing to do in the daytime but fish and read. We brought plenty of salt with us to cure the fish we do not need, and by the time we reach Catahoula we will have enough salt fish to last us all winter. We have done some shooting in more states than I ever expected to set foot in. Almost every night we tied up somewhere, and occasionally by day. We have shot birds in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Mississippi. One night we tied up to the Illinois shore, about 40 miles above Cairo, and three of us went ashore for a coon hunt, and brought in two coons. We have gathered enough hickory nuts and walnuts to start a store. About everything we need we have with us, except fresh meat and vegetables, and we buy them whenever we can, for it's precious little we see of either after we get down the swamp. About a week after leaving Louisville, we passed Cairo and got into the Mississippi, and in another week we were below Memphis."

The Swamp King, like most of the other swampers' houseboats that have passed, is substantial enough to brave anything she is likely to meet in the river. The oil floats on which they are built are 30 feet long by 20 feet wide, and the Swamp King's house is 16x20 feet, one story high. This leave a passage along the deck on each side, and a little deck room fore and aft. The after part of the house has four bunks on each side, in two tiers, and in the space between them is a long board table, with a swing lamp over it. The forward part is the kitchen, with a small cookstove, and a hatch opening into the hold of the float, where such provisions are stored as would not be injured by a possible flooding. For provisions, she carries several barrels of flour, a barrel of salt pork, several barrels of salt fish caught on the way, and a good stock of canned goods. The idea is to provision her for the winter after her arrival in the Red river, as nothing, of course, can be bought in the swamp region. With nearly four feet of hold, but a draft with all the crew on board of less than 10 inches, she is capable of going to any part of the lumber region of the great swamp where logs can be floated successfully.

More than 200 of the swampers so far have gone down the river in these houseboats, and the number of boats is not decreasing. If the experiment proves successful, it will soon lead to a new industry for some of the river boats, taking home long tows of houseboats in the spring.

TABLE OF ALTITUDES.

All the Principal Localities in Oregon and Some in Washington and Idaho.

PORTLAND, Oct. 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN: I have been for some time seeking accurate information in regard to the altitude of various towns and places in Oregon and have at length secured such information through the kindness of Mr. B. S. Pague, sergeant of the United States signal service at Roseburg. I regard this as valuable information and hope you will find room for it in your widely read journal. This is very valuable information for newcomers into our country, and in many cases the first question many of them ask is: "What is the elevation of the place?" It is more surprising how seldom you can get a correct answer to this question from even the intelligent residents of any given place. Most of them, like the good-tempered hotel keeper in our state, whose answer to my question concerning the altitude of his place of residence was that "it was four thousand seven hundred feet, or seven thousand and four hundred, but for the life of him he did not know which!" So if you will be good enough to publish the following table, prepared by Mr. Pague, I am sure you will be doing a good service to a large number of your readers.

B. WISTAR MORRIS.

THE TABLE.

Elevation, in feet, above mean tide at Astoria, Or., of the principal places on the lines of the railways in Oregon, from the surveys of the chief engineers of the lines; also, elevations of the stations of the United States signal service, ascertained by barometric reading or by accurate surveys in or near to Oregon:

RAILROAD STATIONS.		
East Portland.....	55 Albina.....	35
Oregon City.....	102 Fairview.....	120
Aurora.....	140 Multnomah Falls.....	47
Salem.....	191 Cascade Locks.....	103
Albany.....	240 Hood River.....	101
Junction.....	353 The Dalles.....	106
Eugene.....	553 Celilo.....	160
Cottage Grove.....	669 Blalock.....	240
Drain.....	323 Willows.....	235
Oakland.....	454 Coyote.....	260
Roseburg.....	487 Umatilla Junction.....	300
Riddle.....	733 Echo.....	639
Glendale.....	1441 Pendleton.....	1070
Grant's Pass.....	967 Meacham.....	3681
Medford.....	1399 Hilgard.....	3004
Ashland.....	1890 La Grande.....	2786
Corvallis.....	238 Union.....	2720
McMinnville.....	181 North Powder.....	3250
North Yamhill.....	207 Baker City.....	3440
Hillsboro.....	202 Unity.....	3123
Beaverton.....	215 Huntington.....	2110

UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE STATIONS.		
Portland.....	88 Linkville.....	4250
Astoria.....	52 Lakeview.....	5060
Fort Canby, W. T.....	179 Newport, Benton Co.....	125
*Eola, Polk Co., Or.....	500 *Bandon, Coos Co.....	55
*Albany.....	240 *The Dalles.....	116
*Creswell.....	480 Walla Walla, W. T.....	1018
Roseburg.....	523 *La Grande.....	2786
Ashland.....	1940 Boise City, I. T.....	2750
Fort Klamath.....	4200.....	

\*Stations of voluntary observers; the rest are regular signal service offices.

TEMPERATURE AND PRECIPITATION AVERAGES

FOR STATIONS IN OREGON.

The following table gives the elevation of the stations, their mean annual temperature, their average temperature by seasons, also the average annual precipitation and the average precipitation by seasons:

STATIONS.	MEAN TEMPERATURE.					PRECIPITATION AVERAGE.				
	Annual.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Winter.	Annual.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Winter.
Astoria.....	53	52.6	51.9	52.8	49.8	59.04	15.16	3.78	16.68	32.10
Portland.....	53	52.6	51.9	52.8	49.8	52.25	12.17	3.09	13.06	21.84
Blairstown.....	500	50.9	50.2	50.9	48.8	41.47	9.87	2.03	10.56	17.41
Newport.....	10	52.4	52.8	52.1	50.9	42.4	10.97	2.43	8.73	22.76
Albany.....	240	51.9	51.4	51.9	49.1	35.05	8.22	1.79	8.09	17.58
Roseburg.....	523	52.4	51.5	52.1	49.1	62.31	14.57	3.63	12.82	31.78
Bandon.....	55	50.4	49.1	50.4	48.5	21.91	4.79	1.61	4.90	11.63
Ashland.....	1940	54.4	53.0	53.8	50.9	18.93	4.33	0.98	3.18	6.79
Lakeview.....	5060	47.1	45.5	46.6	43.5	17.85	4.86	1.78	2.49	7.77
Linkville.....	4250	48.5	48.0	48.3	45.8	21.60	4.78	1.70	3.85	13.72
Fort Klamath.....	4200	43.2	43.6	43.7	40.6	21.55	4.10	2.25	2.35	15.51

The above is from the report on the climate of Oregon by B. S. Pague, sergeant signal service corps, published in "Resources of Oregon" pamphlet issued by the Oregon state board of agriculture.



# First Black Walnut Trees Planted in Oregon

HOW WILLIAM BARLOW SENT EAST FOR THE NUTS AND ESTABLISHED A SPLENDID GROVE



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM BARLOW, SHOWING BLACK WALNUT TREES PLANTED IN 1859.

THE AVENUE of black walnut trees in front of the residence of the late William Barlow, now the home of Miss Mary S. Barlow, is an attractive landmark in the southern portion of Clackamas County. There are 33 trees in the grove averaging 70 feet in height and over 1½ feet in diameter. The largest is 3 feet 8 inches through, six feet from the ground, and its spreading branches cover an area of 5026 square feet. Its leafy boughs extend over 40 feet from the body of the tree and make a fernlike circular canopy 240 feet in circumference. The nuts are usually as well filled and are as large as those of the East. The trees bear well most seasons, and afford pleasure and comfort to those who care for them, both for their beauty and profit, and for the association of 47 years connected with their history.

The late William Barlow left among his written "Reminiscences of Seventy Years" a brief sketch of these walnut trees. The following items of interest are taken from these papers:

"In 1858, Mr. John C. Dement, of Oregon City, went East to collect Indian War claims. He was requested by William Barlow to secure a bushel of black walnuts and butternuts and to send them by Adams' Express by way of the Isthmus. Mr. Dement obtained them in Indiana, Mr. Barlow's native state, and prepaid the charges on them to San Francisco. From there they came direct to Oregon City by steamer, thence by private conveyance to their present habitat, Barlow.

## Sprouting the Nuts.

"The entire expense was just \$65. The sack contained 665 black walnuts and 100 butternuts. One of each kind was eaten, tested and found preciously good, reminding me of partakers of childhood's happy days in their far-away Eastern homes. The remaining 763 were put into a big box of earth and kept moist all winter. By spring the shells had opened and tiny little sprouts began the tale of a century and more perhaps. The sprouted nuts were planted in a well-fertilized nursery, and 760 of them shot up their tender green, first, however, fixing for themselves a foundation of roots three times the height of the little trees. They grew all spring and summer.

In the fall of 1859, the birthyear of Oregon, 100 of them were planted on each side of the 450-foot avenue, leading from the old stage road up to the old home, its long, wide double porch, its large

has journeyed between Portland and Salem in daylight will recall the large, white, comfortable looking farmhouse a few hundred feet east of Barlow's Station, and seen through two rows of gigantic walnut trees shown in the illustration.

Sam K. Barlow received a patent from Andrew Johnson for the donation land claim of Thomas McKay, September 27, 1850, exactly 55 years prior to date of this sale. In 1852 William Barlow bought land from S. K. Barlow. In 1861 the home was used for barracks by the First Oregon Volunteers. William Barlow moved to Oregon City that year, but returned in 1871, after the O. C. R. R. brought the place into more direct communication with cities. William Barlow had bought land in four sections adjacent, till at that time he owned nearly all land on the prairie. Afterward selling part of the

cleared land, he bought in two other sections, and in 1881 owned 1450 acres.

The town of Barlow was started in 1883, and 800 acres were sold to 40 families. The town and property is again changing hands, the Norwegians supplanting the Americans.

Mr. Barlow died June 13, 1904, having disposed of by deed his holdings to his wife, Martha A. Barlow; his son, C. U. Barlow, and daughter, Mary S. Barlow, aggregating about 200 acres each.

Miss Barlow inherited the home place, and has kept up improvements in the same style as her predecessors. Several times the farm has received first premiums for the best improved farm.

At the time of the sale to S. B. Berg, of Montana, there were 134 acres left, and land, residence, barn, tenant-house and outhouses were transferred to him by Mary S. Barlow for \$17,500.

## Guarantees the Purity of Teas

One Article of Food Vouched for by Uncle Sam.

IN these days when we hear so much of the adulteration of foods and beverages it is pleasant to know that there is one beverage in common daily use the purity of which is absolutely guaranteed by the United States Government. Not an ounce of tea which does not come up to a certain definite standard of purity and quality can be sold in this country, and in order to secure this an expensive organization of examiners and experts is maintained by Uncle Sam.

It is natural, perhaps, that the American Government should be interested in tea, says the New York Times. It owes its existence to a certain historic tea party in Boston Harbor, and it is only common gratitude that it should keep a kindly eye on the interests of the tea trade. Its gratitude is the more striking as the entire cost is borne by the Government. Not a dollar of revenue is collected from tea. While due gratitude is shown to the tea trade, however, the descendants of those old Boston merchants who brewed the big pot of tea in the harbor have hardly been fairly treated. No tea can be imported at Boston.

Tea is the only article of merchandise the quality of which is guaranteed by the Government. Every ounce of imported tea must pass the inspection of experts before it is allowed to be landed, and that which fails to come up to the standard must be at once re-exported or ruthlessly destroyed. Secretary Shaw has just appointed the board of tea ex-

cup is then filled with boiling water. It is allowed to stand for exactly 5 minutes and then the examiner begins his tests. The surface of each cup is first examined carefully for scum, and if an undue amount of this is found the sample is rejected at once. If it passes the scum test the examiner then sniffs at it to test its aroma, carries it to the light to inspect its color and then tastes it.

The tasting is an interesting process. The tea expert never swallows the infusion. He takes the smallest portion possible, holds it in his mouth for a few minutes, lets it flow back against the palate, and then expels it. After each tasting he rinses his mouth carefully with warm water. This, it is explained, is necessary to preserve the sense of taste unimpaired. Without such precautions an examiner in a short time would be unable to distinguish tea from whisky.

When all this is finished the liquid is carefully poured off and a careful inspection is made of the leaves remaining in the cup. Search is made for any decayed or spent leaves and the freshness of the leaves is noted. Even if the infusion seems to come up to all the requirements, the tea may be rejected because of something discovered in the final examination of the leaves.

All this care has placed the tea trade of the country on a much higher plane than before the passage of the tea law. Before this law was passed to protect the people of America, they were the victims of many a wily Oriental trick. It is alleged that much of the tea now sold in this country before the law



## GROWTH OF PORTLAND SHIPPING.

Attention was in a measure unconsciously called to the marvelous growth of Portland's shipping interests in a couple of news items printed in yesterday's issue of The Oregonian. One of these items told of the wreck of the ancient barkentine Jane A. Falkenburg, once the flagship of the Portland deep-water fleet, and the other noted the sailing of the British steamship Algoa with the largest cargo of flour ever floated. There are quite a large number of Portlanders who can well remember when the Falkenburg was towed into Portland harbor in 1856 with 530 tons of freight—at that time the largest cargo ever brought to this city. They can also remember that the vessel experienced considerable difficulty in getting over St. Helens bar and other obstructions in the river at that time. And yet the Algoa, carrying a cargo nearly eighteen times as large as that of the Falkenburg, made the run through from Portland to Astoria without the slightest difficulty, and the pilot who took her down reported that he could have made the run with equal ease with a draft at least two feet greater than that which she registered when she reached Astoria.

As for St. Helens bar, the greatest of the obstructions in the river in the old days, forty feet of water now sweeps over it, and the revetment work of the Government has proven so successful that even this depth can easily be increased should it become necessary. It is the recollection of the poor condition of the river when Portland first had aspirations for seaport honors that has been thus brought to mind by the passing of the vessels which carried our early marine commerce. The contrast between those vessels, in many cases the best of their class, and the mammoth steel steamships which are now carrying Portland's exports to all parts of the civilized world, is great, but it is no greater than the contrast between the crooked, devious channel that sprawled seaward from Portland forty years ago and the comparatively straight, deep highway over which 10,000-ton steamships now come and go with little or no delay.

Viewing the great changes that have taken place in vessels and the channel in which they float, it seems practically a certainty that the emergencies of the future will be met with the same degree of success that has characterized the river work of Portland in the past. Results have been accomplished, and in most cases they have been so flattering that the plans for the future present but few features of an experimental nature. Rival ports have at various times sought to belittle Portland's greatness as a seaport, but this greatness is now a matter of official record at the Custom-House. These records have told the world that this city has cleared the largest cargo of flour ever floated, the largest cargo of lumber ever floated, and next month we will add to this good showing by clearing

one of the largest, if not the largest, cargoes of wheat ever dispatched by a sailing vessel.

Reckoned by years, it is not such a far cry from the appearance to the disappearance of the Falkenburg, but wonderful indeed have been the gains made in maritime commerce by the port which she helped to make famous when she first broke the record with a cargo in excess of 500 tons.

## THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

Though the fall of Port Arthur will not end the war, it will relieve immensely the long strain to which Japan has been subjected. The courage, spirit and resolution she has shown in pressing this siege never have been surpassed, in the course of human history. It is doubtful if another nation on the globe could have done what Japan has accomplished, within the period of about ten months. For no other nation could have brought up to this seat of war the forces necessary; and the troops of no other would have yielded to the sacrifice or paid the price. Japan's advantage in being near the seat of war was inestimable to her; and the absolute insensibility of her soldiers to danger and death is a phenomenon new, in these times, to the nations of the world. The price she has paid, for Port Arthur, may never be known. She has grimly pursued her work and made no reports on it. Judges of such affairs in war have expressed the opinion that the siege of Port Arthur, even before these last operations, had cost Japan more than 100,000 men.

Japan took Port Arthur from China, in November, 1894, after a siege of some difficulty; but Russia, backed by Germany and France, stepping in, demanded that Japan should surrender the place back to China; whereupon Russia, still supported by France and Germany, made a treaty with China for lease of the port to Russia, for a railway and commercial station. Russia was not to fortify the port nor garrison the country. But no sooner was she in possession than she began to do both. Here, too, she was in position to press upon Korea and to control her policy. Japan remonstrated, but Russia treated her protests with indifference. Japan pressed most insistently, but Russia's attitude was one of contempt, affected or real. Finally Japan sent an ultimatum, and, getting no answer, followed it by war, for which she had been making preparation eight or nine years. The indemnity which China had paid her had enabled her to prepare a naval force, the necessary key to all her operations. Finding she could get no answer out of Russia, Japan, on the 9th of February, 1904, began the war by an attack on the Russian fleet at Chemulpo. A blockading fleet at once shut Port Arthur in; the Japanese hastily pushed in land forces, which had been prepared for the emergency, and the land siege of Port Arthur began May 27. Since then it has been at all times closely invested. Powerful armies from Japan were pushed on into the Liaotung Peninsula, and on up towards Mukden, to prevent relief of Port Arthur by Russian armies from the north; and after a series of terrible conflicts, lasting more than a month, the advancing forces of Russia were thrown back on Mukden, where they have since been held as in a vise by a great Japanese army. It is now Winter in those regions, and the climate is severe; but as soon as possible the armies of Japan, relieved from care of Port Arthur, will be reinforced and pushed forward in offensive movement on the Russians at and about Mukden. Terrible fighting will follow there. But Japan, having taken Port Arthur, will not stop till she has made a supreme effort for expulsion of the Russians from Manchuria.

Whatever may happen, Russia will never occupy Port Arthur again. The siege and capture of Port Arthur has been the most strenuous feat of arms of our times. That Japan has been able to roll back the armies of Russia and capture this stronghold shows that a new force has entered the world with the advent of Japan. It is a fresh and new starting-point for history. Under Japan's direction China may be organized for powerful effort, in directions that cannot yet be determined, and the races of the Orient may yet take a large and leading part in the affairs of the world.

## THE FLIGHT OF RUSSIA.

Russia is a victim of her ignorance of Japan. She underrated the fighting power of the country with which she provoked war. It seemed to Russia really absurd, in Japan, to raise her protest against the continued military occupation of Manchuria by Russia—what was Japan going to do about it? Russia therefore treated Japan's protests with contempt. Some of them she didn't deign to answer. To others she returned evasive answers, after long periods. Russia was bored. She thought Japan impudent. She deemed it presumptuous for such a nation as Japan to press insistently as she was doing on mighty Russia for satisfaction as to the matters in controversy. Russia was in Manchuria and meant to stay there. She had Port Arthur and was fortifying it, contrary to agreement; was converting it into a powerful naval station. To the remonstrance of Japan she turned a deaf ear—since it pleased her majesty to suppose Japan couldn't help herself. Japan wouldn't dare to go to war with mighty Russia and if she should, Russia would crush her in three months and there would be an end.

Of course, had Russia known what Japan's resources were, had she known the spirit of the Japanese and how they could fight, she would have met their protests and remonstrances of Japan in a diplomatic way, and war would have been averted. But Russia had no doubt she could afford to treat Japan in a haughty and supercilious way; and if war should come, why then with one sweep of her mailed hand she would wipe the little brown men, the race and nation of pygmies, off the map of the world. And, not only were the Japanese brown or "yellow," but "pagan," too.

Japan did not insist on withdrawal of Russia from Manchuria, but merely on her adherence to the terms and conditions under which she went there. The concession, through lease, of Port Arthur to Russia, for commercial purposes, was not contested; but Japan constantly insisted on military evacuation of Manchuria; and Russia had agreed upon the date (October 8, 1903) when it would be commenced. But the day came and passed, with no sign of the evacuation; weeks and months ran by, and Japan could get no satisfactory answer. The policy of Russia was equivocation, evasion and delay. It was the contention of Japan that Russian military occupation of Manchuria would continually threaten the independence of Korea, and in the end would Russify both that country and Manchuria, by which they would be closed to the trade and economic enterprise of Japan. Such certainly would have been the result; and Japan felt that she must stake all on the effort to defeat the aims of Russia, or virtually perish by the process of strangulation thus clearly foreseen. Russian occupation of Manchuria threatened Japan with far greater dangers than our country was threatened with by French occupation of Mexico. In what we call the Monroe Doctrine there is a principle wider than any application of that particular doctrine itself.

To her amazement and discomfiture, Russia has found that Japan can fight and fight terribly. Most of Russia's Pacific fleet is at the bottom of the sea, and her armies of more than half a million men have been routed from strongly intrenched positions, on their own railroad, and virtually destroyed. No wonder it astounds Russia; for it surprises all the rest of the world. Now the problem is how Russia is to meet her difficulties. It is easy to say she will send other armies. But to get other armies and their supplies forward, with an enterprising enemy ready to meet them on their arrival in detail—for they can't all be got forward at once—is a mighty problem. Moreover, it is useless to send raw levies against such soldiers as the veterans of Japan; and if the Russian regulars are sent, can the new troops, just drawn from the people, be trusted at home? This war shakes Russia far

more severely than ever Napoleon was able to shake her.

Japan, advancing through Manchuria and towards Siberia, will organize and consolidate the country against Russia. Here is the basis of a new



# TRIBUTE PAID TO FOUNDER OF MANY WESTERN CITIES

Tacoma School Named in Honor of General McCarver, Grandchild in Oregon City Hears; Linnton Future Visioned.



A GIRL OF THE ROMANTIC '50S AT THE OLD MCCARVER HOME AT OREGON CITY.

BY EVA EMERY DYE

OREGON CITY, Or., Nov. 20. (Special.)—Recently Miss Neita McCarver of Oregon City received word that a public school in Tacoma had been named the "Morton M. McCarver" in honor of her grandfather, and that the Tacoma Woman's club had unveiled a memorial tablet in front of his old home. In all the schools prizes were offered for essays on the life of this "restless, intrepid Kentuckian" who for 40 years journeyed westward, ever westward, seeking strategic sites for future cities.

As a youth in 1823 venturesome "Mort" McCarver established a ferry across the Mississippi into the Blackhawk country of Iowa. "Standing on the high banks opposite I clearly saw where a city ought to lie," he declared in later years. Twice driven out as a trespasser on Indian lands as soon as the Blackhawk treaty was ratified Morton McCarver rebuilt his burned cabin, the first home in the future city of Burlington. Appointed commissary-general of Iowa territory, he became known as "General McCarver." Ten years later covered wagons began trekking toward the Oregon country. With the Boone spirit in him, again McCarver would explore. Reaching the Willamette in November, 1843, a winter was spent in searching for what he believed would be the head of ship navigation. The spot chosen he named Linnton, now a part of the city of Portland.

Only Nails Lacking.

was on the way—to found a city in California.

He met the Sutters, father and son, and called their attention to a vacant plain two miles from their fort. "Here, on the river front, what an admirable location for a future capital!" On that spot today stands the city of Sacramento. Plating began. Settlers rushed in with tents and bedding. McCarver built houses to rent, opened a store and bought a schooner to bring in goods. Then came the flood of 1849-50, and McCarver's houses, the first built in Sacramento, were swept away.

Disheartened at losses by fire and flood, McCarver and his friends bought a passenger packet, the Ocean Bird, to bring them back to Oregon—clearing on that one voyage \$12,000 more than they paid for the boat. Many noted Oregonians first found their way to Portland on the Ocean Bird. On this ship McCarver brought from San Francisco an upright piano, furniture and an "Aladdin house," all cut to pattern in Boston of Maine lumber, ready to set up on his Oregon land claim.

He paid his foreman, Andrew Hood, \$16 a day to put up that house, replacing the original log cabin. Today "Locust Farm" is a well-known land mark just out of Oregon City, with the historic house and the equally historic orchard, from which the owner sold big red apples at \$17 a bushel in California. The Ocean Bird proved a money-maker in trips not only to San Francisco, but to Honolulu and even to China.

Tacoma Then Founded.

But with children and comfort and plenty around him, not yet was he satisfied. There were rumors of a Northern Pacific railroad. Notwithstanding his age, alone, on horse-

the name of Chaboneau, which means "arrow packer." He was three-quarters Indian and one-quarter French.

Lewis and Clark, upon reaching the Sioux country, needed a guide and were referred to Sacajawea, who had traveled much and had learned the English tongue. She was selected to guide the explorers, and her memorable trip to the Snake river country and down the Columbia, leading the Americans into the new Oregon country, was written into the history of the United States.

After that journey was ended, Sacajawea again returned to the Shoshone people to find that her own brother was now the chief and her fame had reached them. She was reunited and acclaimed a member of the tribe.

The little papoose carried by Sacajawea on her back during that journey is said by Mrs. Minesinger to have been the Indian woman's only child.

The final resting place of Sacajawea, according to the Shoshones, is in central Wyoming near Fort Washakie, at present one of the large Indian reservations of the region. Others declare Sacajawea was buried elsewhere, but who might know better than the Shoshones themselves, the people who reclaimed her only after she had performed a great service and her name had been written into history?



## WHERE WAS FORT?

### Mr. Gillespie Replies to Article on Famous Astoria Site.

PORTLAND, Nov. 16.—(To the Editor.)—On October 28 The Oregonian published a special from Astoria in refutation of my article stating that the Astor Fort was located on block 17 of Shively's Astoria.

The special says: "All the local authorities contend that the fort was situated on the block bounded by Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Duane and Exchange streets; the block now occupied by St. Mary's Hospital, which is one block north and one block east of the spot mentioned by Mr. Gillette. A most conclusive proof of this contention was found 12 years ago when a sewer was being constructed along the east side of Fifteenth street."

"As the men were digging the trench they found the ruins of an old stockade. . . . The timbers were about eight by ten inches in size and were so badly decayed they crumbled to dust when disturbed. . . . The timbers were planted to a depth of about six feet."

I said in my article that the Hudson's Bay Company built a large store and warehouse on, or perhaps a little west of the block on which St. Mary's Hospital now stands, and removed into it from the old Astor place. That old building was standing there when I came to Oregon and remained there for some years.

Of course they did there what they always did at all of their important places—built a stockade around it to protect their property and themselves from the Indians. This great mare's nest found in digging the sewer on Fifteenth street is considered "by all local authorities" as sufficient proof that that was the Astor Fort. At the conclusion of the above mentioned "special" it says: "As there is no record or tradition of any other stockade of this description having been erect-

ed here, the remains found are supposed to be all there was left of the old Astor Fort." "The timbers which Mr. Gillette spoke of as being found at the other point claimed as the site of the fort, are accounted for by the fact that John Welch erected a house there many years ago, which has since fallen into decay."

Bosh! As to there being no record or tradition of any other stockade.

Your "special" is too tender in age, or is scantily versed in the lore of early years. Fifty years ago every intelligent old settler knew the old fort was located where I say it was. They all knew James Birnie, who had lived in it; Lattie, Dr. McLaughlin and many others who had often seen it. Then it was no "tradition"—all knew it. The stockade found in digging the sewer had timbers eight by ten inches in size; Franchier, who helped to split and carry on his back and plant the stockade around the old Astor Fort, says they were pickets, and his picture shows them to be broad pickets sharpened at the top. This "mare's nest" found in digging the sewer is thus proved to be a different stockade. Besides, Franchier's picture shows the ground where the hospital now stands as covered with timber.

Only a few months ago Judge Frank Taylor, of Astoria, assured me that his father, Colonel James Taylor, an old settler of Clatsop County, always said that the old fort was at the point I assert. Franchier's picture shows the fort flanked by a ravine leading northwesterly to the bay. Every one knows there is but one ravine leading down the Astor or Shively hill in that direction. His picture alone is sufficient evidence to prove the location of the Astor Fort. The "special" says: "The timbers which Mr. Gillette spoke of at the other point claimed as the site . . . were the remains of an old house erected by John Welch (he doubtless means James Welch). Not at all. That old house was standing there when I came and was there until the 60's. It

was a small, one-story house with a front porch and all roofed with shakes. Joseph Jeffers lived in it for a time and it was afterwards spoken of as the "Jeffers house." So much for that part of the "conclusive evidence."

I have a letter written by Judge Bowlby, of Astoria, on the same subject. He quotes from Ross Brown as saying the palisades of the Astor place were 15 feet high. He also adds, "the kitchen garden was in front and the wharf a few hundred yards to the left." If the garden was in front of the hospital block it would have been on a very steep hillside and very little of it. I do not pretend to know where the wharf was, but would suppose it to be at, or near, the place where the schooner is moored in Franchier's picture, somewhere near the old Dan Warren residence.

Judge Bowlby also said: "Sidney Dell tells me that J. M. Shively pointed out to him the site of the old fort as being diagonally southwest from the hospital." That is the direction to the Astor Fort. It is unfortunate that this matter had not been settled 50 years ago when there were plenty of living witnesses. I do not know of one man now living in Astoria who lived there 51 years ago, but there are several men now living in Astoria who were small boys at that time.

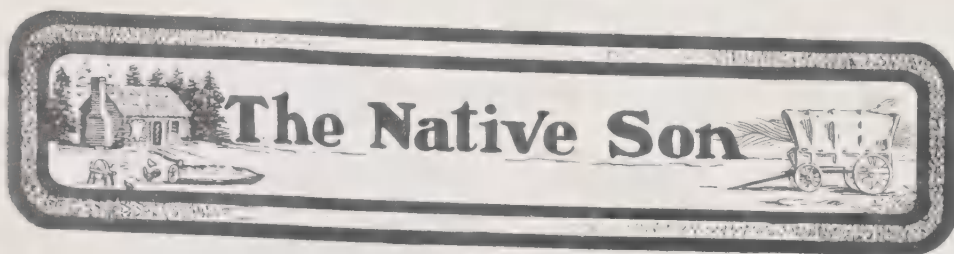
In conclusion I would like to intimate that "the local authorities" in Astoria are probably better posted in the modern, than the ancient history of the place.

P. W. GILLETTE

### Gambling His Hobby.

BAKER CITY, Or., Nov. 16.—Joe Powers, a waiter in the Baker Restaurant, in this city, stole \$70 of his employer's money and left the country last night. He took \$30 Saturday night and gambled it away, but Mr. Wright forgave him on condition that he work it out. Last night he took \$40 more and left town. The officers are on his trail and expect to capture him soon.





*A Department Devoted to Oregon Native Sons and Daughters, the Pioneers, Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and Historical Data of the Northwest.*

## The Oldest Living Pioneer

The village of Dora, Coos County, Oregon, enjoys the distinction of having as an inhabitant the oldest living pioneer. William Abernethy, whose claim to such an honor seems to be well founded, came to the Pacific Coast in 1840, two years before the first immigrant train ventured upon the long and perilous journey. His parents left their home in Illinois in '39, traveling by wagon and canal to New York, where they took ship for the journey around Cape Horn. They stopped at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, and went as far west as Honolulu, where some of the passengers disembarked. Finally, after five months upon the seas, the boat reached Vancouver, leaving there the families who sought a home in the new and strange land.

The Abernethys settled near Oregon City, the father engaging in lumbering and farming. The old house in which they lived is still standing, and in a good state of preservation.

Mr. Abernethy, a hale and hearty man whose years have passed the three-score and ten, is engaged in farming near Coos Bay. He has watched the marvelous development of this land of promise, and has himself contributed no small share in the advancement of its interests. The burden of his age rests lightly upon him, and he gives promise of living to see the further development of the country where so many years of his life have been happily passed.

\* \* \*

## Umatilla Pioneers

A thoroughly successful reunion of the Pioneers Association of Umatilla County was held in connection with Memorial Day. The attendance was large, the ex-

ercises were well arranged, admirably executed and keenly enjoyed by the enthusiastic audience of 2500 people. The annual address was rendered by Rev. H. M. Marvin, of Walla Walla, and was in every way a masterly effort.

\* \* \*

## The Annual Meetings

The annual meetings of the Oregon Native Sons, The Pioneers and The Native Daughters are being held while this issue of The Pacific Monthly is on the press. A full account of the exercises, election of officers and other business will appear in our next number.

\* \* \*

## P. W. Gillette

P. W. Gillette was born in Lawrence County, Ohio, in 1825, and spent the early years of his life on his father's farm. He received his education at the common schools and also at Clearmont Academy. As a young man, he became interested in the possibilities of the great Northwest, then known only as a vast, pathless tract, covered by mighty forests and intersected by great rivers, and, in '52, in company with many others, made the long and difficult journey to the land of promise.

He settled a few miles from Astoria—then composed of less than a score of buildings—taking up a donation claim and clearing the land for agriculture.

Two years after his arrival, he received from his father in the East, a collection of flowers, including 25 varieties of roses, shrubbery, strawberry, seeds, etc. This was practically the first importation of small fruit and flowers, and was distributed throughout this whole section. From this stock has sprung a large proportion of the roses,





of many deaths, almost as many as have been credited to the American samurai, David Crockett.

Shall I tell you of Lieutenant Yokayama, who died with banzais for the army on his lips, urging on his soldiers to victory? It came about in this fashion:

On the dark and stormy night of October 2, the Lieutenant and his small company were in the enemy's country about Mukden making a reconnaissance. They knew the enemy to be all about them, but they knew not where definitely, and so, in order to encourage his soldiers to meet valiantly any unhidden danger that might suddenly make itself known, the Lieutenant led in singing the war songs and marched like the incoming tide.

But the war song did more than to encourage the soldiers. It brought the fire of the enemy holding a hill under which our soldiers were then passing. For a second the withering fire stunned them. Then the Lieutenant, waving his sword, ordered an advance, and his men heroically began the ascent of the hill, charging in the darkness an enemy whose strength was unknown and who was unseen.

Half-way up the hill the charge was halted by the merciless fire, and the Lieutenant was hit in the loin. Realizing that he still had work to do for the Emperor, he coolly bandaged himself, and, suppressing all signs of pain, he regained his feet, walked to the head of his men, in ringing words again ordered the advance, and, using his sword as a cane, he leaped up the hill with the others.

On they went in the night, lighted up only by the flashes from the enemy's guns. At last they reached the top of the hill, to find it crowned with a fort. But their heroic souls were not dismayed. They intrepidly scaled the walls. The Lieutenant scrambled over with them, with the help of his sword. Inside there was a terrific hand-to-hand fight, the Russians three times our force in strength. But our men were inspired with the merit and greatness of our Emperor. There was no withstanding them. Everywhere the Russians were beaten back. Then, just as the last were surrendering, a fearful cheer rent the night. It was Lieutenant Yokayama's banzai for the army. It was his last banzai. When his men ran to him they found him dead, lying across the bodies of three Russians he had killed with his sword.

A. NANEKO.

spectacular. They have one son, named William H.

Reginald Claypool, youngest son, but head of the family should Alfred die, has signalized himself by a showy marriage to Catherine Neilson, granddaughter of the original Frederick Gebhardt, and certain gambling indiscretions which no doubt will be forgotten by and by because of his youth.

He lives on an estate near Newport, which he calls Sandy Point Farm, where he keeps horses, dogs and automobiles galore.

Gertrude Vanderbilt, sister of these young men, has been the wife of Harry Payne Whitney, son of the late William C. Whitney, since 1896.

#### The Duchess and Willie K., Jr.

Consuelo, daughter of William K. and Alva Smith, won the biggest matrimonial prize that has fallen to any Vanderbilt, when she married the Duke of Marlborough in November, 1895. Her wedding was a marvel of display and brilliance, and cost a fortune. Her mother, now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, is said to have been materially assisted by Lady William Beresford in engineering the courtship.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has so far been distinguished chiefly by his devotion to automobile and motorboat racing, and his much-talked-of marriage to Virginia Fair, a daughter of the famous Bonanza family of California. He is dashing and capable, like his father; has a desk in the Vanderbilt offices, and will some day probably be what his father is now—the real Vanderbilt head.

William K. Vanderbilt's youngest son, Harold Sterling, aged 21, is still in college, and has yet to make his personal impression on the world.

## Homes, Millions, Yachts

Wealth of the Vanderbilts Compared With Rothschilds.

THERE were no splendid Vanderbilt homes till after the Commodore's death. Then William H. built a great brown residence block across from St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth avenue extending from Fifty-first to Fifty-second streets at a cost of \$1,000,000. It was really three houses

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905.

#### THE PRICE OF PEACE.

Germany and France made the present terrible war between Russia and Japan. They did it by intrusion and intervention at the close of the war between Japan and China, ten years ago, when, upon Russia's demand, they forced Japan to give up to Russia the fruits of her victory over China, including Port Arthur. It was one of the most immoral and unconscionable acts ever perpetrated in history. And it could do Germany and France no good. Both these nations were playing a game with Russia, and each was trying to circumvent the other. The act humiliated Japan and it put Russia in a position which now in turn has brought humiliation to her own door.

They did it because they wished to seek the favor of Russia, and because they supposed it would be entirely safe to treat Japan with indignity, since she couldn't help herself. They compelled Japan to yield to the demand of Russia and to give up Port Arthur; and all the blood of the present struggle lies at their doors.

Japan, victorious, will demand indemnity from Russia. That is, some recompense for the cost of the war that Russia has forced upon her. France, the power that was the chief agent in leading Russia into her present position, now finds it unsafe to give her further financial support. It will now be put to the conscience of the powers—France and Germany—which led Russia into this war, whether Russia shall be compelled by whatever force may be necessary to accept the terms of Japan and pay the indemnity as the price of peace.



# PAID TAXES LONG AGO

## ORIGINAL ASSESSMENT ROLL OF MULTNOMAH COUNTY FOUND.

Many People Who Reside in Portland Today Were Taxed in 1859  
—An Old Record.

While engaged in cleaning out an old vault in the Recorder's office at the Court-house yesterday, the original assessment roll of Multnomah County was found, and was turned over to Assessor McDonell. It is dated in 1859, the year in which Oregon was admitted into the Union as a state, and the last page of the book contains the name of John M. Breck, Assessor. The book is a very small affair, less than half an inch in thickness, about a foot in width and a foot and a half in length. It looks a joke compared to the present assessment roll consisting of numerous ponderous volumes, one of which is a load to carry.

The total valuation of the assessable property in 1859, was \$2,331,221. The volume contains considerable information of an interesting character concerning pioneer residents and business firms, and quite a number of persons whose names are there contained, are still living in Portland.

Some of the names and assessments contained in the book, are as follows:

James Abraham .....	\$12,750
J. C. Ainsworth .....	11,000
A. P. Ankeny .....	16,500
Allen & Lewis .....	38,000
C. H. Lewis .....	11,000
Colburn Barrell .....	10,700
S. Blumauer .....	9,000
James Burk .....	12,800
Thomas Carter .....	41,725
H. Cahn & Co. ....	16,000
W. L. Chittenden .....	10,870
H. W. Corbett .....	47,025
Finlee Caruthers, administrator Elizabeth Thomas, deceased .....	6,000
Finlee Caruthers .....	24,420
Couch & Flanders .....	25,125
Collins & Co. ....	9,000
Stephen Coffin .....	19,700
Steam Navigation Company .....	27,000
Thomas J. Dyer .....	8,150
Falling & Co. ....	31,500
Henry Falling .....	4,000
Josiah Falling .....	33,000
Fitch & Co. ....	14,400
John R. Foster .....	8,000
Goldstone & Meyer .....	12,000
William Gray .....	8,050
Thomas Harkness .....	8,200
T. J. Holmes .....	20,500
A. Harker .....	17,500
Holman & Harker .....	8,000
Hallock & McMillen .....	16,000
Johnson & Perkins .....	10,000
Amos N. King .....	12,300
Ladd, Reed & Co. ....	19,000
Lewis Love .....	11,740
D. H. Lowndale .....	30,000
Leonard & Green .....	6,800
Ladd & Tilton .....	30,000
William S. Ladd .....	17,500
P. A. Marquam .....	10,000
Jacob Mayer .....	13,000
E. J. Northrop .....	14,500
Robert Pentland .....	13,000
Thomas Pritchard .....	11,000
F. C. & G. C. Robbins .....	16,500
Benjamin Stark .....	55,800
Sherlock & Bacon .....	13,150
A. R. Shipley & Co. ....	28,640
C. R. Shaw & Co. ....	16,500
A. M. & L. M. Starr .....	24,000
J. Sells & Co. ....	30,000
James B. Stephens .....	20,000
Smith & Davis .....	21,000
R. R. Thompson .....	3,500
George W. Vaughn .....	44,700
Richard White .....	22,000
A. Weinsbank .....	41,000
Jacob Kamm .....	11,000
Patrick Raleigh .....	10,400

## "CITY OF DEAD" LOCATED ON COLUMBIA BELOW LYLE

Island Where Indians Buried Dead Described by Mrs. Lula D. Crandall of The Dalles.

GOLDENDALE, Wash., Sept. 18.—(Special.)—Few Klickitat county residents are familiar with the history of Memaloose Island, or "City of the Dead," which contains 5 or 6 acres of unsurveyed land and is located in the Columbia river not a great distance below Lyle. On this island is a monument marking the last resting place of a white man, who chose to be laid to rest on the Indian burial ground. The monument always excites curiosity, and is of great interest to the general public.

The Goldendale Sentinel reprinted the following interesting historical sketch of the island and the monument, written by Mrs. Lula D. Crandall of The Dalles, and published in The Dalles Optimist:

Memaloose island was set apart by the general land office for the use of the Warm Springs Indians as a burial ground. This "Memaloose Island," or "Island of the Dead," contains about 5 or 6 acres, which has never been surveyed and has been used by the Columbia River Indians as a burial ground for no one knows how long.

### Grave Yard Dates Back.

Years ago there were large "dead houses" on the island, built of cedar. On shelves in these houses were the remains of Indians that dated back to ages long before any white man had visited the "Oregon Country."

The older "Memalooses" had sinew-wrapped bows and stone pointed arrows deposited with them, while guns and knives of modern times indicated later dates for other remains.

Thousands of Indians from all parts of the Rocky mountain region visited The Dalles and the "tumblewater" of the Columbia for the salmon fishing and for the purpose of trading with each other and spent the winter here, where the winters were usually mild and fire-wood plenty. Many tribes brought their dead long distances to place them where there was no intrusion from animals, as the island was almost in mid-stream. The main channel of the river, at certain times of the year, runs between the island and the Oregon shore.

### Indians Ask for Island.

The reason for the reservation of the island was by request of the Warm Springs Indians themselves. They had heard of a move on the

part of some men to take it over for fishing purposes. Those Indians wished to preserve the place from such destruction and asked the agent at the reservation, James L. Cowan, to see the Indian commissioner and get an order to reserve the island for the purposes of a "Memaloose Illahee," and in the course of a short time, Surveyor-General Habersham issued the order requested.

The island was the largest and best preserved of all the "Memaloose illahees" of the northwest until the building of the railroad. There was very heavy rock work opposite the island and a construction camp of Contractor Hallet's forces, where there were hundreds of men employed for many months.

These men visited Memaloose island every Sunday and the dead houses were stripped of everything worth carrying away as a relic or a curio.

### Old Story Told.

A story is well remembered of one, who had not the respect for the last resting place of generations of aborigines long gone before, sacked up in gunny sacks the whitened bones and skulls lying on the ground, hailed a passing river steamer for shipment to The Dalles. The purser, being told of the contents, billed the sacks of bones as "Klickitats, Knocked Down."

The government has long fingers, and the desecrator of the ancient "Memalooses" had peremptory orders to return his "Knocked Down Klickitats" to their old resting place on the island, which was done.

The first Indian relic ever taken from Memaloose island by a white man, was a skull which was to be used in the diagnosis of an accident said to have occurred at Fort Dalles in 1832. The story is recalled that Lieutenant Cabanos, stationed at Fort Dalles, was thrown from his horse and sustained a fracture of the skull. The army surgeons considered the case hopeless, but Dr. C. B. Brooks, a civilian physician at The Dalles, tried to persuade the army surgeons to trephine Lieutenant Cabanos' skull which, he insisted, would save his life. Dr. Brooks said if he only had a skull he could explain his idea of the case to the army surgeons and persuade them to try the operation.

Dr. Brooks knew an old steamboat man, who took him in his boat to

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## THE BARLOW TOLLROAD GRAFT.

Mr. U'Ren gives good reasons, in a communication printed today, why the scheme to sell the Barlow tollroad to the state should fail. The road is not worth it, and the present owners have given an option to sell for \$8000 to certain promoters who propose to turn it over to the state for \$24,000, realizing to themselves a net profit of \$16,000. These are reasons enough to defeat this pretty job. But there are better reasons, and one of them is that the state ought not to go into the toll-road business, nor into the business of building or maintaining such public highways. If we buy the Barlow tollroad, we shall be called upon to buy every other tollroad in Oregon that for any reason is little traveled or unprofitable to its owners, or that affords a chance to work a handsome graft.

It may be assumed that the few people who live along the Barlow road are sincere in their desire to have the state take it off the hands of the present owners, so that the toll may be removed and the tax on the farmers avoided. But that is a problem for the community to solve for itself, not the state for them. To buy the Barlow road for \$24,000 is an imposition and a swindle. To buy it for \$8000 would be a mistake. To go into the tollroad business on any terms would be sheer folly, and would lead to consequences that the taxpayers, who would have to foot this bill and all others like it, would never cease to regret.

## CENSUS OF THE PIONEERS

### Enumeration of Oregon Counties Over 40 Years Ago.

As the census of Oregon is being taken and will soon be ready for publication, the following account of a census of the state, taken in 1851 or 1852, will be of interest. It is copied from the Oregon Spectator of April 17, 1851 or 1852, but the year is not given in the extract. The account was furnished the editor of the Spectator by Mr. D. O'Neill, who appears to have been a deputy under United States Marshal Joe Meek. It will be seen that the census gives the population, number of houses, farms, rate of taxation and deaths:

"The county of Washington contains a population of 2650; 117 houses; 304 farms under cultivation; 5 mills; and there were but 11 deaths during the year.

Yamhill county—Population, 1512; 243 houses; 240 farms; 4 mills, and 2 deaths.

Linn county—Population, 993; 173 houses; 192 farms; 6 mills; 2 deaths.

Polk county—Population, 1051; 190 houses; 192 farms; 2 mills; 5 deaths.

Benton county—Population, 814; 150 houses; 160 farms; 1 mill; 2 deaths.

The above five counties were taken by myself; the following taken by Joseph L. Meek, United States marshal, and Messrs. Culver and Rees, assistants. I give you from their lists:

Clackamas county—Population, 1860; 368 houses; 238 farms; 12 mills; 5 deaths.

Marion county—Population, 2749; 504 houses, 365 farms, 6 mills, 13 deaths.

Clark county—Population, 614; 95 houses; 30 farms, 3 mills, 1 death.

Lewis county—Population, 588; 147 houses; 85 farms; 4 mills; 5 deaths.

Clatsop county—Population, 462; 91 houses; 24 farms; 2 mills; 5 deaths.

Total—Population, 13,323; 3278 houses; 1830 farms; 45 mills; 47 deaths."

## PENNY GIVES CITY NAME

### COIN FLIPPED TO DECIDE FOR PORTLAND ON EXHIBITION.

#### Original Piece of Money Which Determined Against Boston Is Here in Town.

The penny that named the City of Portland is in town and on exhibition at the cigar counter in the Oregon Hotel. It is the property of Frank W. Pettygrove, of Seattle, district manager for the J. A. Foiger Company, and the story of how it named Portland follows:

In 1842, Mr. Pettygrove's father took unto himself a wife, and started on a honeymoon journey to Oregon, going in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn. He brought a cargo of goods with him, intending to open up a store upon his arrival. One interesting feature, and one that shows how little Eastern people knew of the West at that time, is that Mr. Pettygrove, Sr., brought with him a large quantity of red paint, expecting to sell it to the Indians to paint their faces.

The bark Teuton, upon which the journey was made, was a slow craft, and put in at Honolulu, a part of her cargo being for that port. This made the journey almost a year and a half in length, and before the destination was reached, the first child was born to the Pettygroves.

When Pettygrove reached the mouth of the Columbia River there was no pilot. The ship was sailed over the bar, after soundings had been made, and continued on up the river to where Portland now stands, the original destination of the party being Oregon City. Opposite what is now Portland the skipper found it impossible to proceed further, owing to low water. Pettygrove conceived the idea of building a city at the head of navigation. He broached the subject to A. L. Lovejoy, a member of the party from Massachusetts. From John Overton, they purchased a claim where the business section of Portland now stands. The claim was purchased for \$500. It is now worth thousands of times that sum.

Here a city was laid out, in the woods. The time for naming it arrived. Lovejoy desired to name it Boston, after the most important city in his state. Pettygrove wanted to name it Portland, after the most important city in Maine, his native state. They agreed to toss a penny, heads to mean Boston, tails to mean Portland, the best two in three to be the choice. Pettygrove won the first toss; Lovejoy won the second, and the third proved to be tails, and Portland it was.

The younger Pettygrove still has the identical penny, and would not take any amount of money for it. His father kept it for a pocket-piece, and it has been handed down to the son, who bears his father's name. It is dated 1835, and is one of those large coins in vogue at that time, about the size of the quarter of the present day.

Among the older citizens of Oregon few were better known than Preston W. Gillette. He was a native of Iron-ton, Lawrence County, O., and came here fifty-three years ago. During the first fifteen years of his residence in Oregon he lived in Clatsop County. He took up land on Lewis and Clark River, near the site of the old fort built by the explorers, remains of which existed many years after he first saw them. He became a prominent citizen of Clatsop, represented the county twice in the Legislature, and held other public positions there. In 1867 he came to Portland and engaged with The Oregonian, which he served in various capacities for about five years. Through real estate, of which he acquired considerable holdings and turned out well, he became independent. Mr. Gillette was an earnest, honorable and worthy man, who deserves remembrance. The family consists of widow and one son.

### ARGUMENT FROM THE "OUTSKIRTS."

PORTLAND, Jan. 18.—(To the Editor.)—Will The Oregonian kindly allow me space for a few lines on a subject directly opposed to its views? The amending of the city charter so as to allow the city to authorize a 2-mill tax to pay for the construction of a bridge or bridges costing over \$30,000 each.

I consider the proposition not only absolutely "fair," but strictly right and just. 'Tis true the central parts of the city have made all their improvements at their own expense, but it must be borne in mind that the central part of the city was comparatively level, with no deep gulches or expensive bridges to build. "People who bought property beyond the gulches" did not buy there because it was cheap, but because the old central part of the city no longer afforded room for them, and they were obliged to go farther away where there were deep gulches to find places for homes and business.

When the lots on which the building of The Oregonian stands were first sold, they brought far less per lot than any lot or lots in the vicinity of the bridges in controversy, possibly excepting a very few lots in the bottom of some deep gulch.

Besides the people in those "outskirts" have improved their streets "at their own expense" as well as the central parts of the city have improved theirs, excepting perhaps a few streets in the best business part of the city. I know a whole block in the central part that once sold for \$300 or \$37.50 per lot, which is now worth \$200,000 without the buildings. I know a corner lot in the business part of the city which a washerwoman had to take in the payment of a washbill of \$59. It is now a fortune.

The Oregonian says "people who have bought property beyond the gulches because it was cheap may wish doubtless for their own convenience and profit to tax others who have no share in the benefits." This is as absurd as it is unjust. Every day The Oregonian sends its army of carriers out over all those distant streets with its papers for those people who pay The Oregonian a handsome profit therefor. Every day the people from those distant localities have to go to The Oregonian office to insert and pay for advertisements from which it makes its living.

The central parts of the city have and make more use of the streets in those distant parts of the city than the residents thereof do.

Look at the vast army of wagons from the central parts of the city that every day invade those distant parts beyond the gulches, laden with goods, wares and merchandise of every description and sort, sold to the people living in those distant parts, on which great profits are made, and from which those merchants make their living.

Does Portland expect to be a great city by confining herself to the old flat, on which she once existed? Well, then, those great gulches are a misfortune, and cause extraordinary expense, a part of which should be borne by those living in the central part, and who make their living off those distant and surrounding parts.

One of the great roads tapping one of the largest agricultural districts of the country, from which comes a great portion of the food and fuel supply for the central part of the city must use these bridges.

Does the rich old central part expect the distant parts or outskirts of the city to build those bridges, costing over \$50,000 each, over which to bring in food and fuel to fill their stomachs and warm their bodies?

Now, in all fairness, are not those bridges of more advantage to the business part than to any other portion of the city?

"All roads lead to Rome." There would have been no Rome without roads, so Rome had to build them.

P. W. GILLETTE.

The central part of the city was not a plain. It was seamed everywhere with ravines and ridges, most of which have

In honor of  
Papash birthday.

June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1901.



# P. W. GILLETTE DEAD

## Pioneer Succumbs to Attack of Neuralgia.

### LEAVES A WORTHY CAREER

Attack Comes Suddenly and Unexpectedly During Morning. Death Following Later in the Day—  
First to Bring Flowers.

Preston Wilson Gillette, aged 79 years, succumbed yesterday to an attack of neuralgia of the heart after a very brief illness. The demise of Mr. Gillette came suddenly and plunges into profound sorrow his widow and a multitude of friends.

Excepting a slight cold contracted in the early part of the week Mr. Gillette's health until yesterday morning was apparently of the best. He arose as usual and while preparing for breakfast complained of neuralgia in the chest. It was not thought at the time that the attack was serious and although a physician was summoned, he left Mr. Gillette to the care of his family.

At 4:30 P. M. Mr. Gillette was again stricken, this time seriously. He passed away at 4:45 P. M. A widow and one son survive him. The funeral will occur Monday with the interment at River-view Cemetery.

Mr. Gillette descended from French Huguenot ancestry. He was born in Lawrence County, Ohio, June 2, 1825. Father was a nurseryman, and young Gillette, after acquiring such education as was common in the neighborhood schools of his youth, learned the nursery business. The discovery of gold on the Pacific Coast led him to consider the question of removing to the Far West, and on May 8, 1852, he severed the ties of early youth and manhood, and started across the plains, via St. Joseph, Mo. After a weary journey with ox teams he arrived at "Posters," near the Eagle Creek postoffice of today, in Clackamas County, on September 15.

The first winter in Oregon he spent in Marion County. In February, 1853, he removed to Clatsop County, and settled near the site of Lewis and Clark's "Fort Clatsop," and made his home there until 1867. During these years he conducted the nursery business, having sent to his father for a good assortment of nursery stock during the early part of the first winter after his arrival. With possibly one exception he was the first to introduce cultivated strawberries—Hovey's Seedlings and the red and yellow Antwerp raspberries. It is believed he brought the first collection of ornamental plants to Oregon, such as lilacs, honeysuckles, etc. Aside from the Mission Rose, there was but one other cultivated rose in Oregon prior to the stock he secured from the East via the Isthmus early in 1852. Mr. Gillette was a member of the Legislature from Clatsop County in the sessions of 1862-64, and also of the special session when the 14th amendment was adopted. After removing to Portland in 1867 he was the subscription agent and traveling correspondent of The Oregonian for a number of years. He then became prominently

identified with the business interests of Portland, and accumulated considerable property. On August 20, 1888, he was married to Miss Mary McCabe, by whom he has had one son, who, with his mother, survives him. He was an ardent Republican in political faith, and was a frequent contributor to the press on matters relating to pioneer days. For many years he was a member of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and became an enthusiastic member of the Oregon Historical Society during the first month of its existence in 1899.

### IDLE MILL WILL RUN.

Woolen Plant at Eugene Will Be Operated by Men From Union.

EUGENE, Or., Jan. 21.—(Special)—The woolen mill at this place, owned by the Willamette Valley Woolen Manufacturing Company, has changed hands, and the wheels that have been idle for nearly a year will soon be moving again. The property has been purchased by J. P. Wilbur and William Wright, of Union, and the purchase price was paid over today to Receiver A. C. Woodcock and

the sale closed. Ten days ago these men secured an option on the property, and today the deal was completed and the property transferred.

The purchase price is not given out. The new owners will begin at once to overhaul the mill and put it in first-class order, and declare their intention to be ready to begin operation about May 1, or as soon as the new crop of wool is ready for market. This is regarded as a most encouraging business transaction and the entire county is glad to see a prospect for resumption of active business.

### May Not Get Postoffice After All.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The Postoffice Department has withheld the issuance of the commission of N. S. Walpole, whose nomination as Postmaster of Pueblo, Colo., was confirmed 11 days ago and against whom 32 indictments have been returned in connection with election frauds.

### Crosno for Collector of Yaquina.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The President today sent to the Senate the nomination of Charles E. Crosno, of Oregon, to be Collector of Customs for the district of Yaquina, Or.

GILLETTE—In this city, January 21, 1905, at 4:30 P. M., at his residence, 194 Abernethy street, P. W. Gillette, in his 80th year. Funeral Monday, January 23, at 2 P. M. Friends are invited. Services at the grave private.

Estates Probated  
Gillette—Mary M., died Nov. 5, \$3500.  
Fuller—Nellie B., died Nov. 2, \$1500.  
Maxhead—Albert Yeaman, died April 6, \$1000.  
Clausen—Claus, died Nov. 6, \$1000.  
Hamilton—Frances L., died Feb. 6, 1903, \$4000.  
Dobbs—Nye Fred, died July 10, \$1500.

7100-54-1734  
GILLETTE—At the late residence, 08 SW Gillette ave., Nov. 5, Mary M. Gillette, widow of the late P. W. Gillette, sister of Mrs. Ida M. Tazwell and Mrs. Sada E. Wood. Friends are invited to attend funeral services, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 11 a. m., from the Holman Chapel, SW 3d and Salmon st. Interment, River-view cemetery. Arrangements in charge of Holman & Lutz.









